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MIND

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1898—MARCH, 1899

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MIND:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL AND ADVANCED THOUGHT.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN, Editor.

Business Announcement.

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PROSPECTUS CONDENSED.

Sincere friends of the cause of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood have for some time been impressed with the need of a strictly high-class periodical representing *all* phases of the "new thought." It is confidently believed by keen observers that their fundamental principles are identical, and that the establishment of this unitary basis would greatly facilitate the work in every legitimate field of action.

In full recognition of this demand, The Alliance Publishing Company begs to announce the publication of "MIND." This periodical will owe allegiance to no school, sect, system, cult, or person. Its sole aim will be to aid in the progress of mankind through a cultivation of the knowledge of Truth wherever found, regardless of individual prejudices and preconceptions. The responsibility for statements made in signed articles will be assumed by the individual contributors; but it shall be our constant endeavor to get such material only from authoritative sources.

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Among the many occult and psychic questions that may be regarded as within the purview of this magazine are: Reincarnation and Adeptship; Telepathy, or direct thought-transference; Hallucinations and Premonitions; Phantasms of the living and

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Vol. III. OCTOBER, 1898. No. 1.

THE DIVINE LAW OF LOVE.

BY PROFESSOR EGBERT M. CHESLEY.

There is a certain memorable saying of Jesus, the world's greatest spiritual seer and teacher, that announces clearly the great central law of health, or wholeness—spiritual, mental, and physical. It is as follows: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." This, it seems to me, is the one central and all-important law of life, health, and happiness, awaiting the obedience of men and women everywhere in that new kingdom of heaven (or harmony) now being established on earth.

The old order of things, wherein selfishness and ill-will and envy and hatred prevailed, is gradually passing away; it is slowly but surely being outgrown. Jesus of Nazareth came in the grand processes of evolution as the herald of a New Day: that day wherein man shall love his fellow-man; wherein he shall not seek his own private, selfish interests supremely, but shall seek also the welfare of his neighbor; wherein he shall no longer judge and criticize and condemn, but shall overcome all evil by the royal power of the good—by the all-healing and resistless virtue of *the life in the good*.

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demonstrate his greatness. In this was justified his mighty claim of oneness with the Father. Herein was proved his princely right to be identified with the universal Spirit of the Truth. Herein he made it perfectly clear to all interiorly illuminated men that he was, in a very real and true sense, the Resurrection and the Life.

For inasmuch as he loved the world supremely, and gave himself for the good of the world right-royally, counting his own life and happiness as nothing in order that he might heal and save the world, immersed as it was in the thick darkness of its own faithlessness and lovelessness, so, it seems to me, was he the highest embodiment of Divine Love and Wisdom, the Ideal Son, the express Image of the eternal Law of the Good.

In his matchless revelation of the power, the riches, and the beauty of Divine Love, he came into our world as the Bringer of Life, and life more abundant. He came as the Giver of Health. He came as the great Physician for soul and body—revealing that inner and diviner wisdom which purifies, heals, and renews the whole life and being of man.

There have been men in all the Christian centuries who have lightly criticized this grandest of the world's teachers and have seen in him no beauty and little greatness. The good and sufficient reason for which fact is, it seems to me, that there have always been men in the world who have not been conscious, in their inner heart of hearts, of the light of the Eternal Logos; who have not therefore as yet profoundly realized the God-like nature of this law of love; who have not yet quite fully entered into the larger, the unselfish, the universal life of the Spirit. Spiritual things can only be discerned spiritually

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Jesus of Nazareth, as I apprehend the truth concerning him, will, for a long time yet to come, be far in advance of the great common world of humanity—so long, at least, as that humanity has not yet thoroughly learned the great lesson of Christian Love; so long as it harbors, in its secret heart, envy or jealousy or ill-will; so long as it identifies its being with the personal, selfish self.

Jesus had learned, through long years of spiritual training, how to let the petty, personal self die, in order that he might find the larger and the higher Self. He had learned the secret of subordinating his own will to the Supreme Will of the Cosmos. He knew how to rest as a little child in the Infinite Life of God. He became the embodiment of faith, hope, and love—those ineffable virtues of the soul that abide forever, that can never be outgrown even on the loftiest planes of being in the mighty universe of God: those imperial virtues constituting the foundation principles of all true health—of spirit, soul, and body.

In all ages men and women have talked a great deal about the forgiveness of enemies; have set forth very learnedly, in terms of the intellect, the laws of social ethics; have discoursed profoundly and eloquently on the doctrines of Universal Brotherhood: while at the same time the heart has not been purified of selfishness, nor the life from pride, vanity, and worldly ambition. When the hour of trial has come, they have not been able to demonstrate the truth of the divine law they advocated. *When the personal feelings, interests, or prejudices have been disturbed,* then and there, too often, has there been an end of brotherhood. That large and holy love which doth not take account of evil has flown to other climes.

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fulfilment of that beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of Man.

And all this that I am saying applies with equal emphasis to the Christian Church itself. Here strife, discord, hatred, selfishness, persecution, and all manner of uncharitableness and unrighteousness have prevailed since the great soul of the Master lived its royal life on earth. Is it greatly to be wondered at that the whole world to-day seems full of sickness, sorrow, and unrest? Has its mental health and sanity in the ages past been such as to warrant more perfect, more harmonious results?

Actually to fulfil the law of the Christ; to rejoice heartily in the welfare and prosperity of *all men;* to love those who are hostile and unjust to us; to see the Divine Image in every child of God—this is a sublime and God-like attainment. It is possible only to those who have been born from above; who have entered into an understanding of the everlasting Truth of Being; who have arisen to that higher plane of spiritual Love, Life, and Beauty.

To this grand consummation, however, we are all coming in the splendid order of cosmic evolution, borne onward upon the currents of the eternal Purpose of God. Through all our trial and discipline, through all our failures and shortcomings, through all the changes of our destiny, we may have simple, child-like faith in the perfect Law of the Good. We may surrender ourselves unquestioningly to the everlasting care of God. And the higher our attainment in this life of love, the more perfect

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dha, and by other noble seers and initiates who have touched the heart of reality and escaped the bondage of the shows of time. Yet I also know that "strait is the gate and narrow is the way" that leadeth unto this eternal life of love, and that the world generally lies still in that outer darkness of non-realization; is still blindly struggling for the selfish, personal life; is still unable to understand and exemplify that spirit of good-will that knows the unity of all beings in the Infinite Being of God.

The man that has learned to love his neighbor, in the genuinely Christian meaning of the term, has conquered the last enemy of his soul. He has acquired the one supreme secret of life and health on all the planes of his being. He has by this means rendered himself open and receptive to the Omnipresent Good. He knows what that saying of the Master means, "And the Truth shall make you free." There are, of course, other essential conditions of life, health, and freedom in soul and body; but the spirit of love abiding in the heart of man appears to me the most important, because, in a true and profound sense, it is inclusive of all the rest. Through this spirit of love a man has placed himself in the middle of the stream of the Divine and Providential Order. He is coöperating with the mighty law of cosmical evolution. In a true and vital sense, he is living and moving and having his being in God.

It is true that such a man needs further knowledge. He should understand how to apply this great Law of the Good; he should know how to draw at his need upon this inexhaustible Fountain of Power, Beauty, and Wisdom; he should understand certain practical and scientific

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man or in the philosophy of any man, is the abiding presence of the holy spirit of love—of good-will, magnanimity, large-heartedness, unselfish service.

Envy, dislike, jealousy, bitterness, condemnation, selfishness—these tend to poison all the fluids, cells, and tissues of the human body. They depress the vital energies and cause the very soul-life itself to shrink, shrivel, and decay. To be without the spirit of love, which is the Mind (or Spirit) of the Christ, is the beginning of the processes of degeneration and death on all the planes of being. Without love to one's neighbor, without realization of the Infinite Love of God—or, in other words, of the Absolute Law of Good—in the universe, the human soul slowly starves for want of the true bread of life. It is like a hungry plant deprived of the warm, vital rays of the sun, whereby it normally thrives and grows and rejoices in the abundance of its health and freedom. In all this it is presupposed that the soul has got beyond the purely selfish and animal stage of its development, and is beginning to sense the glory of the higher Life of Spirit.

Wise indeed are the words of Emerson: "Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. . . . Whilst a man seeks good ends he is strong by the whole strength of Nature. In so far as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power, of auxiliaries; his being shrinks out of all remote channels; he becomes less and less, a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death."

The consequences of the lack of love, or of other evils, in human souls are often not manifested in a single lifetime. But they appear in other incarnations; for the seeds are sown in the psychic organism, and they ripen

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pletely, through the realization of absolute spiritual truth and the life *in* that truth. Many a man is here and now in bondage and misfortune from sins against the law of his being committed long ago. Many a life is here and now afflicted with grievous infirmities because of thought-forces set in motion in incarnations past. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a law of the moral universe; but it is not fulfilled in a day.

You point to heredity, and tell me that physical and moral disease is handed down from parent to child. But you lose sight of the fact that there are great karmic laws back of all heredity, and determining the conditions of all heredity—great karmic forces working silently and surely, with absolute justice and untiring energy, in the realms of the invisible. The life of a man is continuous through the ages. A single lifetime is as nothing in the Infinite Leisure of God. The immense cosmical processes through which human souls are ripened are of immeasurable duration. The universe is one stupendous living organism—from cell to star, from mineral to angel, from man to God.

Jesus, the Christ, with his consummate insight into the heart of the true moral and religious life, summed up the whole duty of man in those two great commandments: the perfect love of God and the perfect love of the neighbor. In this obedience he saw man becoming divinized, becoming what he was created to be—the receptacle of the Divine Love and Wisdom; the pliant instrument of the Spirit of Good; the full-orbed expression of the Truth of Being. For it is the teaching of high philosophy, as well as of the ancient Wisdom Religion, that the one grand object of the whole universe of manifestation is

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To this end, therefore, knowing the sublime goal of the race, Jesus taught that a man should not judge his neighbor; should not spy out eagerly, or pronounce hastily or harshly, upon his defects and shortcomings; should not feel toward him that so-called righteous indignation that in past ages has been regarded as so excellent a virtue. In the new spiritual order, righteous indignation, which so often degenerates into loveless *personal indignation*, goes out. It is to be superseded by a large, generous, and helpful Love. It will be displaced by a higher Wisdom—that wisdom which abates indeed no effort toward reform, but which bases all reformatory measures on the spirit of sympathy and good-will.

All sins are sins of ignorance, weakness, and undevelopment. We are all the "little children" of God, slowly growing up to the estate of spiritual manhood—very far indeed from that Ideal Perfection that beckons us yonder from the sun-crowned heights of Truth. Let us, therefore, be patient with one another and with ourselves. The man who is perpetually judging either himself or his neighbor, who is forever taking account of error, is like a worm burrowing in poisoned wood. He but confirms himself in the woe of his own evil thought, and perishes ultimately from lack of food and air and light.

While the old order lasted, while the race was in the animal stages of its growth, while the initial impulse of the universe was outward toward the material, the law of retaliation and force and indignation and condemnation may have been all very well; but now, as men and women are being everywhere born rapidly into the New Order

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endless discord, confusion, and disease in the individual, in the community, and in the world at large.

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." First chaos, then mineral, vegetable, animal, man. First the natural man, then the spiritual man. This is the method of that great law of evolution whose onward sweep is resistless, whose heart is Love, and whose eternal purpose will surely be fulfilled.

In Jesus' account of the great moral judgment of men and nations, as given in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew—that mighty aionian judgment that is always going on in the life of each and every one of us—the one and only test applied by the Lord of righteous judgment, the Law of the Good, is the test of service: unselfish love and service for the neighbor.

Of such vast moment is love in the mind of Jesus that he teaches that God himself cannot forgive or release those who do not forgive, or release from condemnation, their neighbor. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," is the word of the universal prayer. He tells us that it is of no avail to bring our gift to the altar, for the purpose of worshiping, or entering into spiritual communion with, the Infinite Source of Life, until we have first made peace with our fellow-man. "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

The whole Christian world is just now awakening as never before to a recognition of this supreme Law of Love, as being the essence of the Master's teaching. And

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—this common social and organic Life of Love. Even science is now, with rapid strides, coming to a full and frank acknowledgment that the underlying reality of the universe is not only an "Infinite and Eternal Energy," but also an Absolute Love, Wisdom, and Beauty. Through many and varied instrumentalities, the Spirit of Truth, always immanent in the world and in man, is slowly and surely leading us on into the fulness of the stature of a perfect humanity: in and of that Eternal Logos, the one and only archetypal and Divine Man, the Higher Self of us all, the Supreme Fountain of love and life and health.

In this modern age, in which we are privileged to live as citizens of the Kingdom of God, we have practically a new religion—a religion based on love, springing up everywhere among the older churches and displacing the older dogmas. We have practically a new political economy, based on simple love and justice between man and man, instead of on the old law of purely selfish competition. We have also a new ethics, taught in our higher institutions of learning and accepted by thoughtful men everywhere—the new social ethics, the Hegelian ethics, as distinguished from the older ethics of individualism: regarding man as a member of a great social organism, wherein his duties take precedence over his selfish rights, wherein the law of service ought to reign supreme. That saying of Jesus, that "the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is seen at length to be the supreme law of morality—the end, indeed, for which every son of man comes into the world.

It is coming in our day to be more and more clearly perceived that, socially, morally, and religiously, we all live and move and have our being in that Shoreless Ocean

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words of Jesus, as the supreme law of human life and the highest practical wisdom, health, and sanity: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; . . . thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

Love is life, and wisdom, and power. It is divinely illumined and sees all things in right relations, from the standpoint of the central Truth of Being. Love destroys fear and gives rise to a sublime faith in the beneficent order of the universe. It knows all things are working together for our good, and that our bitterest experiences are often our greatest blessings. The heart of love beats synchronously with the mighty Heart of the Universe. It discerns in all things that latent germ of good that is their inmost reality and life. It forgives graciously and nobly, because it goes to the center and origin of human motive. It delivers us from a vast load of care and anxiety, because through love we find our home in God. It attracts the generous love of others; it surrounds us with all good influences; it is the basic law of true and abiding happiness. In its tropical light and warmth the soul bursts forth into radiant bloom, bearing abundant fruit. Through love we realize our oneness with the Infinite Life of God.

Since higher affections displace lower affections by a ceaseless, divine necessity, Love purifies the mind of evil thoughts and the heart of evil desires. Out of hate and indifference grow all kinds of injustice and unfairness. Out of Love grow justice, toleration, fair-mindedness, sweet reasonableness, sympathy, patience, gratitude, and fair humility—not the least among the virtues. Mere

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and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity [love], I am nothing." Such is the profound and far-sighted wisdom of the great Christian initiate, the Apostle Paul.

It is evident that this eternal Law of Love, which is likewise the eternal Law of Life, is the corner-stone of all true metaphysical healing. It is, or ought to be, the principle of principles in that far-reaching movement of our day known as the New Philosophy of Health. So far as it departs from this central Law of Love, there must be failure to fulfil its high promises—failure to accomplish the looked-for good. In this, as in every other great moral and religious movement, the disease of "separateness" must produce its inevitable evil results. Lovelessness, or self-centeredness, is here as elsewhere the heresy of heresies. It is one of the primary reasons why so many sick and weary ones fail to receive the benefit that they might receive. There is a lack of receptivity; there is an absence of the child-like spirit of trust and love.

As said at the beginning, Love is the one grand central law of all true and abiding health—of spirit, soul, and body. Through Divine Love, combined with spiritual understanding, the all-powerful, all-healing Word of the Truth is realized with confidence and spoken with power. Such is that all-healing, all-powerful Word of the Truth, which first dissolves away the discords and evils of the mind, and in this way removes their consequences in the body.

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TRUTH—ABSTRACT AND RELATIVE.

BY AGNES LEONARD HILL.

Since metaphysicians declare the evidence to be complete proving that thought alters structure, and that the organization makes the environment, the conclusion is irresistible that the only question for rational consideration is, How shall we think, or what shall we think, in order to make our environment what we desire?

We know that we must conform to law; and, in our search for the law of our being, we learn such words as Truth, Wisdom, Love, God, etc. We know that the Spirit of Truth is the only Comforter; and, "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks," so panteth the soul after Truth—the ever-living Good. Yet how necessary it is that we distinguish between the endless search for *abstract* truth and the necessary journey of the soul to find *relative* truth!

Emerson's cry: "Give me a theory for this particular Wednesday!" epitomizes a volume. If I am lost in a trackless forest, the truth I need is information of a plain path homeward. A description of a comet's journey in the empyrean may be true: but I am cold, hungry, and shelterless, and I am more interested in the geography of the woods that imprison me and how I shall get out. The planetary system to me is abstract truth, and offers no theory for my "particular Wednesday." The number of miles I am to go due north or south to reach home is a

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responds, "Four times four are sixteen!" He says what is true: but it is not relative to the information I seek.

Apropos of this train of thought, a friend writes: "I love to hear the curious coupling of subjects with predicates to which we are always treated when a college graduate rises to address an audience. The substantives he chooses are always the most inclusive words in the language—'Space,' 'Eternity,' 'Truth,' 'Nature,' 'Time,' 'Past,' 'Future,' 'Progress,' 'Soul,' and the like: wholly broad, flat surfaces, like spanking on the intellect with a wide paddle. This comes from his having nothing whatever to say. Yet, I confess, such is the warmth of his youthful enthusiasm, that he generally succeeds (always when the action is not *too* wretched) in wonderfully exciting the higher part of my mind and making me wish to be a better man and to deserve to live somewhere in the universe forever—which, after all, is a very respectable use of speech."

That *is* indeed a "respectable use of speech" that makes man wish to be better and *deserve* to live somewhere in the universe forever. It is, then, after all, not what is said, but its effect upon us, that is to be considered. The value of speech depends not upon its power to astonish, to dazzle, or to confuse, but upon its power to awaken hope, strengthen faith, and induce self-sacrifice in daily living. These things are important because they are in accordance with the law of our being, and *affect our environment* and that of all who may be connected with us.

The woman whose thoughts lead her to excellent housewifery, to cheerful speech and loving-kindness, is

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visions of "abstract truth," whose highest mission is to glorify self and enjoy it forever, affects to despise the smiling board, the cheerful hearthstone, the tender speech, and the hourly self-effacement that somebody must give to make home "the dearest spot on earth" to the weary toilers creeping home at nightfall. How cruel to offer these a poor caricature of "plain living and high thinking" in slovenly and extravagant yet unpalatable meals!

The woman whose thoughts fill her with unwomanly ambitions for a "distinction" that tramples domesticity in the dust, will never reach distinction in its high, pure meaning of moral excellence; nor yet will she find the peace that comes from a consciousness of having been "faithful over a few things."

The question of *what to think* is a deep one, since our thoughts make our characters, our characters make our environment, and our environment makes our happiness or misery. "Come now, and let us reason together." Let us seek "whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report."

The beginning is faith in the beneficence of what we call "Providence": faith in the power, the goodness, and the wisdom of the Ruler of the universe. Our first lesson, as well as our last, is to cultivate this faith, this "perfect confidence in the character of God." So confiding, we must believe that He has given us a lot in life whose duties faithfully performed will bring us our highest happiness. If He has given us poverty, and relatives dependent upon us for their home comfort, He surely does not expect us to sow discontent, unrest, and all manner of discomfort because we refuse the humble tasks we are capable of and

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which she can come and be a shining success as a home-maker, a housekeeper, an adorable wife and mother. But if we would succeed in literature, or in any artistic expression of noble living, we must come from the higher ground of moral excellence and the spiritual training that results from having been faithful to the duty most necessary, the drudgery hardest, the self-sacrifice so complete and sublime that it is spontaneous and joyous, not grudging and hateful.

Before we can be rulers over many things we must be faithful over a few—until we have trained the soul to live in that purer atmosphere where it can walk by faith, not sight.

The world is full of people standing at the foot of long ladders and jumping up and down, wildly trying to reach the top at a bound, instead of patiently climbing round by round from the small, every-day, necessary drudgery to the greater skill, the nobler patience, the humbler faith, the clearer insight, the wider knowledge, the deeper wisdom, and the more perfect love that are the evidence of a noble character formed by the faithful performance of obscure and apparently unremunerative duties.

"A canine appetite for knowledge" must never be mistaken for a reverent search after the truth that makes "the light in happy homes."

WHEN in any country there are uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the rights of property have been so far extended as to violate natural rights; for the earth is given as a common stock for man to labor and live on.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

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MAN, though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does

TELEPATHY A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Few persons that have given any intelligent attention to the subject of telepathy any longer question the fact that thought may be directly transmitted from mind to mind without a visible conductor. We may be cognizant of many phenomena, and yet be unable to define the laws that regulate and control their action. While scientists and other men of note are agreed that direct thought-transference is an established fact, yet no one has as yet been able exactly to define the law under which it takes place. Many interesting and plausible theories have been advanced, however; and, while we understand that certain conditions are necessary, yet how thought, forming itself in one mind, is psychically transferred to another mind, remains a mystery.

In this paper I will briefly note some of the conditions necessary to obtain the best results. The mind of the sender of the message should be thoroughly imbued with the thought he desires to transmit. When it absorbs his whole mind, to the exclusion of everything else, so that his thoughts become definitely centered, then with his thought-picture let him feel as if he were in the presence of the person he desires to influence. No matter what distance they may be apart, after a little will come a feeling of nearness to the person; the thought of distance will gradually disappear from the

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vision as regards thought-pictures is especially needful—the focusing of thought, or concentration of mind: this in turn being reenforced by the action of will.

On the part of the receiver, a restful, passive state of mind seems to give the best condition for the percipience of thought. I have found, after many years' experience, that the sleeping state is the best; and next to this, when the body is thoroughly relaxed, which is the sure indication of mental relaxation.

People talk glibly about "coincidences," and of things "happening." Nothing ever happens; everything, whether great or little, is caused by the action of law. We may not understand the law, but that is no reason why we should deny the effect. The universe is not governed by blind chance: law and order reign supreme. What appears to us to be disorder and lack of law, could we but discern it aright, would be seen to be an orderly succession of events. Ignorant and unobservant, bigoted, or prejudiced minds may take a different view, blinding their eyes to the light of truth; but this in no way affects the facts, which such minds are too narrow to perceive.

I wish to put on record a number of facts along this line that have come to my personal knowledge, before approaching the question of mental healing at a distance, which I shall consider in the next paper of this series. In regard to all these incidents, there are living witnesses who can prove their truth. The first I will relate is the answering in every detail of a letter that had not been actually received. I was seated at my desk, attending to correspondence, when the elevator-boy entered my office with letters for me. I recognized from whom one of them

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"In the first place," said I, "this letter contains a post-office order for twenty dollars; it is from Mr. E——; he says in it to stop giving treatment, as he is quite recovered from his trouble; he returns thanks to me and inquires about certain books. Now, we will open the letter;" which I did, and found that it contained the remittance and read almost exactly as I had given it. "Now," said I, "we will open the letter I had already written before this was received, and which is already addressed and stamped." I then opened it and showed my receipt to the party for twenty dollars. I read my own letter, which answered perfectly the questions asked, and said I was very glad to know he was well and that treatment need no longer be continued. How I came to write that letter before receiving the other, and just at the time I did, is a little difficult to say. I was thoroughly convinced that I had received both the letter and the money when I was answering it; but the instant I looked at the other letter it came to me that I had previously received no such letter.

A few years ago I spent some time at the seashore, and while there had talked with a lady on the subject of thought-transference. She said she believed it possible that persons could be benefited by *present* mental treatment, but could not believe that thought could be directly transmitted from mind to mind at a distance; that what was looked upon as thought-transference was merely coincidence, and that the facts could be more easily accounted for in that way than in any other. While discussing the question, I perceived that this lady had developed many qualities of mind needful for such thought-transmission. I gave her a few suggestions, asking her to use them

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me at what time. "At exactly ten minutes before five," I replied; "you thought of the suggestions I gave you, used them, then looked at your watch, and for about two minutes you were quiet, when you turned on your other side in bed and in less than two minutes were fast asleep." She seemed very much surprised, but said she had done exactly the things I had related and in the same order. She is now a thorough believer in thought-transference.

I was camping out some time ago with a gentleman much interested in all occult matters. We had a cot apiece in our tent, and one night, the last thing before going to sleep, I requested my companion, should he awaken any time during the night, to ask me mentally to wake up; then, turning my back toward him, I fell asleep. About three o'clock I awoke and said, "You had better pull the clothes on, for you are very cold." His answer was: "How did you know that? Your back is turned to me." Now, when my friend awakened, the first thought that had entered his mind was that of awakening me; the second was that he was cold, and that the clothes had slipped off his cot. He said that not an instant of time had elapsed between his first thought and my answer. It was just light enough for him to see that my back was toward him.

I was out walking early one morning, my mind being in an unusually restful condition. Presently it seemed to become absorbed in a number of unreal and visionary things concerning another person. The experience made such an impression on my mind that, meeting the person later in the day, I could not refrain from telling him the [illegible] to me in the morning. When I had

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for help. At first I could not see him; then it seemed as if I were looking from the ceiling down on an apartment that was perfectly familiar to me, and that the person calling for help was running around the room pursued by a man whom I knew quite as well, and who seemed to be trying to do bodily injury to the other. Another call for help came to me, and I awoke. The very vivid dream made a deep impression on my mind, because of my intimate acquaintance with both persons, who were also friends of each other. In the morning I could not refrain from writing to the person who seemed to call to me for help. I related all the circumstances that are briefly told here. I received a letter the following day, demonstrating that our letters had passed each other in transit. It related the dream just as I had experienced it, telling me that the writer had been awakened out of his sleep by the sound of his own voice calling on me for help. Scarcely a day goes by that things do not occur that prove to me the truth of telepathy; but I know of nothing in my experience quite so remarkable as the incident just related.

I am not only convinced that thought is transmitted directly from mind to mind, but that it also leaves a definite impress on material things: so that sensitive minds may get thought-impressions from visible objects about them. This would seem to upset many theories widely entertained regarding thought-transference, and make it more difficult to account for. If thought produces an etheric vibration, by which thought-pictures are projected from the mind and transmitted by this agency, how is it that these same pictures seem to attach themselves to material

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fact, but had been in the room only a few minutes when my mind became seized with a fearful apprehension. Little by little the whole picture of the crime seemed to weave itself in my mind. That night was the most unrestful one I ever experienced, and on making inquiries afterward I found that everything had occurred substantially as it came to me. Some might say it was the result of the mental action of the persons then living in the house; but they were not the occupants at the time of the crime. Furthermore, I slept later in another room of the same house and received no such harrowing impression.

The clothing of a bed (sheets and pillow-cases) upon which I once slept had been sent to a Chinese laundry, of which fact I had no previous knowledge. The first night I slept upon them, after they had been returned, my dreams were filled entirely with Chinese persons and scenes. The next night the same things occurred, but to a lesser degree. I was so impressed, however, that I made inquiries of the woman in charge of the room and was told that the laundress had not called that week and that she had therefore sent the clothes to a Chinese laundry. This to many would doubtless have seemed a mere coincidence; but exactly the same thing occurred six months later under similar conditions.

I remember once sleeping in a room at a friend's house, and, being asked next morning by a member of the family how I had rested, answered that I had slept very well but had dreamed a great deal about dressmaking. I was then told that for several days previously a dressmaker had used

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trouble is supposed to have. I could not account for this state of mind, and concluded that it must in some way be connected with the room. Upon making inquiries I was told of the fact just recorded.

I have related only a few of my personal experiences, but I have known many other persons that have passed through similar events. In the light of these facts, we can better understand why St. Paul sent handkerchiefs and aprons to sick persons at a distance, and thus actually performed cures. The thought of man impresses everything about him, and that thought seems to live on—even when its human author has passed from this plane of existence—uplifting and benefiting other minds or producing a contrary effect.

It is not well to be superstitious concerning anything, but it *is* well carefully and thoughtfully to consider each and every question that presents itself to our minds, no matter what its guise may be. Only in this way can we arrive at a true understanding of life and a solution of its problems.

REINCARNATION explains many curious experiences. Most of us have known the touches of feeling and thought that seem to be reminders of forgotten things: sometimes as dim dreams of old scenes, sometimes as vivid lightning flashes in the darkness recalling distant occurrences, sometimes with unutterable depth of meaning. It appears as if Nature's opiate, which ushered us here, had been so diluted that it did not quite efface the old memories, and reason struggles to decipher the vestiges of a former state. Almost every one has felt the sense of great age. Thinking of some unwonted subject, often an impression seizes us that somewhere, long ago, we have had these reflections before. Learning a fact, meeting a face for the first time, we are puzzled with an obscure sense that it is

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HOW NOT TO WORRY.

BY A. L. WILSON.

Much and constant worry denotes a lack of reason and a lack of faith. A study of life from even the standpoint of purely material reasoning will show the needlessness and therefore the folly of *all* worry. It will also relieve us, if we are good reasoners, of seventy-five per cent. of our worry. No reasoning applied *directly* to the remainder can efface it.

The average intelligent person says: "I *know* it is foolish *ever* to worry—and I don't worry as much as I used to; but sometimes I just can't help it." That is as far as a certain line of reasoning will take us. Nothing but *faith* will relieve us of the remaining quarter of our worry. Faith will do this; and it will also furnish us with the only charm that can secure us against the ghosts of the old worries that we killed by reason.

It will be seen that reason is a good thing, but that faith is better. Knowing this much, we must learn more about this magic safeguard. Faith is commonly thought to be an exalted but blind credulity and the sworn enemy of reason. This leads many to say: "Faith is out of the question for me, because I can't *feel* anything that is against my *reason*." So far they are right; no one can have a faith that his reason forbids. Since some capable reasoners, then, *do* have faith, it follows that we may

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A simple and helpful view on this point is that we spiritual scientists have the same warrant for reasoning *up* to the First Cause that the material scientist has for reasoning *down* to it. We must both stop somewhere; but the materialist stops at the atom, while we reach the *All.* And, while he is no less bewildered than when he began, we have the happiness of a great certainty.

Faith must be built from the ground up. Our reason, consciously or unconsciously, is always at work upon it, though it has a way of hiding results until a time comes when we most sorely need them. The raw material with which it works is our daily experience. When we begin consciously to build a faith, it is because we have realized the want of it. Our first task is to reason ourselves into the conviction that our lives have been symmetrical—that nothing ever came to us that was not necessary to our unfoldment. Good and ill—happiness and unhappiness: if we look patiently and with the wish to find it so, we shall see that we drew them both to us as they were needed for developers.

To perceive this intellectually is easier than to *feel* it; but feel it we can. Probably our first glimmering perception of it will be the discovery that our troubles are never nearly so big as we thought they were going to be. Then follows the very startling discovery that the most and the greatest of our troubles never happen at all. When you have opened your mental eyes to this truth you will see life in new colors. Go alone into the stillness, where your inner self can talk to you; be quiet, and *let* it talk. Just be attentive and hopeful, and that inner self

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tion simply because you insisted upon going close to them. You will find yourself in due time with a conviction as deep as your being that you draw to yourself what you need; that nothing needful ever came a moment too late, and that everything that has come was needed at the very moment it came. You will then see that the universe is one endless series of analogies for this one truth, and that this truth is all that can make this world anything but a bedlam. Then you have done your great work. The rest is easy.

When once we have comprehended that an unbending law has brought us in the past with automatic certainty just what we required at the moment we required it, we know that the same law will continue to act in the same manner throughout our future. Every tiny star-point is a promise and a proof of this. Thenceforth you have a faith that will say of any seeming mistake, or disaster: "It *does* sound now like a discord; but when I get farther away, and perceive the full effect, I shall see that it was a needed minor in the divine symphony of my existence." To reach this stage is to face a future that no longer has terrors. If you have built a sure foundation you can affirm with entire confidence that nothing can ever again worry you. You have a faith that no conceivable disaster can shake—a serenity and poise that no possible complication or maladjustment of material conditions can disturb.

When we have reasoned ourselves thus far, and not until then, we are in a position to use faith consciously in

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bodying the truth are plentiful, but it is advisable that each should make his own, since until he can make it he has not sensed the truth of this law. The word or the thought of *Love* will suffice for those to whom it means the one and all-inclusive power of the universe; or some affirmation such as "The Power cannot make a mistake," or "Nothing but good can come to me," may be preferred.

Concentration upon the thought through the medium of our formula is our shield against worry while our armor of faith is building. We can put this sense of the divine law into the very center of our mind by an act of the will, and concentration will hold it there. When we are new to the thought, it will apparently stay with us only while we consciously hold it; but in reality it never leaves us. Each time we center upon it it will come more readily to our consciousness, and with a new force. And constant, determined effort will finally install it permanently as the great central sun of our thought-universe—a sun that never sets. We have then awakened to the consciousness of our close and inseparable connection with the divine force, and we shall never again feel worry, fear, anxiety, or any emotion that kills the flesh. We can then not only ward off disaster, but we can, in the degree that we can manifest our faith, command whatever conditions on the material plane are necessary to our happiness and comfort.

To learn how not to worry is to learn the secret of happiness. And when you *have* learned it, as you will and must, and are trying to tell others how *they* may learn it (which effort will be foremost among your desires), some

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tion. You have that which all the world is seeking, and which no one ever found outside of faith. You have not only freed yourself forever from worry in all its forms, but you have found an inspiration that is ceaseless, and that will keep you filled with the real joy of living, even if all but consciousness be taken from you. You have found what science has always failed to find, and you are in a position to teach science itself to be more scientific. You need no longer depend upon theories, for you have a condition.

I DON'T believe in charity. It is merely another drink to a shaky man. What the world needs is justice, not benevolence. I shall continue to decline to give checks to eleemosynary institutions, and I shall leave no money to build churches and found libraries. My family will be well provided for, but the rest of my fortune, after my death, as well as before, will be spent in trying to teach people how to stop me, and men like me, from robbing them. So long as it is permitted to any man to take what doesn't belong to him through monopolizing Nature's resources and the private ownership of public utilities, plenty of men of my kind will always be ready to jump in and do the stealing. My mission is to show the people how it is done, to take what they are stupid enough to let me take, and to show them how they can put an end to the system that enriches me and impoverishes them.—*Hon. Tom L. Johnson.*

FORCE and matter are originally identical; they are only two different modes of one and the same cause or substance called Life, and which is itself an attribute or function of the supreme Cause of all existence. Modern discoveries go to prove the unity or identity of matter and energy. Recent researches in chemistry, and comparisons made between the chemical, musical, and color scales,

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THE ELEVENTH GREAT RELIGION.

BY M. HANSON BEST.

All great movements and actualities obtain their existence through theoretical enthusiasms, and they maintain it through recognition of the practical need of them. The history of earth-life has been a shifting, changing one; and, while the primal governing principles of the earth's phenomena, physical and metaphysical, have remained the same, the presentation to the human mind of the effect of these primal causes has varied through a long gamut of racial and national differentiation.

We are apt to regard Religion as one of these primal causes, and try to regard it as unchangeable; whereas, it is not a cause, but an effect—the effect produced on the finite mind by the constant evidences of an infinite law. This law is so vast that it confuses the mind with its immensity; so all-embracing that it sweeps from the creating of a soul to the carving of a vein on the smallest leaflet; so unwearying that it stoops from governing archangels to number the sands of a barren seashore—from one earth to all the wealth of worlds.

No wonder that the mind finite is first of all religiously inclined to worship the Mind Infinite!

The instinct of religion has always been universal. There need be no fear that it will ever die out of the human race. The attitude of worship is a natural one

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The conservative mind, slow to accept changes, hesitates to recognize any innovations, even though they imperiously compel recognition. Hence it is that progress in any great movement is so hampered; and hence it is that, in all the cycles of recorded history, only ten really great religions have been formulated for the world's enlightenment.

Ideally (or spiritually) speaking, there is but one *religion.* Beneath all historic change there ever remain some unchanging elements. Religious resemblances are due to similarity of man's religious *needs* all over the world. All religions, therefore, have certain common bonds: strands of truth that defy the corrosions of the ages—glints of inspiration that gleam undimmed from cycle to cycle. Thus it is, also, that there is a divine element in all ethnic religions, and a broadly human element in Christianity. It is the divine element in real religion that has made each great system of doctrine stand—made it satisfactory to the myriads loyal to its teachings. It is the human element that is responsible for its mistakes and consequent downfall.

We think of Christianity as the one universal religion —the only true religion. We sweep all others aside, with little study of their merits, forgetting that they at one time had a vast preëminence. To the thoughtful mind there should be significance in certain statistics—as, for instance, the fact that "the history of Buddhism is the history of the greater half of the civilized world for nearly two and a half millenniums; the history of Christianity is the history of the lesser half for nearly two millenniums." Dare we cling to the old orthodox belief that those who know not the Christian dogmas must suffer eternal damnation? To one who makes careful

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What is more encompassing to a man's method of living than Buddha's "Excellent Way," with its "Right Views—free from superstition, or delusion; Right Desires—the ambitions, inclinations, and aspirations that lead a man to choose the right; Right Speech—kindly, open, truthful; Right Conduct—peaceful, honest, pure; Right Livelihood—bringing no danger to any living thing; Right Effort—in training self, and in self-control; Right Mindfulness—the ever-active mind, watchful and alert; Right Rapture—the ecstasy that follows an earnest contemplation of the deep mysteries of life?"

If the principles seem to deal more with living and less with dying than the Christian religion deems fitting, there is yet wisdom in so living that anxiety concerning the conditions after death may be safely eliminated from the fears of humanity. It is one of Christianity's gravest faults that since the Middle Ages it has become a church and a creed rather than a *life*. It has preached doctrine rather than truth—party spirit rather than missionary spirit. To the so-called atheists there should be given a measure of gratitude, in that their fearless pens point out the errors of this the tenth and greatest of all the world's religions. Our gravest criticism is that they fling away the crutches of a crippled humanity and give no support instead; yet the law of life leans to the survival of the fittest, and it may be necessary that many go down in order to make standing-room for a stronger (unborn) company of souls.

As humanity has grown away from its childish mythologies, its fire and animal idolatry of Persia and Egypt, its hero-worship of the Greeks and Romans, from

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studies of material perceptions and sensations to the more subtle, underlying principles of psychic phenomena, so must civilization, with its steady upward growth, consider a more spiritual aspect than has heretofore permeated its religions. Western mentality must broaden itself enough to study more deeply into Eastern philosophies, and, from this union of practical common sense with the richness of Oriental occultisms, bring forth a vigorous new religion that shall meet the growing needs of humanity.

Theosophy bade fair to come nearest to this new demand; but, alas! the same old human errors had to creep in and cause party feeling and personal following to eclipse its underlying truth and beauty. Its subtleties, too, are a bit too vague for quick grasping in this rapid time. Some mind, blessed with terseness and vigor of speech, must yet appear to present its philosophy with epigrammatic simplicity, before the modern thinker of the masses can understand its practicability sufficiently to accept its teachings. At present its beauty stands preëminent; whereas, the masses have been trained to regard *utility* as the standard, and have a deep-seated prejudice amounting to suspicion against beauty, whether in visible form or spiritual manifestation.

That there *is* a demand for an eleventh great religion is evinced by the growing restlessness and dissatisfaction with present conditions. People are drifting from their chosen church, criticizing its financial methods, condemning its narrowness of creed, questioning its dogmatic dispositions of eternal matters, wondering at

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labors are commensurate with their capacities as leaders and teachers.

"Christian scientists," with the courage of their convictions, advance their theories. Much of their philosophy is good in its way, but "Christian science" cannot advance far as a religion, *per se*, until it ceases its slavish biblical quotations and its too prominent presentation of the personality of its reputed founder. The principles —the *truths*—of the Scriptures it does well to accept, as those of any other book or experience that contains a revealed truth. But if it chooses to remain outside the pale of the Church, it should drop most of its paraphernalia and start anew. To the scoffer, its constant scripture-quoting suggests a catering to those timid ones whose reverence for the Bible is a superstition—who dare not abandon their own religion (whose merits they probably never really have studied) for another, unless it bear the stamp of respectability that biblical quotation is supposed to give it.

It is not to be denied, however, that "Christian science" embodies much truth and practical good for suffering humanity—that in its practical workings it has cured many diseased bodies by sweeping sinful errors from morbid minds. In its ethical teachings are wholesome directions for right living; but as much may be said for many other occult systems. Indeed, these straws show whither the current drifteth. The apparent popular leaning toward the occult side indicates its ready acceptance by the democratic masses, when the time is ripe for the revelation of that new religion—the eleventh great religion—that shall answer all humanity's needs and give it courage to fight its ever-recurring conflicts,

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FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

VI.

"Honour thy father and thy mother."

Ethnology presents two extremes of the principle of deference to progenitors: the Mongols, who honor not only parents but grandparents, and not only honor but worship all ancestors; and, as the other extreme, our own tribes of Indians, to whom the father is as if non-existent, and who, knowing only the maternal descent, accord to that but scant if any regard. The squaw mother is set to any handy drudgery; she pounds corn, weaves blankets, dresses skins, does all the menial work of the wigwam, and even burden-bearing: while her son, the lazy brave, at intervals of the war-path and the chase, reposes at ease quite indifferent to her hardships.

The Hebrew, released from bondage, was a nomad, the manner of living migratory, and the essence of government Theodetic first and patriarchal afterward. What more natural for the great Moses than to avail himself of already existent customs, manners, modes of thought, wants, and wishes of his big family? He did the wise thing: he made the natural family the unit of his new civilization; and having made himself supreme in the way

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true leaders of men—to utilize, not antagonize, the predilections and prejudices of a populace; in government, to follow the path of least resistance. If only all statesmen were wise with the sort of wisdom Moses had, there is little doubt that we should have quite speedily a new order of things, and most of the wrongs that pester society would soon be in the way of rectification.

Evolution, proceeding for countless ages along the lines strictly physical, has culminated in the body of man. Into his nostrils has been breathed the breath of a diviner life: he has become a living soul. Let not the word *evolution* be misunderstood. To many, in fact to most, the term has become debauched of its true signification. It means to the rabble that we are descended from the ape; that and no more. Let the word be no longer a shibboleth for infidelity. Forgetting the things behind, press on toward the mark of our high calling—freedom.

Man's body has indeed been developed, increment after increment of the fittest's survival, from earlier less perfect forms; but the fitness of his being was in becoming fitted to organize, utilize, and at last demonstrate the complete and fitting and at first perfect thing—the godlike likeness of freedom: the right to choose. Not from any existing shape, simian or marsupial, was man evolved. From the primordial cell, from the very light itself, man has been his own progenitor. Other shapes of life have been thrown off by his diviner power, when the best of their nutrition for his spirit had been extracted. So from the chyle of Nature has developed the bright arterial blood, sustaining and vivifying the spirit.

We are living for eternity; the bodily mechanism has

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reached its culm: now the wings of the more exalted

As yet there is none that doeth good; no, not one. Only God is good; only Perfection is perfect. And what is goodness? What is it to be good? In the tiger it is ferocity; in the fox it is cunning. To each after his own kind, it is that of which he is the best exemplar. We superior intelligences think that our code of ethics as applied to others ought to be satisfactory; that it ought to suffice; that it ought to apply to the tiger to diminish or extinguish his ferocity. But what says the tiger himself? Does *his* morality impose an obligation to gentleness? Hardly, but rather to an increased ferocity, as in fact the most ferocious feline is highest in his own moral scale—is (in our uncouth jargon) best. And it is the same with the fox: not the most innocent and guileless, but the craftiest, is best.

What applies to our dumb neighbor applies also to our loquacious neighbor—to the man that sits beside us in the pew as well as to that living thing of the far-off jungle. We have our code of ethical laws, our creed, our confession of faith; our neighbor the man has, be sure, another and quite different one. Though both be in the same pew, though both have subscribed to the same declaration of belief, do you think we believe alike? Far, very far indeed, from that! We may repeat, Sunday after Sunday, "I believe in one God," but in reality his and mine are two—his perhaps a ferocious, and mine an amiable, deity. If he knew my thought and I his, how quickly we should fall to wrangling: he to scoff at my notion as "unscriptural," and I at his as Satanic! After all, are they not both "notions"—nothing but ideas, views, opinions, guesses?

An "amiable" (what some call a merciful) god would

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be infernal; as the body of Being, or skeleton of Nature, it has a stamina that ought to be most reassuring. A Cosmos without a backbone would be of all things the most terrible—Justice *saturated with weakness* vastly different from *tempered with mercy.*

God is not variable: he is constant. He cannot be merciful to *you,* but by obedience to Him you may be merciful to yourself. Jesus' sake is Jesus' way. Thus did Moses delineate, in terms of intense and potential poesy, the Almighty Justice: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children . . . of them that hate me," and, God's Volition (manifested in man) "showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." It is always a condition precedent to law-keeping—law-loving.

To honor father and mother, then, was and is a measure of earthly legality, at first preëminently political, now wholly social--the focus of influence to train the race wisely. In the days of the Israelites the family had a much broader base than now. The father then was more than father: he was patriarch. His wives were numerous—his offspring a tribe. Our modern custom has narrowed the range, changed the character of the authority, altered the scope and meaning of the honor, but not varied the essential value embodied in the fiat.

To honor father and mother is strictly comprehensible when one's days are "long in the land"; but that length of days should come *because* of such honoring is not so plain. Two methods of ascertaining of paternity are open to children: one the method of the seraglio—the father a despot,

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yourself—to learn what is in you, and what alone is worthy of honor.

Of all forms of idolatry that of child-worship is most flagrant as an iniquity against the race. Solomon put the idea of the misery-making mothers and fathers into a poignant aphorism: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Yet Solomon with all his wisdom lacked one thing—the accumulated lore of the ethical ages that followed him. In the mouths of parents entirely wise the word is mightier than the rod. Beware, O fathers and mothers, of child-worship—of that form of indulgence and petting which is in fact spoliation! By it you project your paltry personality into the child's future and ravage and torment him, and perhaps through him countless generations. Discipline is not harshness, nor certainty severity. Emulate Nature; be fixed, absolute, true; lay burdens early, but none beyond the child's strength; deliver the children from evil, not by taking temptation away, but by annihilating it, so thus they be not led into temptation, because you have shown them, by practise as well as precept, a more excellent way.

And you children, when you attain the age of some measure of discretion, honor your fathers and mothers—thankfully for that they have done wisely, kindly for the unwisdom—even if for naught else, for the fact of parentage; but especially the mother, if only for that by her you came into the world. If you cannot respect the bearer, honor the burden.

The spirit of honor is deeper, broader, and higher than any narrow compass. It exacts custom to whom custom, honor to whom honor, tribute to Cæsar, and love to enemies—above all, the inestimable love that knows no such

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the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother"; "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." This is the spirit of Truth, born not of flesh and blood, nor of the will of man, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life."

The proof is complete that from the dawn of the historic period no alteration is found in the lineaments, little in the stature, and none in the capacities, of the race. The type of the individual cut in the rocks of Nineveh, or stamped on the coins of Greece, is the type of the man of the present. Of the paleolithic and neolithic man, as distinguished from the historic, it appears that he should be considered solely as we consider other prehistoric and extinct mammals—the orochs, cave-bear, mammoth, and saurians.

The object that Moses had in view in the promulgation of his ten fiats was evidently the better government of his people—the safe and sure keeping of the reins of power in his own hands and in those of his chosen ministers. It was with this view that the people were charged to honor their fathers and mothers; these in turn honored the priesthood, and these Moses—simple, easy, statesmanlike, the very perfection of politics, the composition and resolution of ethics. God taught Moses, he the priests, they the people, and the people the children. Let us make the catechisms, and the creeds will make themselves.

Of the results of heredity, one class, experience has shown, may be wholly eliminated: physical alterations, though universal and continued from generation to generation, leave not the remotest trace. The rite of circumcision has not altered the Jew; nor have the feet of

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to gather instruction even from fools. Folly that at first was merely ignorance becomes hardened into vice—into a habit of the iniquity of credulity; but sagacity, equally ignorant in the beginning, grows great by what it feeds upon, assimilates all experience, all knowledge, and so becomes wise.

No principle of physics is better established than that —embodied as elementary in evolutionary science—of the use and disuse of organs. By that the athlete's muscles grow firm and strong; the blind man's hearing and touch become sensitive; the savage's sight and scent are acute. Increment after increment, freedom of thought, in the name of Truth and by its motive, lifts the soul upward, expands it, impels it toward perfection; or, misplaced, misapplied, miscalled, decrement after decrement, lower and ever lower, abases it and degrades till the habit is formed, fixed and final—upward of the path of peace, of righteousness, love, and joy, or downward of misery, wrong, unending slavery to sin. On one path heaven, on the other hell: satisfied when we awake with our likeness, or "him that is filthy, let him be filthy still." This is not the fiat of Moses. It is the imperative mood of Nature. It is the Will of God.

"Of a froward will," says Augustine, "was lust made; and lust served became custom, and custom not resisted became necessity." But the earth of the vase says, "I was common clay till roses were planted in me." To him that hath shall be given, but "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." No function of the soul is so important as capacity; but the fool will not use his power, and his capacity becomes incapacity.

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infinite and everlasting resultant, then what we call *living* is indeed only "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." This essential is hardly to be comprehended until one has mastered the elements of the science of religion; till in the spirit has been focused the infinite past—projected the infinite future; learned that certainty of one's self being a link in the eternal chain of causation.

With experience of sorrow, suffering, and even sin, comes, if you choose, strength. The decrements of misfortune decrease, the increments of power increase, forever. We brought nothing into this world but things not worldly—light and love and opportunity. We die, and it is certain we can carry nothing worldly out. Wealth goes to others to hoard or squander. Character we leave also: can that, too, be hoarded or squandered? That character that we ourselves have made: is it only a manufacture? No; rather is it ourself—undying, indestructible. "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

ALL of one's own seeking and investigating of divine mysteries in a spirit of selfishness is useless and vain. The self-will cannot comprehend anything of God, because that will is not in God but external to Him. The will in a state of divine tranquillity comprehends the divine, because it is an instrument of the Spirit; and it is the spirit wherein the will is tranquil that has the faculty of such a comprehension. There are many things, undoubtedly, that may be investigated and learned and comprehended in a spirit of selfishness; but the conception thus formed by the mind is merely an external appearance, and there is no understanding of the essential foundation.—*Jacob Boehme.*

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IMMORTAL MAN:

THE THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTION.

BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, F. T. S.

Occultists speak of the spiritual man as a trinity: (1) Spirit, or pure consciousness; (2) Soul, or recording nature; and (3) Mind—the reincarnating ego—which is the only aspect that can properly be called Man.

When the moon threw off the life-essence that became our earth, certain human elementals—which had evolved to the human form on the moon—came to earth. Here they built for themselves bodies of "fiery mist," or "fiery lives," the most vibrative of all substance. In our earth's second "round," the keynote had so changed that the rate of vibration was lower, and all things—the human elementals included—were clothed in nebulous matter. In the third "round," this vibration had lowered to the astral rate; and in the fourth (the present), the rate of motion was so low as to cause what we call physical (or dense) matter.

In the third division of this "round," each of the emanations from the Universal Mind—reincarnating egos, or individual minds—selected, as a companion to aid in obtaining self-consciousness by means of earth-knowledge, one of these human elementals, which had so

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entity, though one very necessary to the ego's objective existence.

At the end of each incarnation the brain-mind, which is a ray from the ego (or higher mind), returns to its source; while the elemental goes to the astral plane, where it gradually passes into latency and so remains until the return earthward of the ego awakens it into activity.

When the ego is again ready to incarnate, it molds a thought-body from the "fiery mist"—the substance nearest its own plane, the ego being unable to act upon any grosser material without the help of an intermedial substance. The rate of motion in this thought-mold becomes gradually less, passing through the ethereal to the astral states, where it is joined by its elemental companion, which demands that certain modifications be made to make it more suitable to its needs. As this human elemental is the synthesizer of the physical body, its demands are obeyed. The physical cells attracted to the design-body, or astral form, further modify it, for they are imbued with the experience of their evolution. Thus the body, as born to this plane, is very different from the ego's design. It is ill suited to the ego's plans, in many cases; it always limits the real senses; so that we cannot perceive the immortal Man through the brain-mind, though we vaguely sense him with our intuition, which gift comes to us from the spiritual planes, where the ego dwells.

Thus the man whom we call a genius is not different, in his eternal nature, from the one whom we denote a dunce. The difference lies in the fact that the one has so educated his elemental companion that it no longer desires to live on the lowest planes, and so does not degrade the ego's design for baser purposes, leaving it

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responsibility. It is one thing to strive to overcome the lower nature for self-advancement, and quite another to educate it as one would educate any weak companion. In reality, the ego does not *progress;* all that it needs (being in its essence an emanation from undifferentiated Spirit) is to gain self-consciousness by obtaining all kinds of experience. As the possibility of achieving this is furnished by the elemental's synthesis of a physical body, even our earthly ideas of justice demand that the ego reciprocate by raising its companion to a higher plane; while Karmic justice requires that we dwell with the elementals, which for millions of years have been our earth-companions, until they have been raised to the next plane, fitted—in the next period of evolution, when we pass on to Godhood —to take our places as human beings, while the elementals now actuating the bodies of certain animals come up to the plane now occupied by human elementals. This is what is meant by "overcoming the lower nature"—a raising of it to our present plane; and each series of incarnations in human form will continue until the accompanying elemental has been so raised.

An understanding of this doctrine explains individuality, or character. The elemental that is one's companion at death will pass into latency with all the stored experience of the earth-life—whether the character be sensual or refined—and will rejoin the ego, upon its awakening, with exactly the same attributes: thus insuring a continuity of character that is as real as that which each morning joins us as we return from dreamland.

Character, therefore, limits the real "I," because it is active on a plane that the ego cannot directly reach—a plane where the ego (accustomed to its grander, fuller,

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neither aided nor retarded by any action on this plane; its life is sufficient unto itself, for it rests with the Christ. But its mind-born son, or ray, the brain-mind, is swayed by its companionship with the animal soul; indeed, it may become so welded to its lower companion that it loses all remembrance of its source, fails to return thereto, and continues indefinitely in astral planes with its chosen mate, becoming thus a lost personality, doomed to sink lower and lower until it reaches a place from which it can again climb. Such lost links in the chain of incarnation —lost memories of lives in which the evolution was not maintained at the proper rate—are the only "lost souls" known to occultists.

We can aid these human elementals, which are being molded by our daily thoughts, by keeping our minds active on the higher planes and never allowing them to descend to the animal plane—where it is inevitable that, by their magnetic quality, thoughts accentuate the elementals' passionate, animal natures. We *must* live on the heights. The brain-mind must continue to reach toward its Father, which is in secret, in order to be able to reach downward for its next-of-kin while reaching upward toward God-hood. It is only this striving for perfection by the brain-mind that can reflect on the animal soul the impetus to go higher. At death the brain-mind will carry to higher realms all those earth experiences that have been on spiritual planes; they will be absorbed by the higher mind, and recorded eternally in the Christ-principle.

The entrance to the upward path is gained by sincere altruism, which in time leads to that selfishness that constitutes the perfection of spiritual discernment, and that

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MENTAL PEACE.

BY JULIA JAY PETTUS.

"No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here."

"If you would only teach me your formula for mental quiet, the intangible essence of rest and peace I always enjoy when with you," a young friend said to me the other day, "I would worry as little as you do. I think, think, think all the time, and am just hungry and thirsty to overcome this depressing condition of nervousness; but I do not know how."

As she sat talking to me, unrest was depicted in every movement of her body: in the erratic motion of her hands, in the blinking of her eyelids, as well as in the kicking of her feet, her getting up every few minutes and sitting down again.

"First control your body—its organs, muscles, and nerves," was my reply. "When all the motions of the body become subservient to the will, it becomes a gigantic battery; but in your present nervous state you are frittering away your God-given energy. It is easy, very easy, to be active, while it is the greatest manifestation of power to be calm. There is nothing supernatural about it, for it is simply concentration—the method of practical realization

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that each one shall be pure, bright, and uplifting. Say that you take a closed book in your hands, and, fixing the mind upon it to the exclusion of everything else, hold it in that direction just as long as you can. Affirm steadfastly to yourself, 'I shall think book, and only book.' Practise makes perfect. By conquest in fixing the mind, power comes to command your thoughts. This, of course, can only be gained by stages, and patient, continued effort; but it is well worth striving for, for it changes and enlarges the whole life. It will not be long before you can sit as an outsider, and allow your mind to play about as it will, until by degrees it tones down its fluctuations and becomes tranquil.

"Meanwhile you must live in the highest and best thoughts, and let silence be the general rule. Say only what is necessary to say, and in as few words as possible. Laugh neither often nor excessively, and, if you hear that persons have been talking unkindly of you, solace yourself with the thought that if they knew you as well as you know yourself they could say very much more.

"Never be in a hurry. Do everything quietly and in a calm spirit. Do not lose your inward peace, even if the whole world seems upset. Be moderate in all things. When you teach yourself to sit silent and listen to the inward voice, your duty will be made manifest and you will be constrained to suffer less self-condemnation and fewer heart-aches. To be alone with your best Self is to be alone with God, and what is called 'conscience' is simply His voice stimulating you to a loyal performance of moral obligations.

"Good people render the very air about them good. If we are cheerful, kindly disposed, and full of charity, we

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worry about external things, as they all come right without worrying. If we look back upon things past, we can plainly see what failures we would have made of our lives if we had had the fashioning of them. Be careful not to dwell upon the little things of life until they become mountains. The things that never come to pass worry us more than actual trials.

"Cultivate a silence as regards yourself, not permitting your thoughts to dwell overmuch upon what you have said or done. It will be difficult to restrain the imagination in this direction at first; but conquest checks self-complacency and pride, and by the practise of such control the soul has a closer intercourse with God. Psalms cxxi. and cxxiv. always exert a soothing influence over a restless mind. Read them daily and learn their worth. 'Hold fast that which is good.' 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good,' and you will find the path to serenity and peace."

We talk of "education" now. Are we more educated than were the ancient Greeks? Do we know anything about education—physical, intellectual, æsthetic (of religious education, in our sense of the word, of course they had none)—of which they have not taught us at least the rudiments? Are there not some branches of education that they perfected once and forever, leaving us Northern barbarians to follow or not to follow their example? To produce health—that is, harmony and sympathy, proportion and grace, in every faculty of mind and body—that was their notion of education. Ah! the waste of health and strength in the young! The waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature

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"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

BY ROSA G. ABBOTT.

"I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on."
. . . . . .
"Evil, the scheme by which, through ignorance,
Good labors to exist."

—*Robert Browning.*

That this is a pessimistic age cannot be gainsaid; and it is a querulous variety of pessimism that is offered for consideration.

Before encountering the herald of impending doom in the argumentative arena, it may be conceded, by way of preliminary handclasp, that he is a foeman worthy of our steel—being invariably derived from an intelligent and cultured caste. The misanthrope cannot thrive in a soil of poverty and toilsome integrity under the blue of heaven's canopy. It may also be asserted, *en passant*, that pessimism is somewhat a matter of breathing and diet. A habitual respiration that is deep, rhythmic, and directed by an intelligent will, sweeps away dolorous imaginings as the housemaid's broom dislodges the weavings of the spider. A regimen free from the inoculable and imflammatory flesh of the slaughter-pens will rid the brain of the foul miasms of a surcharged stomach; and if this abstention from animal food be adopted in the spirit of universal love to all sentient life, the pessimistic

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of despond to the sunny heights of buoyant hope—to the wide horizon-line of calm, where the troubled waves meet the serene purity of heaven; and, if earth-weary eyes are able to bear the inspirational light, complaining lips will speedily turn from lamentation into rhapsody.

Pessimistic fumings are a fad. They indicate nothing more serious than the transitional stage between the physical-intellectual and the intellectual-spiritual planes of development; but it is a stage whereon the unfolding thinking-principle, in its perplexed contemplation of life, is apt to acquire a distorted consciousness of evil—similar to the infantine physical aberrations of whooping-cough and measles. It is but a natural recoil, or reaction, from the tranquillity of the physical plane of existence, and it assumes the form of [illegible] discontent, and general disenchantment with life—a tendency to dispute the stability of the existing social equilibrium and the wisdom of an omnipotent Creator.

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With maturing apprehension, however, and a realization of the infinite [illegible] the evolutionary spiral, the soul surveys the mire in which it has been entoiled, and the educatory significance of each experience flashes upon the consciousness. The illusive bandage once torn away, there can never be a relapse into mere animal contentment or a return to the muck-rake and its grovelings, although temporary clouds may obscure the bright perspective. From the new evolutionary standpoint (and it is all a matter of evolution), the intent and economic value of much so-called evil is made manifest. War, for instance, is a brutal makeshift, quite unfit for a highly organized race; yet there are virtues that positively thrive in a blood-drenched

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which is to be—the real and the ideal? The great and good Ruskin says: "So soon as it ceases to be a warrior nation it thinks of its possessions, not of its men." Again: "The vice and injustice of the world are continually springing anew, and are only to be subdued by battle. The keepers of order and law must always be soldiers." Crude Nature is not ethical; thus, while the race lags upon the material plane, its general activities and pastimes will correspond thereto. The virile occupation of war, therefore, is preferable to the effeminacy of luxury, sensuality, and gluttonous indulgence. In religion also, as well as in race-life, warfare seems essential to vitality.

Sensuality and greed, flesh-eating and selfishness, are lamentably short-sighted vices, viewed from the standpoint of ultimate perfection; yet, as the animal soul acquires consciousness through physical sensibilities (evolutionary law requiring all Nature to toil upward through matter), so these mistakes are but temporary attitudes—points in the line of eternal expansion. Vice does not bring forth happiness: it can but give birth to shivers of pessimistic dread; and this is proof of the hereditary greatness of the human spirit—its inability to repose within any of the earth-structures it rears for itself. It must strive onward with an immortal instinct that defies earthly attractions and limitations. Non-recognition of this yearning for a wider, cosmos-encircling life is the parent of pessimistic *douleur*. Conquest of Nature's material forces will not satisfy; this is but preliminary to the conquest of the baser self. Enduring peace is found alone in the growth that leads to the Light that quickens and quivers above—to the Divinity brooding over us.

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If there be such a thing as "original sin," there is also

Let genuine culture usurp the throne of mere love of luxury and ostentation, and believe that Good not only exists, but must eventually supersede the temporary Evil! All apparent wrong is local, not cosmical; it is but a process for refining and transmuting the flesh-entoiled thinking-principle into the freedom of enskied spirit.

OUR own modern system of massing all productive industry under the absolute control of wealthy corporations is steadily producing its natural result of pauperism and converting able-bodied men into idlers and tramps. All the professions are in arms to prevent young men from entering them. The skilled vocations are organized for this end. Men are castigated for not working, and then are almost forcibly shut out from all kinds of profitable industry. The very children are born as trespassers encumbering the ground. Verily, these things ought not so to be.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

INASMUCH as mind creates every science and art and constitutes the basis of all effort and of all enjoyment and suffering, it follows that to secure more mind becomes a fundamental opportunity and duty; and it follows that the animal organism is nothing more nor less than the mechanism for the manifestation of mind, and that evolution is a process of mind-embodiment—the embodiment being created by the mind's own activities.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

THE animal kingdom is not without reason and intellect, and in many of its arts, such as swimming, flying, etc., even superior to man; but the Spirit of God is far superior to the reasoning intellect, and by means of this spirituality man may rise above the animal plane. Therefore, there is a great difference between the external and the internal man; for the intellectuality of the former perishes, while the wisdom of the latter remains.—*Paracelsus.*

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NATURE'S INSPIRATION.

BY MARIE LAHRMANN BIRD.

Nature teaches us our true relation to God, as we reflect upon the works of his creation and the manifold manifestations of his power and wisdom. It is impossible for the human mind to comprehend its wonders or to conceive of its workings—the immutable law of Being that pervades every atom in the universe. Theoretically, man admits this Providence, but practically he ignores it. Man is philosophic and scientific in his reasonings, but unphilosophic and unscientific in his methods of bringing into daily life what he logically perceives with his intellect.

Nature is not an automatic piece of mechanism, without an ultimate design or purpose, or without an object or view to which its efforts are directed, but is full of life and activity; and he who knows how to put himself *en rapport* with her will testify to the truth of this assertion. Contact with Nature opens to him an avenue of knowledge that he finds nowhere else. From an external view of its manifestations—that which only the physical senses apprehend—he cannot judge. He is lost as hopelessly as a mariner without his compass and nautical almanac. But, viewing it from within—coming in contact with the hidden life that pervades all

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It is this life, which man feels is in and throughout Nature, that makes him search the haunts of field and flower, of lake and stream. He feels a nearness to her life because he is a part of its very heart. When the soul of man wakes up to its birthright—when man ceases to live wholly in the senses and begins to live somewhat in the mind—his first new experience will be the change he perceives in Nature. She has put on a new dress, a wondrously beautiful garment, a shining robe of magnificence and grandeur. He ceases to wonder whether there is *life* in Nature, for he has felt the beating of her heart against his own. This is the greatest assurance of her vital development and of her intrinsic law.

What can the wiseacre teach a man that has access to the school of the Infinite? There the mind is not crammed with facts, perceptibly lacking in moral worth; but truth, pure and unadulterated, is assimilated without effort. Knowledge received through the discursive reasoning of the intellect vanishes; but knowledge received from the open book of Nature, whose every page is bared to the true lover of wisdom, abides with him through all eternity. It imparts to him a feeling of amalgamation with her true life.

There is a soul-binding tie between man and Nature that promotes his growth in the spiritual realm far more than most of us realize. When the new life dawns upon man he is filled with ideas entirely new to him, and these gradually gain strength to implant their roots deep into the very soul of his being. Many of the wisest who have searched for her secrets have failed to find them. Her greatest charm lies in her stillness, and he who

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we leave all earthly knowledge behind and become children of spirit, and, in this child-like attitude, receivers and perceivers of Divine Truth. Emerson says: "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams."

Only through pure thinking can we reach the pure essence that underlies all visible Nature. This will enable us to formulate a science by which man can and will attain the highest possible good. The redeeming quality lies in human nature, hidden perhaps to the majority of observers; nevertheless, it is there, asserting itself in the course of evolution, and in this lies our hope of future success and redemption of the world. Before we can expect any reform in the social life of man, the inner shrine must be sanctified and purified. It is of course impossible to attain the ultimate desire, or end, at one bound. Man must patiently work his way upward. Going step by step, with eye single, he will see more and more clearly as he approaches the summit of the heights. He will begin to live as never before; he will know what being and life mean, and happiness is again primordial to his nature!

Nature's influence is for permanent good, including the beautiful; for nothing is beautiful that is not good, and *vice versa*. It is the wrong conception we have of the origin of beauty and our inability to distinguish be-

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our ideas of the sublime, the grand, and the beautiful have their origin in Nature; but, through perverted minds, they have lost their rightful place and meaning, coloring everything with the inverted vision. It is thus we learn that our highest ideal is not a vague dream, visionary and fleeting, but a reality—a true, living thing that may be embraced by the arms of the soul.

The good in human nature has suddenly been forced into the foreground. The old self is left behind to die with the leaves and the flowers and be covered by the winter's snow. We come forth re-created, strong and enduring; for we have drawn from Nature's life to fill our own. The true pleasures of life are enhanced, and we cease to vacillate between time and eternity. A higher and clearer discernment of the reality of spirit is gained. Nature is the divine cathedral in which the true child of God alone can worship. There well up within ourselves the waters of eternal life, refreshing the soul with every draught. We feel the warmth of a divine ray whereby we discover recesses in the deeps of the soul whose music never reaches the ear of man.

My friend shows me his titled land and home, farm and meadow, and with pride exclaims: "All of these are mine!" He sees only their rental value and their worth in the real-estate market: while I own the ocean, the forest, and the heavens, with their many millions of suns. Every day of the year the eternal artist paints a different scene for the eyes of the spirit, and I behold a continuous panorama of celestial beauty. No man can give me a title-deed to this ownership. Neither can he take it from me: they are wholly mine. Prof.

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Everything has its rightful place in the great universal Whole. Nature gives us all we can utilize; there is no need for stealth, for she welcomes us with open arms and lavishes upon us bountifully all we desire. There is but one path by which we can reach this infinite paradise of eternal delight—the home of God. Its door is the silence.

"Greatness lies enshrined in silence:
Littleness to sound is stirred;
All the grandest things in Nature
Never have been seen or heard.

Proving down by countless logic
All the science of the schools:
Silence is the law of being—
Sound the breaking of the rule."

When we have been reenforced by Nature, we go back into the world to meet men and women in everyday life; to impart to them the higher life; to draw them upward in the scale of being; to influence them to become better, truer children of the Divine Father; to lead an unselfish and non-sensuous life. If we throw our whole heart and energy into this work, we shall be the truest worshipers of a non-personal God.

To feel the force of Nature's essence, we must give audience to its myriad voices, and our own ideas shall be reflected back with augmented truth and increased interest. Nature strikes anew the forgotten chords of our being, bringing a melody out of the past that refused to be awakened by any other hand. The great deeps of our natures are stirred by the invisible music of the spheres. The chorus of the infinite chimes a continuous cantata of ethereal delight, but it is left to man to attune his ear to these invisible agencies of the

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Being, its golden light will envelop us through all our days; it will guide us to that land of peace and joy that is the goal of all human desire. We are now standing only upon the threshold of this land of mystery and delight, of treasures and riches; but we can already see deeply into its life and discern what it has in store for us throughout eternity.

FEATS OF MEMORY.

Mascagni is said to know by heart the main compositions of the six composers of greatest celebrity. He once put this marvelous proficiency to the test on a wager. Blanche Sherman, a young Western pianiste just passed sixteen, has a repertoire of 125 compositions, mostly classic, which she has memorized in a fashion described by her friends as stupendous. Seneca, the tutor of Nero, could repeat 2,000 words exactly as he heard them. Pope could turn at once to any passage which had struck him when reading, and Leyden, the Scottish poet, who died in the early part of the century, was also remarkable for his memory. Leyden is credited with having been able to repeat an act of Parliament or a long legal document after having heard it once. The memory of some musicians is quite phenomenal. Dr. Richter knows the complicated score of "Der Ring der Nibelungen" by heart. Herr Mottl has also memorized the score of "Tristan und Isolde." When the late Italo Campanini first sang *Vasco* in "L'Africaine" he was absolutely note perfect, although on the day before he had only learned one act. Dr. von Bulow is said to have read one of Saint-Saens's piano-forte concertos in a railway train and played it by heart at a concert the same night. Rubinstein is credited with a memorized repertory of a thousand pieces.—*Exchange.*

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An earnest study of the metaphysical method of curing dis-

THE TWO ETERNITIES.

BY THE SWAMI YOGANANDA.

Between two Eternities we stand—
The eternal Future and the eternal Past;
A few short years upon this earthly strand
Called human life, which ebbs so fast.

O human life, mysterious and brief,
Linked with the divine majesty of Soul!
In deathless Spirit man may find relief—
Risen above life's storms and tempest's roll.

What ruin of life are the useless days—
Lived without thought of universal good;
In bondage to habit and man's selfish ways,
With no conception of true Brotherhood!

Of that thought-plane on which we choose to dwell—
Whether of selfishness or of love in higher good—
We make for ourselves a heaven or a hell,
While weaving life's web, so misunderstood.

Why should man's days be ever tempest-tossed?
Why need men dwell in Maya's shifting sands,
With the fruits of their present incarnation lost?
Because they will not heed divine commands.

Lives without purpose are like slender reeds
That sway and drift upon the river's tide.
Though life be short, it may be full of deeds
Of loving-kindness. Then in Truth abide!

Wouldst thou have kindness? Then be kind;
Wouldst thou have goodness? Then be good:
A simple way that every one may find
To reach the heaven of true Brotherhood.

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Man is either a fallen angel or a god.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

VOLUME THREE.

MIND enters upon the third volume and the second year of its publication with this issue. It is our intention to continue the policy of elevating its metaphysical and literary standard with each number throughout the ensuing year—a custom that, as all our readers will acknowledge, has characterized the magazine since its inception.

MIND has never been a more vital or necessary factor in the world of public thought than at the present moment. The "age of transition" referred to in our Prospectus has recently received an impetus that points to an early and radical readjustment of our international relations. The passing of the war clouds that have cast a shadow over so many happy homes and lives has revealed the dawn of a brighter era. The first rays have already emanated from a most unexpected source—the autocrat of the Russian Empire. In the despotism that is supposed to exist in that "benighted" domain, we have been taught to look for everything that it is wise politically to avoid; that it is the home of ignorance and inhumanity, and the citadel of the military spirit—government by force. Yet it has remained for the Czar of Russia to take the most progressive step of the century by issuing a call for a conference of the Powers, with a view to promoting a universal

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of human conditions is well deserved, in view of the belligerent spirit recently manifested in certain quarters of the globe.

Such evidences of a growing intelligence, however, and of a spiritual conception of life, are heartily welcomed by MIND from whatever source they may come. We congratulate Europe and the whole human race on the act of the youthful Emperor. The consensus of human opinion is often heard most purely "out of the mouths of babes," because such minds are least incrusted with the selfish egotism and ambitions of the race and are free from the dominating "ideas" of maturity. Herein is illustrated the great utility of the *negative* principle of existence: darkness is necessary to reveal the presence of light. Representing, perhaps, the most backward phase of the world's political status, Nicholas II., in accordance with the above law, may easily be the most fitting instrument for the promulgation of humanity's loftiest ideal. The conception, however, is not his own: his utterance signifies but a crystallization of all that is best in the spiritual aspirations of mankind.

Assuredly, *peace,* which means everything that is antithetical to discord or inharmony, in either the individual or the race, is among the highest of these. And to the propagation of those principles that lead men to a consideration of their own immortal character and destiny, and hence to love their fellow-men too deeply to engage in war, MIND is wholly dedicated. Now, as never before, is the publication of such a magazine opportune; and we rely with full confidence on the necessary co-operation of every enlightened soul.

A CERTAIN inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which ONLY our works can render articulate and decisively discerni-

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A TOWN RULED BY LOVE.

There is no need for money at Commonwealth, Ga., for everything goes into the common fund and every man shares exactly alike. There are no rich people in Commonwealth, and no poor people. All work for one another, and the law and creed of the community is "Love." If a person wishes to build a house the lumber is furnished from the mill operated by the members of the settlement. If vegetables are wanted the common garden supplies the need. The settlement is run on the co-operative plan. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is a law that is strictly enforced. Two years ago Commonwealth was founded by a few experimentalists. Now it is a village of seventy-five families, working about one thousand acres, at one time a plantation. The old-fashioned home of the antebellum planter is now one of the town buildings. Besides this, there are several dwelling-houses, a printing-office, a large schoolhouse, a sawmill, and a general dining-hall. Commonwealth has its school, paper-mill, and clergyman. A magazine called *Social Gospel*, setting forth the teachings of the community, is published every month. Many talented men and brilliant women have gone to this little Georgia village to live the law of love. Even in the school, good work and good behavior are enforced, not by the rod but by love. In this community there is said to be no jealousy, no envy, no strife. This simple creed hangs upon the wall of every cottage: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law. This is My commandment: That ye love one another as I have loved you. He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also."—*Sunday World.*

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SOME MORE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. 232 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal., and The Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

Although this work is intended to be supplementary to the volume of Hermetic philosophy, by an unknown author, that was reviewed in the last issue of MIND, yet it is more than double the size and includes an even greater variety of subjects. The topics discussed number thirty-three, and they are of such practical human interest as to reveal the almost universal applicability of the principles of ancient mysticism. The work is in no sense "dry" or stale; it is obscure and ambiguous only to the superficial reader; its "hidden" meanings are a most healthful stimulus to thought, and scarcely any of its chapters can be read without profit by any one. Dealing with laws and truths that are older than recorded history, and that have asserted themselves more or less successfully in even the darkest ages of the world, it brings to view in a newly instructive way the metaphysical principles of being. "Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics" will prove absorbingly interesting to Freemasons, but it should be read by every one whose mind is open to the truth.

BROTHER OF THE THIRD DEGREE. By Will L. Garver. 377 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Second edition—issued by The Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

Herein is presented, in the form of a most thrilling romance, the mysticism of the Rosicrucians, together with much valuable information—some of it appearing only "between the lines"—concerning the principles of modern occultism. Underlying the narrative, which embodies a number of exciting and suggestive incidents, is a thread of philosophy pertaining to soul-develop-

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thought. The first edition of this unique story appealed with especial force to Theosophists, and the appearance of another edition suggests its appreciation among other classes of students of Nature's secrets. The rendering of mysticism practical is occupying much of the attention of occult writers nowadays—a good sign.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By La Forest Potter, M. D. 163 pp. Cloth, $1.00. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston, Mass.

This is a most timely, significant, and valuable work. It is from the pen of a devotee of the healing art who has a thorough knowledge of both physical and metaphysical systems of practise. Although the gulf that separates *materia medica* from the common-sense school of mental healing is to-day less wide than formerly, yet the labors of men like Dr. Potter are needed in bridging the chasm. No stronger span has been added to the growing structure than the present volume. The author regards the power of thought as man's highest achievement. It is the culmination—therefore the strongest of his energies. Dr. Potter lucidly explains the different phases of consciousness, and affirms that rightly directed thought is the most vital and potent factor in restoring equilibrium to unbalanced constitutions. If every physician in the land could be induced to read this book, the sale of poisonous drugs would materially decrease. It marks an epoch in the evolution of medicine.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Illustrated. By Nellie E. Dashiell. Stiff cover, 50 cents. The Coming Light Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

HERE'S HEALTH FOR YOU! Easy Lessons in Mental Healing.

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MIND.

Vol. III. NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 2.

IS CHRISTIANITY ON THE WANE?

BY C. AND J. MONTGOMERY-M'GOVERN.

It will perhaps be a startling surprise to Christians in all parts of the world to learn that carefully collected statistics prove that Christianity, instead of increasing numerically, as is popularly supposed, is actually on the decline, and that according to the present rate of decrease this system of theology is doomed to death in seven hundred years or thereabouts. If the membership of all Christian sects and denominations, including those of every branch of the great Christian Church—Greek, Latin, and Protestant—continue to decline at the rate at which it has decreased during the past fifty years, it is clearly evident from the figures herewith given that by A. D. 2590 not one orthodox Christian will be left on the face of the earth.

This certainly seems a disheartening statement to the many noble men and women that annually sacrifice their health and fortunes—often their lives—in missionary work; and it is almost equally disheartening to those zealous church-members at home who daily read in their

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ness are losing ground day by day, and hope even before the end of their own lives to see the greater part of the world converted to the religion of Jesus Christ. They still subscribe millions of dollars annually, trusting to the early fulfilment of this hope.

Unfortunately for these enthusiasts, however, cold figures prove that they are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp; for, while statistics in missionary reports recording the number of heathens annually converted to Christianity are for the main part true, yet there are two unfortunate drawbacks to the spread of this religion that Christians in their enthusiasm are apt to overlook. One of these is the number of men and women in civilized and hitherto Christian countries who annually forswear the religion of Christ. The other drawback to the gain in percentage of the world's population by Christians is the fact that natural production is most rapid in heathen communities. The data on the subject are very scarce, but what little we have give unquestionable evidence of the ultimate disappearance of Christianity as a theological system.

Owing perhaps to the great wave of missionizing that seemed to sweep over North America and nearly all the countries of civilized Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, Christianity may be considered to have been at its height about 1833 and for a few years afterward; that is, considering the entire Christian population at that time compared with the population of the world at the same date, which was 653,000,000. These figures are taken from the

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brun put down the number of Mohammedans in 1833 as 110,000,000; and while he gave the number of Jews as 5,000,000, Hassell gave their number as 4,000,000.

For the year 1833, Maltebrun gave the number of Christians in the world as 228,000,000. Proof that this estimate was not too high lies in the fact that for the same year the same authority quotes the noted statisticians Graberg, Pinkerton, Hassell, and Balbe as each giving the number of Christians as much higher than the estimate of Maltebrun—their figures ranging respectively from 7,000,000 to 38,000,000 more Christians than the number claimed by that authority. The number of heathens and those of minor religions was put down by both Maltebrun and Pinkerton at 100,000,000. These figures show, therefore, that out of the total population of the world in 1833 (653,000,000), the non-Christians numbered 425,000,000 and the Christians 228,000,000, making the number of Christians in the entire world in 1833 but thirty-five per cent. of the whole population.

Robert Baird, in his "Christian Retrospect and Register" (published by Dodd, New York, in 1851), says:

"The population of the world for 1850 is estimated at 1,000,000,000. This is as near the truth as it is possible to get. The Christian portion of the world's population in relation with non-Christian portions stands as follows:

Protestant, Greek and Roman Catholic..	342,000,000
Non-Christian.....	658,000,000
Total population of the world.....	1,000,000,000

—which shows that rather more than one-third (or thirty-three and one-third per cent.) of the whole population are Christians."

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of Christians as high as possible, yet he unwittingly shows that in seventeen years the number of Christians has fallen off about one per cent.

In Schaff & Hersog's "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" for 1883, there are quoted from Holtzmann M. Zoepffel's *Lexikon fur Theologie* (Leipsic, 1882), these figures:

Non-Christians:	
Buddhists	697,900,000
Heathens	118,200,000
Mohammedans	195,100,000
Jews	5,700,000
Total	1,016,900,000
Christians:	
Roman Catholics	207,900,000
Protestants	115,350,000
Other Christians	83,000,000
Total	406,250,000
Grand total	1,423,150,000

—thus making for the year 1882 the number of Christians as twenty-eight and one-half per cent. of the whole population of the world.

According to "Harper's Book of Facts" for 1895, the population of the world for 1890 was 1,450,000,000. Of this number, 175,000,000 were Roman Catholics, 90,000,000 Greek Catholics, and 110,000,000 orthodox Protestants. Various other Christians were numbered at 25,000,000. This gives a total Christian population of the world during 1890 of 400,000,000. Nor are these

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population of the world higher and the number of Christians lower than does "Harper's Book of Facts."

Now, 400,000,000 is about twenty-seven per cent. of 1,450,000,000. As the Christian percentage of the world's population in 1833 was thirty-five per cent. of the whole, and the percentage in 1890 was only twenty-seven per cent., it is plainly seen that within fifty-seven years the Christian population of the world has decreased nearly eight per cent.! Nor is this decrease the highest given. If we accept the figures of Wagner and Supran, the number of Christians had decreased eleven per cent. in these fifty-seven years. If Christians had maintained the same ratio as in 1833, they should have numbered in 1890 507,500,000. Instead of this, however, they were less than 400,000,000 all told. These figures are the more startling when it is remembered that never in the history of Christianity has so much effort been put forward nor so much money expended in the attempt to convert the heathen to the faith as during the last half century.

To lose eight per cent. of its entire membership, it took the Church about fifty-six years. At this rate it would require eight times less to lose one per cent. As in a period of about seven years the Christian Church has lost one per cent. of its membership, to lose 100 per cent. will require only seven hundred years. To put the matter more plainly, if the other religions continue to increase in the same proportion as they have in the past fifty years, and the members of the Church of Christ do not relax one iota of the present strenuous endeavors in the missionary field, according to the figures given orthodox Christianity will be but a memory in the year 2590. Relax the missionary movement one half, and the year

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SHOWING POPULATION OF THE WORLD, WITH NUMBER OF CHRISTIANS AND NON-CHRISTIANS IN EACH OF THE YEARS 1833, 1850, 1882, AND 1890.

NAME.	No. according to American Almanac of 1834 for 1833	No. according to "Christian Retrospect and Register" of 1851 for 1850	No. according to Holtzmann M. Zoepffel's "Lexikon für Theologie" of 1882 for 1882	No. according to "Harper's Book of Facts" of 1895 for 1890
(*a*)				
ANS:				
...s	150,000,000	658,000,000	*697,900,000	400,000,000
...s	60,000,000		.....	250,000,000
...edans	110,000,000		195,100,000	180,000,000
.....	5,000,000		5,700,000	8,000,000
.....	100,000,000		118,200,000	212,000,000
Totals	425,000,000	658,000,000	1,016,900,000	1,050,000,000
(*b*)				
...atholics	228,000,000	200,000,000	207,900,000	175,000,000
...its		82,000,000	115,350,000	110,000,000
...tholics		60,000,000	83,000,000	90,000,000
....				25,000,000
...otals	228,000,000	342,000,000	406,250,000	400,000,000
...ans and non-Christians	653,000,000	1,000,000,000	1,423,150,000	1,450,000,000
...f the world's population that was	35	34	28	27

*This number probably includes Brahmanists.

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It is well to notice that the writers of this article, in compiling these figures, whenever given opportunity to select between two or more authorities, have in every instance chosen those figures that are least affirmative of the assumption that Christianity is on the wane. The irregularity in their selection of years is due alone to the scarcity of data and to the fact that figures for consecutive periods have been unobtainable by us after long research. Notwithstanding this irregularity, however, it will be observed that the gradual decrease in the number of Christians has been on an average of one per cent. in every seven years since 1833.

To what cause this marked decline in the number of Christians within the past few decades is due is a question more easily asked than answered. It may be attributed to one of several causes, or perhaps to a combination of causes. In the first place, the efforts of atheists, agnostics, deists, and other avowed opponents of the Christian religion to convert others to their views have not, as in the last century, been limited to scientific discourses or essays for the educated few, but have been much more general and widespread. Popular lectures attacking Christianity have attracted much attention and interest throughout America and many countries of Europe. Papers and magazines published for the purpose of disturbing and upsetting the views of the average Christian have been distributed among the masses; and perhaps the strongest factor of all in unsettling the belief of orthodox Christians may have been the so-called anti-Christian novel, so many forms of which have recently been published. Some of these have undoubtedly exercised a most powerful influence, for it is a recognized fact that no argument so strikes home to the hearts of the people as

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preachers to point out errors in the Bible will inevitably have a strong tendency further to diminish the Christian ranks. While at present these attacks are confined to defects in the Old Testament, yet when the confidence of the people is shaken in a part their faith in the whole is apt to weaken.

It has been said that science is an enemy to religion. To the thoughtful this statement is manifestly untrue—when the word *religion* is considered in its broad and true sense; but that science is an enemy to *orthodox Christianity* is not impossible. The Gospel accounts of the miracles attributed to Jesus Christ, which were of the greatest utility in the spread of Christianity in the early centuries of its existence, and which perhaps more than anything else influenced and converted masses of people to the religion of the Galilean prophet, have probably within the past half century been Christianity's greatest enemy. In these days no student will unquestioningly accept any religion whose doctrines will not bear the light of scientific research or of logical discussion. This, on account of the greater diffusion to-day of higher education among the people, may be the most potent factor of all in the apparent decline of Christianity during recent years.

The above suggestions, however, are merely offered as possible causes of a manifest effect—the slow but steady decrease in the number of acknowledged Christians throughout the world, which within a comparatively few years may result in the complete extinction of what has been for centuries the religion of almost the entire civilized world. That this fact, entirely aside from its religious significance, seems one to be deplored will scarcely be questioned even by non-Christians—those who are broad

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there can be no doubt that his teachings and the code of ethics devised by him for the government of humanity have done greater and more widespread good than the doctrines promulgated by any other religious leader whatsoever. It is equally true that all the nations farthest advanced in literature, art, science, and government are, without exception, Christian nations.

However, the outlook may not be so gloomy as at first view it appears; for, from "the beginning" the history of the world—whether recorded in fossil remains, in hieroglyphics, or in literature—teaches that each individual creature, species, race, nation, and religion has in time been forced to succumb—crowded to the wall, so to speak—to make room for something better: a step farther advanced in the line of progress—the extinction of the one for the good of the many being always and invariably the rule. As the religions of Greece and Rome, of Scandinavia, and of other countries, were supplanted by Christianity, which has proved in every way more beneficial to the people than the older forms of religion, so perhaps in the all-wise government of the universe the time is coming for Christianity to be superseded by some other religion, one that is even better fitted to govern the people of the coming age than that taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

The question is, What will this religion—this code of ethical government—be?

Not in the trunk, the root, the branches, or the leaves, but only in the flower of a plant, can be found the germ that produces the fruit or seed from which a new plant of a similar kind may grow.

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WHY DO YOU FEAR?

BY A. L. BAIN.

The greatest enemy man has had to contend with is fear. This arises from his belief in *evil*, caused by a supposed distinct entity called the "Devil." Man has been groping his way in the dark ever since his advent upon the earth; and, through his doubts, after his reasoning power was developed, he was constantly making mistakes, which, by the inexorable law of cause and effect, reacted upon him and thus caused all his trouble. These mistakes—termed "sins" by our theological teachers—were supposed to have been induced by some unknown, unseen power outside of himself. Hence the "Devil," "evil," and "sin."

Now, the life essence, due to the polarization of matter, is of itself a distinct entity, known as being—universal life. This principle, either visibly active as in plants, animals, and man, or apparently dormant as in the soil upon which we tread, is inherent in all matter, at all times and all places, exerting a constant force, varying in degree according to conditions, toward a progressive improvement in manifestation. This essence, being, or life principle, personified, is the orthodox "God"; and from its manifestations have grown all the various religious "beliefs," shaped by selfish, intriguing men, that have ever existed.

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itself the same under like conditions. This can be easily verified by the simplest experiments in chemistry and physics.

Now, bearing in mind the foregoing, try to conceive of another distinct and opposing entity, having even greater power over humanity and being likewise omnipresent. Can you put a bushel of corn and a bushel of pease into a bushel measure at the same time; or a pint of milk and a pint of water into a pint cup at the same time? No. Neither can you have two opposing spiritual essences in control at the same time. I say "spiritual," for an entity or force that is not cognizable by any of our five senses is spiritual to us.

Our theologians teach that "God," the life essence, is good; that he is a Spirit—omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient; yet, in the face of this teaching, they put a limitation on their "God" by upholding another spirit with the same attributes and possessing a direct opposing force, which is evil. This spirit they call the "Devil." From what has been said thus far, it is seen that two such entities cannot exist at the same time and place; and as the life essence (being) is and always has been everywhere simultaneously, how could a "Devil," an opposing entity, ever have existed at all?

But we are told that the Devil is a "fallen angel," who was once pure and holy in "heaven"; that he "fell from his high estate" and now "hardeneth the hearts of men" and "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Granting, for the sake of argument, that these statements are true, and, keeping in view also the fact that God is omnipresent, having all power over the universe, how does this "Devil" exert so powerful a con-

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God's acts of permission as much his will as those of commission? And, as God is good, are not all his acts both of permission and commission equally good?

Thus, logically, we see that the so-called sins of the world are made so by permission of God; therefore, they are not evil, but good. Furthermore, the Devil was once an inmate of "heaven," perfect in holiness (or he could not have been there), and that "he fell from his high estate." Can any personality or principle, once perfect in heaven, become imperfect? And, by the same logic, are not all the beings of heaven liable to "fall," or become imperfect? We again emphasize the fact that if God, the life essence, exists everywhere and is all-powerful, a "Devil" does not and *cannot* exist. His Satanic Majesty, therefore, is a mere matter of belief—a myth, not a fact.

There are certain fundamental laws inherent in matter by which Nature always has worked out her problems. Evolution is one—an unfolding from a lower to a higher order in regular sequence. When we see an effect resulting from a definite cause, that is evolution demonstrated. When we see that effect becoming the cause of a subsequent effect, that is evolution in progress; it demonstrates advancement, or growth. If we plant an apple-seed in the ground, providing the right culture, it germinates and grows into a large tree—becoming later bedecked with beautiful blossoms, culminating in delicious fruit; and we have demonstrated the law of evolution in progress. This same law is constantly working in every phase of Nature. Man is but a part of Nature, reaching out, unfolding and becoming, also in obedience to [illegible]

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him to err. He naturally felt that the resultant trouble proceeded from some unseen power outside of himself—existing in the elements about him. Hence arose the mythology of the past, and a multitude of "gods" were apprehended to exercise control over him and his environment. Conditions and objects were deified and credited with complete control, not only of man but of every part of the material universe, either for man's benefit or man's destruction. As these crude ideas became crystallized, temples were erected in which the gods were installed, symbolized in graven images, to which the people, either to appease the supposed wrath of some or to do homage to others, brought many and varied offerings; and a code of ceremonies and worship was prescribed. As the race became more enlightened, however, its fears diminished, and the numerous gods gradually dwindled away, eventually to become centralized in two opposing Principles, as taught by theologians at the present day.

Thus we see the laws of being have ever remained the same, though man's conceptions thereof and beliefs about them have been constantly changing. We also see with what perfect naturalness those two supposed opposing Principles became handed down to us—the last remnant of a fading mythology, founded upon the ignorance of primitive man. This is the natural course of evolvement; and do you suppose that in this age the process will cease—that we have come to the end? By no means; the constant elimination of error still prevails, and will continue until all vestiges of primeval man are banished forever.

What expression would be more appropriate to portray fear than this?—"He goeth about like a roaring lion seek-

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death—each, if persisted in, becomes a *belief*, and leads the unhappy victim unwittingly to its bitter fulfilment.

Now, the fear engendered by *belief* in a "Devil" works just as disastrous results to the happiness and progress of humanity as if such a being actually existed. Fear is antithetical to good. It induces a negative condition of both body and mind, and whatever you positively fear will thus be attracted to you. Epidemic diseases are largely the result of fear. How many instances do you know of a person being taken sick with small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, or some other so-called contagious disease, who never was physically exposed to the malady and perhaps lived miles from where it raged? You doubtless thought the "germs" must have been "carried in the air;" whereas the simple truth is that the morbid condition was *attracted* to the distant victim by his own negative state of mind—produced by his silent worry.

Mothers frequently cause suffering, sickness, and even death to be visited upon their children through constant fear for their welfare. The child being *en rapport* with its mother, its body becomes receptive to whatever the mother fears. For this reason, the idolized child usually lives but a few years. Again, many orthodox Christians have been greatly stultified in mental growth and weakened in bodily stamina by their pious self-abasement. They are taught to "humble themselves" before God; that they are nothing, and can do nothing except by begging the aid of an outside Power. This method of engendering fear of a wrathful God, unless playing the part of a cringing slave to his "hardly" mercy, has been a blight upon human progress.

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that they are a prey to every form of disease. Hence, in dying, he gets just what he expected.

The life essence permeating all substance—the same in all but manifested in different degrees—subsists conjointly with fundamental law. It is indeed one with it. The material is born of the spiritual, and the spiritual abides in the material. All law through which it manifests is truth. No other truth exists. All other so-called truths are but relative conditions of man's mind; for what seems a truth to-day often proves but a half truth to-morrow, and wholly an untruth the next day. This life principle is impersonal and limitless. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." The metaphysical idea here expressed would appear more plainly if it read: "In the beginning was the law, and the law was with being, and the law was being." "Beginning" refers to creation, which is an eternal process. Eternity is permanent, perpetual. Time is but a landmark of eternity, which exists as far behind man as before him.

The law cannot be propitiated or entreated. No vicarious atonement is, or ever can be, recognized by the law. Man, like unripe fruit, must himself comply with the law before he ripens to the full fruitage of his being. Would you condemn unripe apples or peaches, and then beat them off the trees on account of their unripeness? No; you would wait till they had fulfilled the requirements of the law, and then the fruit would be your delight. Neither should man be condemned because he has not reached his full fruitage. When man, through ignorance, violates the law, the consequence is entailed upon man. *He* suffers, not the law. Were the law not reac-

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Man in his unripe condition has always suffered poverty, old age, disease, and death; but is this proof that he always must? Conservatism says yes; evolutionary progress says no. Man's mentality loves freedom; but, not having tasted its sweetness, it knows not its rightful heritage. Yet how many *dare* not exercise the freedom they *do* know; dare not speak their honest convictions for fear of public opinion! They lack the courage to face their own honest opinions openly expressed. They dare not be loyal to themselves; hence such persons live on in abject servitude, acting the part of hypocrites.

All this proceeds from *fear*. But a change is coming! Mental slavery is doomed. Those that have been yearning for liberty will proclaim the "*I am.*" Those that have rested where "ignorance is bliss" will soon wake up and do their own thinking. Let us, therefore, cast aside every fear. Let us stand up in the strength of our own individuality and *declare ourselves free.*

BISMARCK is dead—killed by the lack of sympathy. To within a few weeks ago no foreign diplomat stood higher in the estimation of the Americans than Bismarck. But an unloving wish (shall we call it ingratitude in return for our good wishes?) prompted him to say he hoped the Americans would be taught a memorable lesson by the Spaniards in being quite tolerably whipped. This turned the tide of American sympathy against him, and immediately the old man began to fail. The withdrawal of such a powerful stimulant, and perhaps substituted in large measure by unloving wishes, was too much for even an "iron chancellor," and he had to surrender his material fortress to the tomb. This teaches another lesson to the world concerning a young and vigorous nation like the American. It is that mind is as powerful as matter in ordinary material affairs as the above; that thought can kill as well as bullets when fired from

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RATIONAL RELIGION.

BY FRANCES B. WISECARVER.

"We find in everything truly valuable to man, whether in his social or individual capacity, the hand of Religion and the almost omnipotency of moral principle."

—*William Hogan.*

The intensity with which humanity to-day is reaching out and demanding spiritual light is positive proof that neither the heart nor the intellect has been satisfied with former religious teachings. The mind of man is broadening to such an extent that the narrow precepts of the past do not meet the requirements of the present. Credulity no longer has a place with the thinking world; and undeniable proof is so strongly demanded in all science that it must necessarily be received in the most vitally important of all questions.

"Man, know thyself!" is no longer merely a euphonious construction of words, but a *command* that appeals to the intellect. The human mind has been found to be boundless in its possibilities, and, as it increases in knowledge, grows more masterful and determined in its interrogations. It is no longer satisfied with fancy forms of imagination and tradition, whether the picture presented be beautiful or revolting. As we grow more familiar with the Science of Being, many misbeliefs fade into nothingness. "Original sin" becomes an exploded dogmatic theory. *Original good* sounds much better and far more reasonable; moreover, it increases our faith in God and

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converse of that proposition. There is one law, which may be ignored or transgressed but never changed.

The pursuit of truth and knowledge is truly the greatest and most enduring of all human pleasures. Each one desires happiness in his individual way—in accordance with his ability of conception or degree of attainment. In this age of the higher development and advancement of the Self, various ways and means are being constantly employed to bring about reform. To one who gives to these different modes serious study and reflection, there is no doubt as to what has resulted and will continue to result in the most enduring good. Many are truly zealous in their intentions and efforts, but in their ardor entirely overlook the fact that *force* is not *progress*—that, while the former may be a temporary corrector, the latter alone is the true reformer.

We may examine this fact from every view-point, under any and all conditions, and will find it invariably true. Place side by side the rose from the conservatory and that plucked from the hedge-row or garden, "warmed by the sun and wet by the dew," and you will find Nature's own product bright and smiling after the forced bud has drooped and faded. The fruit that is made to grow, blossom, and ripen in the atmosphere of the hot-house lacks the luscious quality of that gathered from the sunny slope of the hill and garden plot. If vice exists in the individual or the community, no mere *force* can permanently eradicate it; but a lawful and systematic education or *development* of morals will inevitably accomplish the desired result. In the Law of Being, which every soul may and should recognize, lies our salvation, both temporal and spiritual. The two conditions are inseparable.

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irritating, unhealthful thoughts from his mind and substituting and cultivating the opposite. If we plant one tiny pansy-seed in a sunny corner, it will be but a short time until the modest little heartsease in numbers gladden our vision. If we project from the silence of our innermost being a thought of love and good-will for any of God's creatures, the same process will carry it forth and cast it as a pebble into the stream of Time, and its increasing ripples will extend to the furthermost shore. With the unfolding of self-knowledge we realize a unity of Being that enables us to create and cultivate those thoughts and conditions that rule our existence for weal or woe. Furthermore, we shall find ourselves occupying the unique and dual position of culprit and judge, with evidence and proofs so strong against self that we cease to look for the mote in our brother's eye.

Everywhere and on every side is seen and felt the want of a practical religion, shorn of all false beliefs, ceremonious show, and superstition—a structure founded upon the rock of knowledge and moral principle. There was a time when Religion refused to recognize Science; but it has already passed, and they now walk hand-in-hand. Science has but one meaning—knowledge; and Religion cannot consistently deny man the possession of that which is his by divine right and inheritance. The restless, resistless, determined attitude of investigation, evidenced alike by high-church dignitary and laity, plainly proves the absolute demand for a religion Christ-like in its simplicity, thoroughly practical, and appealing to the rational rather than to the emotional part of man's nature. Mind is fast breaking through the transparent walls of form, fable,

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HEALING AT A DISTANCE.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Although many persons believe in the healing efficacy of *present* mental treatment, yet some are not at all disposed to admit that treatment given from a distance may prove beneficial. And others, while acknowledging the fact that cures are effected through absent treatment, attribute such healing to faith in the mind of the patient, who, knowing that something is being done for him, really induces a mental state that in the end results in health. I confess this was my own belief when I first considered the matter, and for a long time I refused to give absent treatment because of conscientious scruples about receiving money while uncertain as to whether I was giving real return. For more than a year I carried on a system of experiment—the details of which it is unnecessary to relate here—when I became fully convinced that, under proper conditions, absent treatment was as beneficial in its effects as present treatment.

I grant that it is an exceedingly difficult matter for persons to believe that any effective result can come from the absent method of giving mental treatments if they continue to view human life as it has been regarded in the past. If we consider men and women as distinct units, each having a separate existence—entirely independent of any other entity—the problem becomes more complex

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thyself." This fully accords with the Apostle Paul's statement that we are members one of another, and that in the Christ-spirit we realize this unity, or oneness, of life. If we can conceive of humanity as being one great body, to which every individual soul is related in one capacity or another, then the action known as "absent mental treatment" is neither so mysterious nor miraculous as superficially it may appear.

I *know* that I have the power to affect different parts of my own body through centering thought on those parts or withdrawing thought from them; also, that I can increase or decrease, at will, the circulation of the blood, or life force, throughout any part of my physical organism. Now, if an individual is able thus to produce a definite effect in or upon any part of his own body, he, being an inseparable member of the great body of humanity, is able to produce an analogous effect on some other part of the larger whole. Whether or not he is *conscious* of this, he does inevitably produce such action, either for good or ill; so that rejoicing or sorrow in one mind certainly affects the rest of humanity. Persons are often depressed without apparent reason; again, they are frequently joyous and happy without being able to perceive the cause that brought about such a state. But these emotions exist because of the relationship established by the individual with either depressed or joyous mental states of the great ocean of humanity.

The earnest seeker after truth should first strive to understand the law regulating his own being, because, whether he knows it or not, everything that occurs, little or great, is the result of eternal and unchanging Law. All the disease and discord of life flow from a lack of under-

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should prove to the truth-seeker that knowledge of law is the first requisite, and obedience to its requirements the second. These essentials present, every discordant note would disappear from his mind and the perfect harmony of life become evident; for, knowing the law and its application in his own life, he would thoroughly understand the law that governs the entire body of humanity. The whole force of his life would be so directed as to influence any part, and to a certain extent all parts, of the grand mental and physical organism of mankind.

In the giving of absent treatment, then, there must be something more than a belief in the mind of the healer as to the unity, or oneness, of life. He must have a realization so deep that it starts from the very soul of being that he is one with the All; that all are God's children; that God's life and intelligence animate each and all; and that life and intelligence are only restricted by one's capacity to receive, the influx being ever as great as the demand.

The metaphysical healer cannot permanently give health, strength, or happiness to another mind or body; but he can throw light on the way of life, making clear to the patient the true course. The healer sows the seed; God gives the increase. The treatment of another mind consists in awakening it to new desires and new aspirations, rather than in giving something that the person does not already latently possess: because the arousing of certain desires and aspirations will cause the mind to turn to the Fountain-head, whence every need may be supplied. In the conscious effort to affect his patient, the healer realizes, first, that he is one with the Source of all life; second, that he is related to the *whole* of life and to

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between one soul and another—between one mind and another—thus becomes so complete that it might be said they actually *blend.* The thoughts, desires, joys, and hopes of the healer fill the mind of the patient so that the new, uplifting, higher ideal of life enters his mind. The very depths of his being seem to be stirred; and the soul, awakening, brings a renewing of the mind, which in turn quickens every action or function of the body.

This explanation of a subtle process may seem vague and unsatisfactory to some, but to those who have realized the truth of these things it will undoubtedly appeal. It is difficult to take mere words, as representatives of material things, and endow them with spiritual meaning: only they that have eyes can see; only they that have ears can hear.

In giving either absent or present treatments, all formulas should be avoided, as they tend to throw limitations about the healer. The one necessary thing is to understand the needs of the patient. When one comprehends his own needs, he sets about to supply them. This should be the case in the giving of mental treatment. The healer, having attended first to his own greatest needs, may then, out of his own fulness, point out the way whereby another's lack may be supplied. He should not dwell on the evil (or negative) side; what seems to be evil is only the lack of true development—ignorance as to the true direction of the power of life. In giving a treatment the healer should have but one way in mind, and that the true way. He only confuses another mind and makes an *entity* of evil when he denies its existence. It is not the denial of evil that makes an undeveloped mind strong

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are continually in need of treatment; they are like a watch, which needs winding every twenty-four hours; they live on the strength they get from the healer, not generating as they should the forces of life for themselves; they are not willing to use their own powers of mind and soul, but think that, so long as they are paying a stipulated sum of money, the one treating them should *keep* them in health. Very often they are disappointed when they find themselves far from well, notwithstanding all the treatment they have received. A patient makes a great error when he relies exclusively upon the healer instead of trying to rise, so far as he knows how, through his own power. The patient that works conscientiously *with* his healer is the one that will express health the soonest. Let him, first of all, try to be bright; to look on the hopeful side of things; to think thoughts of health and strength. This mental condition tends to make him more receptive to treatment; and, when new thoughts and desires enter his mind, let him try to give them expression—not to put them aside and refuse to act upon them, but to act on every new and true impulse. The patient taking this course must soon give expression outwardly to that which already exists inwardly. Health of mind precedes health of body: the whole mind makes the whole body.

After all, the phrase, "*absent* mental treatment," does not give the true thought. It is used to denote bodily separation only; there is no other state of separateness. There is not even so-called material separation: because the very materials that compose the body have no separation as between the body of one person and that of another, no matter what distance the two may be apart. All mental healing, therefore, is really *present* treatment, whether the patient's body be close at hand or miles dis-

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we term respectively time and space. Therefore, let the patient drop all thought of separation between the healer and himself; let him feel that the treatment is going to prove effectual—that it is going to accomplish the desired result—regardless of time or distance. This also will tend to put his mind in a condition of receptivity.

The office of the healer, then, is to impart a true knowledge of life to the mind of the patient; to dwell on the affirmative side; to keep ever before the mind the absolute truth of Being—the absolute quality of Love; and to throw light on the path of life. This is the healer's sole office. Each soul is endowed with the faculties necessary to work out its own salvation, or, in other words, to come into a knowledge of its own glory and greatness as a perfectible expression of God, containing within itself the fulness of the God-head. As Jesus said, "He called them gods, unto whom the Word of God came." When the Word of God becomes fully manifested in the life of man, then does he truly express the perfect image and likeness of his Creator.

FEAR, terror, passion, desire, joy, and envy are six states of the mind that especially rule the imagination and consequently the world of man; and, as the mind of man is the microcosmic counterpart of the Universal Mind, the antitypes of these states are also active in the imagination of the world, and the thoughts of man act upon the latter as the latter acts upon him. It is therefore desirable that we should govern our imagination and not allow it to run wild. We should attempt to grasp the spirit by the power of the spirit, and not by speculative imagination.—*Paracelsus.*

THE best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, to[illegible]

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THE MIND IN SEASICKNESS.

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

Sickness is, generally speaking, a rebellion of the physical system against conditions to which it cannot adapt itself. The appearance of new forms of disease indicates a lessening degree of adaptability in the human organism, and this can be seen both in the individual and the race. This lessened adaptability is one of the effects of evolution; but there is another side to the shield: what life loses by differentiation it gains again by survival of the fittest, and the power to form and change conditions or to meet them with means invented by the mind offsets in man the narrowing possibility of organic change. Evolution tends, on the whole, to such an adjustment of internal forces to external conditions as will perfect and indefinitely prolong physical existence; but as this result cannot possibly be brought about by external forces alone, without the coöperation of the mental activity of man, the mind is the force now to be addressed in the efforts of philosophy to ameliorate existence.

I am at this moment on board an Atlantic "Liner" in mid-ocean. While, like the gallant captain in the opera, I am "hardly ever sick at sea," and therefore must write diffidently of that bugbear of travel, I am convinced that seasickness can be averted by rational (*i. e.*, mental) means; and I offer the following considerations as suggestive of a specific.

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ideas of the mental origin of disease—ideas often borne out by facts and now much in vogue. Immunity in this case does not depend on deficient mentality or the reverse. Children are sometimes ill at sea, though more rarely than adults; and I am told that in very rough weather cattle may be sick, and even caged birds show signs that they share the prevailing discomfort. A kitten being rocked in a hammock quickly manifested nausea and had to be released from her swaying prison. This goes to show that stable equilibrium is a condition essential to the comfort of the physical organism.

But this is not all. The imagination plays an active part in seasickness. A lady that had previously been ill on the water went on board a channel-steamer in the evening and lay down to sleep. After a time she awoke and found herself extremely ill. What was her mortification on learning that the boat was still lying quietly at the dock! This is a clear case of mental origin of seasickness. A still more interesting one is that of a cool-headed New York man (the writer's brother) who twice crossed the Atlantic without being sick; but, on going to see the "bioscope" some months after his return, and viewing a series of instantaneous photographs realistically depicting a storm at sea as seen from the deck of a tossing ship, he felt the floor alternately heave and sink beneath him, with accompanying sensations that "the real thing" had never brought on. Now, this, of course, was all imagination; for, while the management well understood adding to the effect of the pictured storm by appropriate symphonic noises, they did not carry realism to the point of reproducing the smells of ship-board, nor did they swing

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It will be seen at a glance that, while these two instances both go to prove the mental origin of seasickness, they are really quite dissimilar. The lady was actually on ship-board, and was sick because she had been so before under like circumstances. My brother merely imagined himself at sea, through an illusion of at most two of the senses, and was momentarily ill by reason of an occult association of ideas. The common element in the two cases was *imagined* loss of equilibrium. Would an animal or a child, or a person that had never been at sea, have been similarly affected? If not, the fact would be explained on the ground of lack of imagination. The unimaginative creature may be made sick by actual loss of equilibrium—the creature of evolved mentality by association of ideas. These cases, however, are extreme—the majority of seasick victims being found between the condition of the kitten on the one hand and that of the imaginative woman and the sensitive man on the other. Here we have two causes, at opposite extremes of a line; and, since neither can be moved far enough along the line to meet the other, some more general cause may reasonably be sought—a cause underlying both. The above facts show where to look. And the explanation of this common but puzzling phenomenon lies hidden behind the fact (taught by science) that all living beings, men and animals alike, are in their nature one.

We must remember that man is not the only evolved creature on the planet; in whatever concerns his physical nature, all of "Hiawatha's brothers" are following closely in his train. Man is a land animal; and all land animals are more or less out of their natural environment when on

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Seasickness is simply a huge—an elemental—homesickness. Man especially depends upon a stable equilibrium, and his system resents the opposite. The horse, the most highly evolved of "the beasts of the field," instinctively feeling that off the land he is out of his element, resists with frantic terror being driven on board ship. But, unlike other land animals, *man* is not at the mercy of conditions, even when at sea. Dependent as he is on the soil for the production of his food, clothing, and all other necessaries of human life, by an economical application of his resources he is enabled to live for days, weeks, and even years away from the land—his home.

It is the evolution of *mind* that has given man this power. While the physical organism has lost its adaptability to marine conditions, the mind has gained the power to triumph over them. The triumph of mind over the physical discomfort resulting from that lack of adaptability called seasickness should follow upon man's realization of that power. It is an easy step.

The superb ocean steamer, six hundred feet long, bearing ten thousand tons burden and floating a thousand lives in safety between sea and sky, appointed like a metropolitan hotel and almost as steady and substantial—to my mind the most astonishing material product of human genius—is a result of man's desire and power to adapt conditions to his own needs. He cannot entirely overcome them, because he cannot so change his own organism as to exist in the element in which life indeed had its birth, but from which the course of evolution has forever borne him away. To go back organically is impossible—man cannot become aquatic by nature, however safely he may skim over the surface or dive into the depths of the sea.

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But men have been able to exist comfortably away from

tions ago, crossing the ocean was a difficult, perilous, tedious, and infinitely uncomfortable proceeding, to be accomplished only by the courageous few. Now, however, we go out by thousands one month and come back the next; our lives are spared, and if we are even seasick it is—in the case of most of us—because we are too well fed.

In ordinary weather there is little excuse for seasickness. Mental habit, animal instinct, race dread of the alien element irrationally persisting in the subconscious mind, the sense of helplessness that comes on with the perception that there is not in the whole ship a spot where the body can be really still—these things are probably accountable for such cases of "sickness" as are not mere indigestion. However, there are persons that no sooner embark on the ocean than they begin to draw on the experience of stewardesses and the commiserating wisdom of fellow-passengers—mostly in vain. A "reverend father" who has been around the world recommends as a specific the ale of Bass; some one else advises bombarding the rebellious stomach with large and repulsive pills; others offer lemons and sympathy; and one, on the "hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you" principle, prescribes two glasses of cold sea-water. All misdirected effort!

Seasickness is an instinctive protest of the subconscious mind against marine conditions that were long ago outgrown in the evolutionary process. These conditions are now unnatural, and the resulting "sickness" arises primarily from want of adaptability, as has been said, to the environment. This is not a morbid but a normal con-

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tions, we should, of course, not be "sick." As a matter of fact, after a few days the system does unconsciously adapt itself, in obedience to the mind; and there is no further illness.

The effort, then, in treating seasickness should be in the direction of harmonizing the mind with its environment. The body cannot be starved or medicined into harmony with an environment for which evolution has rendered it unfit. But the subconscious mind, which controls the physical functions, can be persuaded by mental means to acquiesce in the conditions that for purposes of our own we temporarily impose upon ourselves, thus anticipating the process of Nature.

When we subject ourselves to marine conditions, instead of stolidly keeping up land habits, which are out of place at sea, we should become, or like children "play" that we *are*, sea-creatures. Go back to beginnings; slough off the mental habits of terrestrial life so far as possible. Instead of trying to preserve the equilibrium of this minute personality in the midst of the swaying world of waters, become a part of it. Get on good terms with the ocean; trust it; love it. The ocean is the mother of the land—"*filiæ pulchræ mater pulchrior.*" Is it not beautiful? Miles on miles of purest ultra-marine, broken by foam-crests whiter against the sun than the sea-bird's breast; or pale gray, under low-hanging clouds with fairy-like glints of silver at the horizon; or misty yellow-green, under the veiled sunset, changing to clear indigo barred with dancing, dazzling gold as the sun breaks through and the massed splendors of the western sky outburn the delicate rainbow on the east! Cease to fear it. A storm on the sea is no more dreadful than on land, and a stanch ship

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The water is God's as well as the land. I have seen a funeral at sea and have felt that I would as soon be buried in the free, green waves as in the familiar earth of "consecrated ground." The sea is not the enemy of man; it is feared because not *known*. What if it does rock and toss us and refuse us solid standing-ground? We do not need *terra firma* to stand on, let us tell our subconscious selves. And in a few days Nature will clinch the argument for us, when, to the amusement of ourselves and others, we stagger ashore, missing the undulating foothold as we exchange the rolling deck for the good, solid, immemorial ground of the Eastern hemisphere.

OUR thoughts are real substances, and leave their images upon our personality; they fill our aura with beauty or ugliness, according to our intents and purposes in life. There are persons that can see our thought-images. One that ponders well these facts will be forced to feel the importance of thinking his or her best thoughts at all times. For we are to-day, through the power of our thoughts, making our success or failure in life. If life seems sad and full of misfortune, ponder well the companions in thought you have entertained. If disease and unrest fill your life, bring forth the subject in mind for contemplation and consideration. Ask yourself, "Have I with true righteousness well considered the needs of my fellow-men?" Omission is as great a sin, under divine law, as commission.—*Rev. Mary C. Lyman.*

THE facts observed in the life-history of twins show that two individuals born under precisely indentical conditions, and having exactly the same heredity, sometimes differ completely in physique, in intellect, and in character. The birth of geniuses in humble and commonplace circumstances furnishes abundant evidence that the individual soul outstrips all the trammels of physical birth; and the

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BLAVATSKY'S SERVICES TO MANKIND.

BY KATE C. HAVENS.

The march of progress is ever over the slain bodies or mutilated reputations of its leaders. To be a radical reformer means crucifixion. All forms die hard, and the more fixed and rigid the form the fiercer the struggle. Yet the stones thrown at the reformers of one age have a strange way of piling up until, in the next age, we have *monuments* upon which a grateful and remorseful posterity lays the tardy tribute of the laurel. The shouts of scorn and derision, as they vibrate through the corridors of time, are changed by the wonderful alchemy of Nature into pæans of praise. Thus do we see the heresy of one generation becoming the creed of the next.

Those who help man physically do well; those who help him mentally do better; but those who help him spiritually do best, because spiritual help is permanent help, since it best shows man how to help himself. H. P. Blavatsky was one of those who endured social ostracism, ridicule, and abuse, that she might give to man this permanent help. She gave freely and gladly of the mental and spiritual treasures intrusted to her care—only to meet the sneers and jests of an unthinking and unappreciative multitude. Now, however, that material scientists, having pushed physical matter to its ultimate, are beginning to demonstrate, each in his own special field, the theories that true Theosophy teaches, it is safe to predict

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as he is from centuries of the pernicious doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement (misinterpreted as *shifting* responsibility), is just the message that Blavatsky brought to the Western world—the message of self-reliance: that man is the maker of his own destiny. "Ye who suffer, know ye suffer from yourselves! None else compels, none other holds you; that ye live and die and whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss its spokes of agony, its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness!"

The great value of Theosophy lies in the fact that it demonstrates scientifically. Students can verify for themselves the fact that life is not a mere procession of unconnected, external events, but a gradual accumulation of connected, coherent inner experiences; the ultimate object of which is the development and expansion of self-consciousness. In other words, Theosophy shows why and how "the world exists for the education of the soul." After centuries of the enervating doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement—dependence upon an external force, an extra-cosmic God—the teaching of self-reliance (or, as Jesus expressed it, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you") comes to many like a shock. Their moral and spiritual natures have become atrophied from lack of use. Theological sophistries can never grow strong, healthy, self-reliant souls, able to do their own thinking.

Theosophy is the opponent of no religion; it is rather the exponent of all. The current erroneous opinion that it is antagonistic to the teachings of Jesus is due to the fact that average humanity fails to comprehend a system of thought so broad that it can include and reconcile apparently contradictory beliefs; also, to the popular belief that the teachings of Jesus and the system of relig-

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Buddhism as there is between the teachings of Jesus and "orthodox Christianity." In both cases the spirit has been lost and the letter alone retained. It is the great mission of Theosophy to vivify and reawaken the *spirit* in both these religions, and to show that they, as well as all other systems of religion, are merely branches of the same great spiritual Tree—streams that flow from the same great spiritual Source.

Paley wisely says: "There is a principle, which is proof against argument and a bar to all progress, and which, if persisted in, cannot fail to keep the mind in everlasting ignorance; that is—contempt prior to examination." The great Humboldt remarks that "a presumptuous skepticism that rejects facts without examination of their truth is, in some respects, more injurious than unquestioning credulity." Thus we find that those who are loudest in their denunciations of the teachings of Theosophy are either those who have failed carefully to examine them or those who are mentally incapable of grasping the tremendous scope of the philosophy, and who gauge all knowledge by their own limited experiences. Speaking of psychic phenomena, Sir William Crookes says:

"Most assuredly, as far as my knowledge of science goes, there is absolutely no reason, *a priori*, to deny the possibility of such phenomena as I have described (see 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research'). Those who assume, as is assumed by some popular writers, that we are now acquainted with all, or nearly all, or even with any assignable proportion, of the forces at work in the universe show a limitation of conception that ought to be impossible in an age where the circle of our *definite* knowledge does not reveal the proportionately widening circle of our blank, indubitable ignorance."

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"fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Modern vanity does not like the way Theosophy has of calling all discoveries only "*re*discoveries"; and our scientists object to having the ancient sages and philosophers—those whom we have been taught to call "heathen"—ranked higher than themselves. Yet it is interesting to recall the fact that seven hundred years before Christ the doctrine of the true motion of the earth, its form and the whole heliocentric system, was taught in the schools of Thales and Pythagoras; while in 317 A. D. we find Lactantius, the preceptor of Crispus Cæsar (son of Constantine the Great), teaching his pupils that the earth was a plane surrounded by the sky, which was composed of fire and water, and solemnly warning him against the "pagan" doctrine of the earth's globular form! Upon the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, now in the British Museum, is delineated the zodiac, with the exact position of the planets at the time of the autumnal equinox in the year 1722 B. C.! Professor Mitchell calculated the positions of the heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system at the time indicated and exclaims: "To my astonishment I found that on the 7th day of October, 1722 B. C., the planets had occupied the exact points in the heavens marked upon the mummy's coffin!"

Modern vanity is destined to many a blow as the researches of antiquarians reveal the hidden secrets of past civilizations. The question is often asked, "How do Theosophists regard H. P. Blavatsky?" There is a strange but significant passage in the Bhagavad Gitâ that says: "Whenever there is decay of Dharma (Law) and exaltation of Adharma (disorder), then I Myself come forth; . . . For the sake of firmly establishing

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lead wandering humanity back to the truths they have forgotten. In all ages these Incarnations have been styled "the Christ," and around these ideal Personages the hearts of men have instinctively clung.

Blavatsky is regarded as a messenger sent by "The Brotherhood"—those spiritual guardians of humanity that are ever watching and guiding human evolution. If asked why Theosophists believe in such exalted beings, when there is no ocular demonstration of their existence, the reply is: Their existence can be demonstrated in many ways. First, by circumstantial evidence. All nations of antiquity point to such characters. We can trace them in literature, architecture, and legislation. It is to them that we may trace the origin of the so-called myths of the heroes, gods, and demi-gods. The great law of analogy suggests the probability that evolution does not cease with the human race as we see it, nor with this little speck of a planet. Common sense rejects the thought that present humanity—the fighting, grasping, selfish humanity of to-day—is the climax of even physical evolution. Naught but colossal arrogance, founded upon colossal ignorance, could entertain so narrow and limited a theory of existence.

Huxley has wisely and modestly suggested that "there may be beings as far beyond us as we are beyond the black beetle." This probability has, to some, been translated into certainty: since by lives of purification (physical and mental), self-sacrifice, and devotion to the interests of humanity—the only way by which this knowledge may be verified—they have come into contact with these exalted ones. The question naturally arises: If such great beings are actually living on our planet, why

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"Until men re-learn the ancient veneration they have lost, which made the messenger of the gods a sacred person and surrounded him with love and reverence, the Masters of Wisdom come not forth to stimulate the angry passions of men by jealousy of their purity by hatred of their spiritual lives. Jesus of Nazareth was the last of these great Teachers, and they to whom he came slew him when three years of public life was over; they hated him for a purity that seemed to them an insult offered to their own impurity, and for a greatness that was a reproach to their own littleness."

The final proof of the existence of these Great Souls is revealed in the study of comparative religion. Here the student finds that all religions are alike in their basic principles; that differences exist only on the surface, and are the result of the accretions due to the ignorance of translators and expounders; that these differences are differences merely in non-essentials in methods of expression—in the intellectual molds, so to say, into which the same spiritual truths have been poured. This unity in essence (which will become more and more evident as the further translations of Eastern scriptures become familiar to the Western world) implies that all religions have sprung from a common Source. While our learned (?) doctors of comparative mythology attribute this striking resemblance to an excrescence peculiar to the virgin soil of human ignorance, viz., fetishism, as exhibited by solar, phallic, and ancestor worship—and which, by the way, fails to account for the innate tendency in humanity to worship something, be it never so degraded—the teaching of Theosophy on this point is that "this striking resemblance is due to an *Original Teaching*, which is in the hands of a Spiritual Brotherhood (of which Jesus was one); who, themselves the outcome of past cycles of evo-

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ing to this teaching, the members of this Brotherhood are aided in their mission by many others lower in the scale of evolution than themselves—initiates and disciples of various grades, who guided the infant nations, ruled them as kings, gave them their laws, and taught them as philosophers. To deny that such exalted beings have lived is both illogical and unscientific.

Our great modern scientists, Dr. Figuier and Herbert Spencer, have arrived, independently of each other, at the same conclusions regarding historic researches, from which they have deduced the following axiom (I quote the words of Dr. Figuier): "A tradition that has a uniform and universal existence has all the weight of scientific testimony." Therefore, the existence of these great spiritual Helpers—in all countries, in all periods—"has all the weight of scientific testimony." Theosophy being the synthesis of all religions—the scientific explanation of existence, both cosmic and individual—its boundaries are necessarily extremely elastic. Hence, we find within the Society all classes and conditions. Brahman, Buddhist, Parsee, Jew, and Christian join hands upon the platform of Universal Brotherhood. Its teachings include pantheism and monotheism—satisfying alike the intellect of the sage and the yearning cry of the infant soul reaching out for help to its "personal God."

Man can never be physically free while he is mentally a slave. The immense value that the Hindus attach to ideals is expressed in one of their great proverbs: "Man is a creature of reflection; he becomes that upon which he reflects; therefore, reflect upon Brahm." We find an echo of this in the Christian Scriptures: "For as he thinketh in

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memory clings the most fondly are those who have helped us to attain higher ideals—who have helped our soul-growth. This is the great debt that humanity in the next century will begin to realize that it owes to H. P. Blavatsky—that she pointed out the way to attain mental and spiritual freedom.

> **"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,**
> **Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,**
> **Given to redeem the human mind from error,**
> **There were no need of arsenals nor forts."**

A SCIENCE may be perfectly logical in all its deductions, but nevertheless false if its fundamental doctrines are based upon a misunderstanding of spiritual truths, which a cold, calculating intellect is unable to grasp. The true science of Nature draws its logical conclusions from fundamental truths, which it knows to be true because it perceives them by the power of the mind illuminated by wisdom. False science bases its conclusions upon external appearances caused by the illusions of the senses; true science rests in the capacity of the higher regions of the human mind to comprehend spiritual truths which are beyond the power of perception of the semi-animal intellect, and it reasons from that which it not merely believes but perceives to be true.—*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*

EACH principle is attracted by, knows, and loves that which is like unto its own self. The principles existing within the periphery are acting upon their corresponding principles in the center. Love acts upon love, hate upon hate; good is attracted by good, and evil by evil. If there is no evil desire active in man, evil influences cannot take root in his soul. The devil is the poorest of all creatures. He cannot move a leaf upon a tree unless the wrath is contained therein.—*Jacob Boehme.*

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THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

God is Life; life is love and light (truth). Man's first consciousness of God's presence in him is love; the next, light. No matter how dormant, how indifferent, how selfish, or how hard a soul may be, when the Spirit of God moves in it love is its first consciousness. Its first *feeling* is realization of God's presence and light—the immediate, divine proceeding. Light is the containing form—the visible presence—of love. In it are contained all forms of love—as the light of the sun contains the heat and all forms resulting from the action of light and heat. All visible things are forms of truth, and truth is love in form; hence, the soul of everything we see is *love*. Love is the forming principle—light the material it works with to make itself visible. The soul of man is a form of light with love at the heart of it—the indwelling God.

The circle of life is seen and felt in the circulation of light. It is the transit of love in a body of light. This mighty tide moves and flows through all things in the inner life, as well as in the outer: from the inner to the outer, through the outer, and back again to the inner—completing the circle. This circle of life, which flows through the sun, moon, and stars, and moves the tides in their courses, we may trace in the tiny seed. It weaves a body of light in the inner world, and then weaves out-

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completes this unbroken circle, when light flows back to God through myriad forms.

When man begins to live the inner life, his first consciousness is of this wonderful, beneficent tide, flowing through him and through all things in the universe. He feels its perfect order, beauty, and rhythm. For the first time he knows what life is and what harmony means. He sees that life does not flow into or through man and then pass on to other work, but that it is a perpetual flow —a never-failing spring. He sees that in this great circle of life are smaller circles of all sizes, and that life flows through him in a circle. He feels its might—the love within it; he sees the light it clothes itself with; he hears the music it creates as it flows over and through the chords of life—even its echoes in the outer body, so wonderfully fashioned in its likeness.

Man then understands the cause of disease, disorder, and inharmony in both the collective and the individual body of the race. He sees that what we call the "will of God" is this perfect life—this harmony that flows to him momently and will fill him with itself if he does not hinder it. By becoming oblivious to the outer world and concentrating his consciousness on this tide, he finds that it flows in almost unnoticed; that it rises to the head and flows down to the feet and back again in a never-ceasing up-flow and down-flow. He sees that there is a circle of soul-life, a circle of mind (natural) life, and a circle of material or animal life. He sees also that there is a circle of life that flows from soul to mind, and through the mind into the body—making the soul, mind, and body one man.

When man permits this life that is from God—and is

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or in various forms, inevitably follows, as there can be life only where life flows. Disorder in the soul begets disorder in the mind, which causes disorder in the body. We may find relief for the body by putting it in order, and relief for the mind by putting that in order; and men have discovered or invented various recipes to that end. But there is no permanent cure, except to let God put the soul in order—by doing His will therein instead of man's.

When man realizes that the circulation of life is from the soul into the mind, through the body, and back through the body into the mind, thence to the soul, he has only to allow the currents free passage all the way through, and health and harmony shall result; but, not realizing this, he closes the gates of the mind and hence of the body by his mistaken thought, believing the health of one cannot cause the health of the other. When he feels positive that the soul cannot send health to the mind or the body, he has closed the gates; when he begins to feel that the soul may have something to do with the mind and the body, he opens the gates and life begins to flow in. He cannot close them so fast that not a particle of life can flow in; for if he could he would die (as we say)—vanish from material vision.

Life and light are to the soul what air and food are to the material body; light (truth) is the food, and life the spirit that breathes upon it, transforming its chyle into blood. The in-flow is silent and swift—we are hardly aware of it. Our consciousness is in the up-flow and the down-flow. When we retire into the silence and turn our attention to this life-tide, we are sometimes most conscious of the up-flow and at other times of the down-flow. At first we may mistake the latter for the former; but after a while we shall see the difference. The up-flow is our

by our thought as we will—in our body, or sent out to others'. It is in the down-flow that cures and "miracles" are performed.

When the up-flow and the down-flow are equal, we are poised—polarized: we are in harmony with the laws of being—God. If they are not equal, our thought can direct the power more strongly to either, as needed. In the in-flow and the up-flow, we receive; in the down-flow, we give to our own minds and bodies and to others'. If we receive more than we give, we cause congestion; if we give more than we receive, we cause weakness and exhaustion. We must see that the tide circulates freely and evenly throughout its course. If it does not, some mistaken—inharmonious—thought has interfered, and we need to turn our attention to that and try to discover the wrong thought. We shall be surprised to find so much of our life made up of wrong thoughts about ourselves and others and God—many of them wrong through our not practising what we know; others left to breed disease in us through our indifference; and still others working harm through our ignorance. Ignorance, however, like the rest, will vanish in the light when we look to God for wisdom. The circle of life is the circulation of light, of which love is the soul that gives it form, and in which all forms are contained.

THE WEAKNESS OF WAR.

Irrational War! Thou art a suicide
That round thy neck the fatal rope hast tied

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FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

VII.

"Thou shalt not kill."

It is a curious fact that in the early ages all mankind sharply diverged upon more than one radical subjective; but perhaps more sharply than upon any other upon that of the point of view concerning the Supreme—whether bad or good, devilish or angelic, malevolent to be propitiated, or beneficent to be flattered. Not separated, as such matters often are, on isothermal lines, but rather longitudinal, somewhere along the waterways that flow lazily to the Persian Gulf, the Indus and Euphrates, the range of the Caucasus, the snow-capped Ural—this line may serve approximately to mark the marge of the two opposing trends of human imagination.

In a remote age, we may imagine two tribesmen—even as Abraham and Lot—dividing on this great issue. Whether in amity or rancor, or how far they had emerged from the savagery of the neolithic man, none can now say; but it is sure there was a parting, and there and then a dispersion of tongues as precedent for the fabled one to come—there and then a moral tower of Babel, motive and monitor of that of which Moses wrote as of the land of Shinar. In the far East the gospel of lethargy, the dogma

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fice. It is the truth of Abel with the offering of blood, and Cain with that of fruits. The result and moral are given from the Western point of view: Abel was right, Cain wrong; Abel the martyr, Cain the murderer. To the mind built on the Mosaic model, here was the origin of the decree incorporated in the Decalogue as the sixth commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

If the biblical story were a literal narrative, it is possible to believe that Cain, once denying that he was his brother's keeper—in an agony of remorse, an outcast in the land of Nod—resolved to become, now that his brother was no more, the keeper of all other life, not only of man but of beast and creeping thing. Thenceforth, to his aroused and venomous conscience, all life was sacred. From that essential idea, percolating through the strata of the rocks of brain-formations, forming in subconscious pools of dogma and tradition, fancy, poesy, and theory, the limpid, living spring of this great branch of the river of Truth gushed out in the long ago upon the historic plains of India—to ramify and divide and flow lethargically through countless channels, irrigating all the life of humanity from the passes of the Himalayas to the southern shores of Ceylon.

The fiat, "Thou shalt not kill," has given to the Indian —whether following the cult of the Vedanta or that of the great reformer—a religion of apathy and a body enervated, but a mind so wonderfully acute and discerning as actually to distance, in both concept and percept, the Occidental nations. The Hindu's ear is attuned to harmonies beyond the bass and treble; his eye, trained by

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made him so. His reverence for all life results in putting human life on a par as to sanctity with that of the worm. The thugs of India kill from religious motives, and the cord of Kali is to them the cross of Calvary.

The Hindu has been despoiled and ravished by his less worthy neighbors. The hordes of the northern steppes poured down through the mountain passes; the hosts of Islam encamped upon his plains, and in recent times the arrogant and intolerant Briton, fresh from his Druid rites, dyed in the blue woad of his bloody creed, seized the land and holds it, breathing out the stench of centuries of the slain from between the jaws of the dragon of St. George. Thus, through long ages of habit, the type was evolved, strengthened, and at last made permanent, whose full flower is found in the obsequious, sinuous, passionate man of the East, under whose winded turban repose thoughts not as our thoughts of the wild West; but beneath whose loose garments beats a heart that shares with us the impulse of ferocity that was our common heritage. This was the impulse—in sharp contrast to the teachings of the Brahman and the Buddha—that impelled the offering of blood to the goddess Durga.

Sacrifice of human victims was not uncommon even among the civilizing Greeks. Three Persians were offered up by Themistocles previous to the naval battle of Salamis; and the legends of Erectheus and Iphigeneia show that the custom was not one honored in the breach. So, too, the fair-haired Scandinavians tried to put out the fires of wrath of their fierce gods with victims' blood. Every nine years, at Upsala, a festival of expiation took unto its awful self nine human lives; while the Danes, even more cruel, slew eleven times as many every ninth year. Among the Gauls the death of a human victim was

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age of Goth and Vandal, Frank and Hun, and of all the savage tribes of the north of Europe.

Northward the Druid altars reeked their sanguinary tide; and to the south, among the mysterious fastnesses whence the two rivers, the Tears of Isis, cold with melting snows, poured their fruitful flood, rose a perpetual wail from the victims to the vindictive gods, echoing to the very gates of Memphis. There, heaped in sculptured piles, the colossal effigies of Amen-Hotep and Rameses and Pharaoh looked down in smiling complaisance upon the rivers of Egypt, red with the blood of sacrificial victims. In the city of Dido, Baal held high revels, and into his cavernous mouth were flung, in time of war or pestilence, children and babes: the fiery furnace of this Moloch being not seldom voluntarily resorted to by even grown men—remorseful, or desirous of appeasing the offended power. In the new world human sacrifice was an incident of all public devotion. It was so in Peru; and one of the most revolting pictures of history is that painted in the chronicles of Cortez—the booming of the war-gong on the Aztec temple, and the stone altar under the open sky where the victims' hearts were plucked out.

The problem of the preservation of society, of the sanctity of infant and ante-natal life, is involved in this sixth commandment. The savage self-seeking of the ancient legal right of a Roman father; of the Chinese even of the present day over the lives of their offspring; the laxity of morals in modern life, stifling the breath of the unborn;—all these are matters not yet thought out, but which in time must be fully thought out for the good of the race. As yet Malthus is looked upon as a visionary and an alarmist; but, centuries to come, the problem will

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having set out on his balloon voyage (from which he has not returned), a carrier-pigeon liberated by him bore a message of love to his betrothed in Sweden. The account tells how the young woman immediately killed that bird, sent it to a taxidermist, and now keeps it stuffed as a parlor ornament. *Mos omnia vincit.* With *my* sort of sensibilities, I should call the act murder.

Of another sort is the curious confession a venerable friend made to me. We were discussing the psychic relations of impression, and I asked him if ever he felt remorse for the deaths of which he had been the cause. He was a veteran of two wars, and in his younger days had been a notorious duelist, and more than once had "killed his man." "Yes," he answered, coolly; "once I accidentally killed a little dog that belonged to my wife. I am never nervous or depressed in spirits, but that dog haunts me. I have tried for forty years to rid myself of the impression, but it is impossible. I suppose that is remorse."

What strange opinions—some savage, some merely silly—have been held by sects and societies concerning the meaning of this fiat, but especially concerning the new interpretation of that and all the other Mosaic fiats by the Christ! Behold the masterly Muscovite, Tolstoi the literalist, and then look upon our Christian armaments! Could contrast be greater? It is the absurd made magnificent, the ridiculous raised to the Nth power, the idiotic to the infernal.

Welcome, then, to the call to the nations of the young and ardent White Czar! Futile it will be, no doubt; yet, possibly, some enduring good may come of it, till perhaps out of the Nazareth of Russia may flow a great, sweet river of peace on earth and good-will to men.

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and velites—threw down the shield, spear, and pilum, and deserted their eagles. War, they declared, was all iniquity. St. Augustine, complaisant to the powers that were, quickly excommunicated the recalcitrants and declared war to be fully justifiable; and the result was as usual—authority prevailed and desertions stopped.

Most assuredly it was not death by the due process of law to which Moses formulated his injunction; for, not long afterward, the Israelites were commanded to kill for slight enough cause, and the "common law" of Nature's method of getting justice—retaliation in kind—was so prevalent that cities of refuge were established for safety against the avenger of blood. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," declaratory of an existing custom, has been exalted to the position of a holy edict—as usual, by the perversity of man. Moses was a believer in capital punishment, not probably because he approved of the death penalty as a theory, but because this custom had too long obtained to be lightly done away with. In every country where there are no safe prisons, offenses will be punished by brutality—the milder by scourging and torture, the more serious by death.

For the tyrant, Nature provides easily enough her Robespierres, and is ever at her task forging daggers for her Ravaillacs. But, for the more intangible but vaster and securer wrongs of vested wrongs masquerading as vested rights, Time alone provides redress. An indictment cannot be framed against an entire nation. Civilization is yet barbaric; it still decrees death to its submerged myriads—death by too onerous toil; death by foul air in

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Manifestly it was quite upon Western lines that the Mosaic decalogue was based. The creed of a propitiation of an offended and vindictive Jehovah by a blood-offering accounts in large measure for the laws of penalty; and the "eye for an eye" and "tooth for a tooth" conception of justice found only fitting culmination in *death for death.* In spite of the beneficent results of centuries of civilization (so called); in spite of the tenets of Christianity (so called)—in the reign of the third George of England, one hundred and sixty offenses are enumerated by Blackstone as incurring the death penalty, some so trivial as to be preposterous—as the theft from a shop of any article of the value of five shillings. Thus did the modern monster, man, follow the brutal instinct of his barbarian ancestors and ignore the mildness of the edict of Moses: "Thou shalt not kill."

The whole object (unconsciously working though it was) of the Eastern motive tended, and still tends, to debase the individual and exalt the race. This motive finds its culm in the doctrine of Nirvana, or the extinction of self. But the Western motive was essentially the glorification of self. The Egyptians embalmed their dead; the Hindus burned them. From the mummy arose the intellectual aroma that gave the burnt offering its merit and the sacrifice its sweet-smelling savor in the nostrils of Jehovah. And it was from this, a direct inheritance of ghastliness and gloom, that arose the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice—of the atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus.

Not for private feud should life be taken, except of necessity and in the righteousness of defense. Not for

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"And chieftains to the war shall lead
Whole armies with the tempest's speed
To perish in a day;
Till man, by Love and Mercy taught,
Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
And lay the sword away."

The very essence of reality in the contact of man with man—that essential verity accompanying and pervading all gradients between force and peace—is that to employ force is right to preserve or conserve peace. The ancient Roman law drew the distinction between the public foe and the private feud—the *hostis* and *inimicus*. So should it be with all men—hostile to sin to any extent; against it in whatever personality, principality, or potentiality it be embodied, but inimical to no person, no prince, and no power.

With great strides the giant Progress is now stalking toward the attainment of some of his purposes. Of old the knights rode forth in iron mail, till the monk Schwartz changed all that mode of warfare, and the tiny black grains, irritated by the rancor of steel and flint, dashed madly at the leaden ball—and Agincourt and Crecy proved the futility of the cumbrous harness. To-day on the high seas the infernal engines of war ride the waves like knights of the olden times—beaks and rams couched like lances. Hampton Roads set the latest fashion of iron-clads in the turreted terror. At this very hour, on the shoals of the Caribbean Sea, lies the "Cristobal Colon," her side pierced like paper by the terrible missiles of the "Iowa" and "Oregon." And, somewhere in the future, the ghost of a coming battle waits upon the high seas—a ghost perhaps of dynamite, to show to a later Agincourt the madness and inevitable death of all (vanquished and

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for the healing of the nations. The last enemy to be destroyed is death.

The religion of the shambles must give room to the religion of the light. The arduous, upward path of the past—the path of the worm striving to be man, and man striving to be a god—is illumined by the glowing brands of the martyrs' fagots. It is to them I owe this hour the privilege to speak this truth; to Jesus, to Huss, to Servetus, to Ridley, to Latimer, to the victims of the day of St. Bartholomew—to all indeed who, being men, have died for man.

The relentless order of Nature, serene in its certainties of retribution, cries: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay!" Let us who are of the day be sober, not ignoring the crude conditions of our time, but leaving to Nature that power of recompense that is inevitably hers. It is for us to be peaceful, so far as that is practicable; to hold as true the mystery, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword," the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," which yet to all the world remains so mysterious—for without shedding of blood has been no progress, no freedom, no "remission of sin."

VIRTUE is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night when we are asleep, or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it in our untoward soil, in this world's unchantable and unkindly weather.—*Doctor Barrow.*

AS ISLANDS stand in grand solitude in the midst of swelling seas, so great minds dwell alone amid the crowds of little souls that fill the circles of life. A great mind, like a great ship, cannot move in

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ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY LILLIAN F. MCLEAN.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives longest:
Lives in one hour more than years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means to an end—that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

—*P. J. Bailey.*

There is no word in our language the correct perception of which is of more importance to individual welfare than the word *encourage.* How often we hear it! How seldom its value is realized! Indeed, it is so common that it passes through the average mentality unheeded. Why? Because, like the parrot, we use the word mechanically. Through lack of attention we have lost its sweet perfume. Words that are not quickened through feeling—true consciousness of their inherent power—amount to but little. Only the soul that has been enveloped in darkness and has lifted up its voice for light, longing for some one who was in the light to drop just a word of encouragement or hope, can appreciate the mighty power therein involved. It is like removing thorns from the flesh. The mind relaxes, and for at least a while it receives rest and peace, and afterward is better prepared to continue life's journey.

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forces be in the ascendency, our earth would be destroyed. One is positive, the other negative. One acts; the other reacts. Thus the earth and all other planets revolve within their respective orbits, unmolested and in perfect order. These two forces are in reality *one*—the positive and negative channels of one great power. Does not this fact cause the thinking mind to go a little deeper and inquire if there is not something in the human soul that is governed by the same principle—that the recognition of this outer force is but the reflection of an inner law?

Let us look into the human heart. Here is the home where there is discord, sickness, misery—produced through anger, antagonism, misunderstanding. These conditions we find on all sides. What is needed? First, if one would be of true help he must be able to recognize the divine Self behind the mask of sense; secondly, he must seek to arouse the soul, that it too may see and feel a little of the real Self. It may be but a ray; yet this will be enough to quicken individual responsibility. Again, he must do all in his power to keep the fire burning—through encouragement, which is food for heart and brain. It acts like a stimulant; it quickens the very vitals of the soul; it sets all the machinery working in harmony; it is the spark that kindles the lamp in the light-house of one's being, sending its rays to such a distance that hope and faith are born, and causing one to feel he has found a new earth. His aspirations once more seek fulfilment, and he once more finds his soul's dynamic force in operation.

This dynamic force in the soul corresponds to the centrifugal force of the universe. It is the sending out of power to produce desired results. Its product we find,

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love, and encourage? Why do we see so much gloom and darkness around us? Because not enough souls have reached that state of consciousness wherein they might realize that there is a Power behind the throne of sense that is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient—thus destroying all fear.

If we would help uplift humanity, we must be "in the world, but not of it." We must ever seek to help our fellow-men by *encouraging* them, in order that they may not feel obliged to succumb to conditions, but will be sensible rather of an inherent power of mastery in spite of appearances. We can then feel, with Emerson, that "by fault of our dulness and selfishness we are looking up to Nature, but when we are convalescent Nature will look up to us."

O parents! no matter what your child may do, never speak to it in a discouraging manner. Every such word spoken to the child is throwing over it a mantle of darkness that in later years will be the potent cause of all its pessimistic tendencies. Moreover, every parent is endowed with a trust—the *light* given from on high when parenthood is born. Should you fail to bestow that gift upon your offspring, then you have failed to be a true parent, and you know your child no better than a perfect stranger—because you have not reached its soul. The responsibility of parenthood cannot be too strongly emphasized. Every child that enters the world should come into a heaven, not a hell. The love should be so great and the understanding so high that, no matter what mistake the child should make, there should be no upbraiding. Rather should you seek all the more to quicken the divinity within it, and so encourage it that it will want to do right for the sake of right.

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Environment has much to do with its welfare. I have often felt that, could children but *realize* that they are enveloped in an atmosphere of Infinite Love, we would not know them. They would be virtually angels.

I have emphasized, thus far, the importance of encouraging from a moral and spiritual standpoint. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Afterward, encourage every one who is in need of physical sustenance by teaching him the law of attraction, and that the Infinite supply is equal to all finite demands. Teach him also that we draw from an inexhaustible source; that we are cut off from this supply only through our own fears, doubts, or worries—in other words, *lack of recognition.* All we need to do is to open the soul's supply-valve—our conscious oneness with God—to receive a bounteous provision. Let us understand and *feel* that we live in a universe of opulence. All that is needed is self-effort, coupled with the right sort of faith, and every aspiration shall be fulfilled.

In the spiritual world it is not like in our dark dwelling-place, wherein sounds can only be compared with sounds, colors with colors, and a substance only with that which is directly related to it. There all things are more closely related with one another. There the light is sounding; melody produces light; colors have motion, because they are living, and the objects are all at once sounding, transparent, moving, and can penetrate one another.—*St. Martin.*

Silence and Secrecy! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together.—"*Sartor Resartus.*"

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A RECOGNITION.

BY JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

O Sorrow—stern, dark Sorrow—thou art king!
When Hope and Joy their beauteous gifts would bring
Into my life, and leave some traces there
Of what beyond is beautiful and fair,
Thou shakest thy hoary head and bidst: "Depart!
I, I alone, shall reign within this heart."
I reach vain, piteous hands and plead: "Nay, do not go;
Remain with me, bright messengers, I love you so!"
But with one wave of thy majestic hand
Their radiance vanishes, and thou dost stand
Monarch of me, my life, my fate, my all.
Sorrow, I loathe thee! And, whate'er befall,
Spare me thy gruesome presence but one day—
That I, too, youth may know: be blithe and gay!

What! Thou wilt not? Oh, Sorrow, here I bow;
Be merciful, I pray thee; leave me now!
Draw close about thee that dark robe of thine!
Go hence—that sun, or moon, or star may shine
Once, only once, into this somber heart—
Where thou these weary years hast played thy part!
Thou lingerest yet? At last I look into thy eyes,
And—Sorrow canst it be? I find them calm and wise,
Grave, loving, steadfast! See! I kneel beneath thy rod.
And dost *thou* bear, indeed, my messages from God?
Lo! I have known thee not, nor cared to ask

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

THE leading article in this issue of MIND will doubtless awaken considerable interest, not only among the acknowledged adherents of the Christian religion, as expressed through orthodox channels, but also among the many millions of intelligent people outside the pale of the Church. The authors have been at much pains to gather statistics from only trustworthy sources; and, while their own deductions as to the gradual decay of official Christianity are tentatively stated, yet their array of facts and figures will certainly prove startling to the major portion of Christendom.

MIND'S contributors—Mr. C. Montgomery-McGovern and wife—are not alone in their apprehensions concerning the future of modern theology. Many candid and honest minds in the pulpit itself have given utterance to similar forebodings; though the clergy, as a rule, are seemingly unaware of the real causes that are slowly undermining the structure of ecclesiasticism. They are prone to attribute the failure of much evangelical endeavor, not to the inadequacy of theology to comply with the needs of the human soul, but rather to the alleged prevalence of infidelity among our citizens. The Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa, in a recent sermon, made use of the following words:

"It is simply criminal to attempt to shut our eyes to the facts presented by the census showing the spread of irreligion in the land.

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Sectarianism, which has nothing in accord with Christianity, has done this work. How can we ask people to come with us when we build magnificent and expensive churches, with sittings for the few?"

While we are inclined to doubt that the religious situation in America is such as to justify the pessimism with which Dr. De Costa apparently views it, yet the facts would seem to point to but one conclusion—that dogmatic theology is engaged in an irreconcilable conflict with the forces of modern advanced thought. It is a struggle for existence that orthodoxy has brought upon itself through various causes, among which may be mentioned its materialization of spiritual doctrine, its adherence to literalism in the interpretation of biblical allegory, the inflexibility of its creeds, its opposition to free thought even in matters of science, its slavery to tradition, its sharp differentiations between theory and practise, its capitulation to the power of organized wealth, and above all its claiming on behalf of Christ what Christ did not claim for himself.

True Christianity is a *life*, not a creed; neither is it a book, a person, nor a "scheme" of salvation. In this real sense it is more vividly active in the hearts of mankind to-day than ever before. The percentage of *true* Christians, therefore, is probably smaller, relatively, within church organizations than among the so-called "unchurched." Statistics of membership in ecclesiastical bodies may be decidedly misleading as to the progress of genuine religion. The initial steps in humanitarian movements are usually taken by men or women that do not profess adherence to any particular denomination. The *true* followers of Christ are generally followers of no other man. The real teachings of the Master's doctrines are inseparable from their practise; and it is by their "fruits" that his disciples are known.

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vs. Theology," is in preparation for the December number of MIND. It will be an important contribution to the discussion. And in this connection "The Religion of Christ" will be treated from a metaphysical standpoint in the next essay of Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson's important series of New Thought Essays. These papers will present in an able manner the attitude of MIND on this vital topic, though we give place in the current issue to a contribution of quite opposite purport.

SOUL-COMMUNION DURING SLEEP.

To the Editor of MIND:

It is highly essential that well-authenticated evidences of psychic phenomena should be embalmed in the literature of the day—especially in so excellent a periodical as MIND. Therefore, feeling assured of the importance of the following personal experience, I wish to submit the facts for the perusal of your readers—merely observing, in passing, that coincidence, mental collusion, hallucination, or hypnotic suggestion, as a possible explanation, is absolutely out of the question.

While residing in Cleveland, Ohio, during the winter of 1888-'89, one morning as I awoke my wife informed me that she had visited her friend, Mrs. L——, in England, during sleep, and had seen her lying in bed; that she arose, threw her arms round my wife's neck, and pleaded pathetically to be taken with her to Ohio; that she pushed her friend back on the bed and exclaimed: "I cannot take you now, Annie. Indeed I cannot!" I gave this narrative only a passing thought at the time, supposing it to be simply a dream; consequently I did not record the date. However, a few days later my wife received a letter from Mrs. L——, in which were these words: "You came to me the other night, and you looked so beautiful and well, I begged of you to take me with you, but you pushed

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POINTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

The circumference of the head is no more an indication of mental capacity than weight of brain. It amuses phrenologists to read how surgeons or physicians carefully weigh brains, and, by filling empty skulls with sand and shot, try to measure brain and mental capacity. It all depends upon which parts of the brain are mostly developed. If the posterior brain greatly predominates and the anterior lobes are shallow, man would display a very different character than he would if the order was reversed.

Charles Brodie Patterson says: "It does not follow because the medical profession has a certain knowledge of anatomy that it understands the workings of the human mind; in fact, the whole history of medicine shows the reverse of this." Study phrenology and you will study yourself; the moment you begin to study yourself you will take on a new life, and have no use for drugs or dogmas. The man that gives a testimonial of a quack, drug, or patent medicine has evidently need of another bottle of the elixir of stupidity to cure softening of the brain. Years of observation by phrenologists have enabled them to understand men and the motives that govern each one; such knowledge is indispensable to the business man. Phrenology is not bumpology; it is the science of reading character from the whole man.—*Human Nature.*

To BE taught that all evil conditions are but appearances, without reality and controlled by thought, has had and must have beneficial effect upon sin and sickness, and quite changes the view of death. So far as this thought has found lodgment in the heart and expression in the life, through the teaching of mind-cure, it has been a benefaction and a benediction.—*Dr. Helen Densmore.*

A PHYSICIAN who has no confidence or faith in his own ability will not accomplish much. Moreover, physicians often have each one his own favorite remedy, which may act successfully if employed by

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SEX WORSHIP. By Clifford Howard. 215 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by the author, Washington, D. C.

This remarkable work on phallicism, or the worship of the generative powers of Nature, has reached its second edition, revised and enlarged, and with an appended bibliography that to the students of this important subject will prove invaluable. Although the topic is a delicate one, the author's treatment of it is eminently proper and serious. He adduces much convincing data in support of the contention that not only the world's religions, both ancient and modern, but the very rites, ceremonies, and symbols in use in our most orthodox churches are historically based on the functions of sex; that the reproductive forces of Nature were the first to elicit the adoration of man; and that many obscure passages in the Old Testament, if correctly interpreted, would show that among the Israelites the male and female principles of life were the basis of the prevailing theology. Of this trend of the Hebrew mind, the rite of circumcision is a suggestive hint. Students of comparative religion are indebted to Mr. Howard for his significant collection of facts.

METHODS OF INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION. By David F. Schloss. Cloth, 446 pp. Williams & Norgate, publishers, London, England.

A standard work, now in its third edition, of equally great importance to employers of labor and those who work for wages. The author's researches embrace a field of enormous dimensions, in which a most painstaking investigation of the industrial problem in all its phases has been successfully conducted. The ethics of work deducible from Mr. Schloss's facts and conclusions leads inevitably to a consideration of co-operative industry, on some mutually just basis, as a solvent of the historic antagonism that subsists between labor and capital. His remarks on the development of the "sweating system" can scarcely be read by the most unyielding and selfish capitalist without his being impelled to look into the problem of the world's poor. And the chapters on industrial co-operation and

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works as the present volume (a text-book) that bring the facts home irresistibly to the cynic and the pessimist. The writer is beyond question the world's highest authority on the subjects of which the book treats.

SUPPLY. By Anna McGowan. 230 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Published by the author, Prescott, Ariz.

The application of mental science principles in the affairs of every-day life that lie outside the domain of healing is engrossing much of the attention of New Thought writers nowadays. This is a most encouraging sign, for the intensely practical importance of the "new metaphysics" in each individual career cannot be too strongly emphasized. "Supply" is distinctively a work of this character, revealing the eternal Source of all wealth that is imperishable: the only genuine riches—the treasures of the soul. It is an excellent book to present to one who suffers from depression or fear of poverty, and is already having a large sale.

HER BUNGALOW. By Nancy McKay Gordon. Linen cloth, $1.25. Hermetic Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

The sub-title of this work is "An Atlantian Memory." It is original and powerful, but unpretentious—a study of idealistic literature in a field that has a most fascinating interest for present-day mystics. The author simply claims to present to the world a case of recurring memory, whose experiences should make life beautiful and lift the soul toward its highest possibilities of attainment. Its theme is Rebirth; its motif, "Come up higher." It treats of the subtle forces of life in words of song that glow with all the fire of Oriental imagery. The book presents an artistic typographical appearance, and is perhaps the best work of its kind extant.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO A NATURAL AND HUMANE DIET. By Sidney H. Beard. 23 pp. Paper, one penny. Published by The Order of the Golden Age, The Beacon, Ilfra-

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MIND.

Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 3.

RELIGION *VERSUS* THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. HENRY FRANK.

Is theology an essential component of religion? Can we so separate the theological elements as to leave a residue of unalloyed spirituality? If we eliminate theology totally from the religious system, shall we deprive it of any virtually essential quality that will at once neutralize its utility and rationale?

It is always well to be clear in definition before we proceed to the discussion of an issue; therefore, let us examine the meaning of the two words referred to. *Religion* has etymologically two possible derivations. It may be derived, as Cicero insisted, from *relegere*, which means "to go through, or over again, in reading, speech, or thought." That is, to study and review with great care; to penetrate the depths of a subject and thoroughly digest its essence; hence, to be careful, conscientious, thorough. Or, the word *religion* may be derived, according to Lactantius and the majority of the ancient authorities, from *religare*, which means to bind back, to obligate; hence, when referring to objects of worship, to hold in awe, to adore, to bind in sacred allegiance. How-

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and rites that was attendant upon the pursuit of religious knowledge.

At the outset, then, we observe that the term was capable of a dual interpretation, and because of this fact a universal confusion has prevailed as to its exact meaning. To-day the common interpretation refers more essentially to rites, ceremonies, ecclesiastical usages, and denominational differentiations, than to the primary purport of the word.

Men do not search for religion, but for *a* religion. We do not ask, What is Religion? but, What is the religion of this or that sect, this or that people, this or that person? To the ordinary mind the notion of a common religion is inconceivable. To such a mind, a unitary basis underlying all the ethnic religions—or even the various sects of any single religion—seems an *ignis fatuus* after which it is folly to chase.

The modern mind is imbued with the idea that religion is necessarily separable into antagonistic and ununifiable segments. The only possibility of unification among the world-religions would seem to exist in the absolute absorption of all the other religions by some particular one. Each religion is convinced of its own superiority and universal adaptability. Of course, the Christian religion has made the boldest and most aggressive claim to this capacity—perhaps owing to the fact that it has become the religion of the Western nations and is endued with their enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*.

Even among Christian sects, however, the same spirit of denominational supremacy seems to prevail. Each sect is perfectly agreeable to the theory of the unification

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exaltation. But no Christian sect is yet willing to be dissolved in the common alembic and thus lose its individuality for the sake of the glorification of a universal truth. All sects—yea, all religions—claim to be seeking the attainment of the same end, namely, the purification of the race and the exaltation of Deity; but each seems to be too suspicious of the others to succeed single-handed in the prodigious undertaking. Hence arise friction, antagonism, bigotry, autocratic pomposity, and ecclesiastical arrogance.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the object of all religions seems to be the same, and differences arise only in the methods by which the ends sought for are to be attained, we must seek for the cause of these disturbances in the methods or systems rather than in the primary precepts on which they rest. This fact is strongly emphasized when we compare the original utterances of any of the great religious leaders. How little variation can be discovered between the teachings of Jesus and Shakya Muni, or between Moses and Zoroaster! In essence the primitive sayings of these great Masters are identical. For instance, compare the "Beatitudes" of Jesus with the "Excellencies" of Siddhartha and mark the similarity:

Jesus says: "Blessed are the poor in spirit (the humble), for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Siddhartha says: "To serve the wise and not the foolish, and to honor those worthy of honor: these are excellencies."

Jesus: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Siddhartha: "To dwell in the neighborhood of the

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Siddhartha: "To be charitable, to act virtuously, to honor father and mother, to be helpful to relations, and to lead a blameless life: these are excellencies."

Jesus: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Siddhartha: "To have a mind unshaken by prosperity, inaccessible to sorrow, secure and tranquil; to be pure, temperate, and persevering in good deeds: these are excellencies."

It is manifest that the trend and essence of these teachings are identical, although expressed in language so diverse.

Inasmuch as the ethical doctrines of Siddhartha and Jesus are identical, why is there so vast a gulf of separation between the Christian and the Buddhistic religions? It is apparent that there must be another cause than any essential discrepancies between the original teachings of their respective founders.

Just at this juncture it would be apropos to emphasize one indisputable historic fact: Differences between ethical precepts have never given rise to fiercely antagonistic and mutually destructive schools. The schools of the ancient pagan philosophers, though widely divergent both in method and subject-matter, were never bent upon each other's overthrow. The Academician and the Peripatetic stood side by side with the philosophers of the "Porch" and the "Grove." Socrates was incontinently opposed to the so-called Sophists of his day—but the result of his teachings was not exhibited in persecution and destruction. True, his own fate indicates what spirit might have

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"The studies of philosophy and eloquence are congenial to a popular state, which encourages the freedom of inquiry and submits only to the force of persuasion. . . . In the Republics of Greece and Rome . . the systems which professed to unfold the nature of God, of man and the universe, entertained the curiosity of the philosophic student; and according to the temper of his mind, he might doubt with the Skeptics, or decide with the Stoics, sublimely speculate with Plato, or severely argue with Aristotle. . . . It is remarkable that the impartial favor of the Antonines was bestowed on the four adverse sects of philosophy, which they considered as equally useful, or, at least, as equally innocent. Socrates had been the glory and reproach of his country; and the first lessons of Epicurus so strangely scandalized the pious ears of the Athenians that by his exile they silenced all vain disputes concerning the nature of the gods. But in the ensuing year they recalled the hasty decree, restored the liberty of the schools, and were convinced . . that the moral character of philosophers is not affected by the diversity of their theological speculations."

Had Calvin been as wise, the disgraceful taking off of poor Servetus had been spared to history and her pages had not been stained with the blood of sacrificial victims.

But still more vividly is the fact we are seeking to emphasize illustrated by the fate that befell the expiring schools of pagan philosophy in the reign of Justinian, under the frown and curse of the Church's towering authority, when she seized the mace of political power and beat into silence the last voice of that ancient music that once thrilled the world. Among themselves the schools of philosophy had no quarrel, nor did they pick one with the outer world. They sought quietly to contemplate wisdom and truth in the realm of peaceful meditation. But when the *odium theologicum* was directed against them, then fell their ancient glory and their world-wide usefulness.

What peculiar element, then, obtruded itself upon the Christian religion, or more especially upon modern Christianity, to arouse within it a sinister, vicious, and

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the natural progress of the race? It is evident, from this review of facts, that such a result cannot be attributed to the spirit or the methods of mere philosophy or the inculcation of ethical precepts. These seem not to arouse that insatiable appetite for authority and arrogance that has ever been exhibited in the history of religious institutions so soon as they have attained a sufficient and commanding growth. Nor can it be attributed to the original spirit that engendered the religious system of modern Christianity—for that was as tender and pure and sweet and ennobling as any that ever throbbed upon inspired lips.

So long as the Christian religion maintained the primitive spirit and methods of its exalted Founder, she had never cause to blush for her transactions. So long as religion was regarded as something divine, to be nurtured with devout attention—as a power that would repay devotion with purification, and sacrifice with spiritual exaltation—no martial tocsin was ever sounded in her defense; no drop of blood was ever shed for her glorification; no streak of shame, in her behalf, ever crimsoned the cheek of man. But there came a time when the religion of Jesus was no longer like its "meek and lowly" Founder—as humble as a child and as pure as a saint. It was transformed into a pompous and blatant hypocrite; its diction was fustian pedantry, its teaching arrant nonsense, and its influence degenerating and damning. Thenceforth it ceased to be an inspiration to conscientiousness, veracity, and spiritual piety, and became the sword of the theologian and the crux of the casuist.

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been raised against her had she but continued to wear her plain and simple garb. But when, puffed up with self-conscious superciliousness, she imposed upon the race the unequivocal acceptation of her authority in the interpretation of an indefinable Deity—opening, on one hand, a slight aperture into a narrow heaven, through which she would guide the few that she chose to save, and, on the other, a vast pit, bursting with sulphurous fumes, which she had prepared as the final doom for the majority of men—she aroused the suspicion of mankind and transformed the suppliant slave into an unconquerable insurgent, who has ever since bombarded her strongest fortifications.

None can gainsay the attractiveness of pure and simple religion untainted by the wilful perversions of ignorant expounders or mercenary venders. As such she blesses humanity as the sun and the air bless the flowers of the field and instil in them their native sweetness. But religion will never free and redeem the human race until she is divorced from an austere and ignorant theology that was conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin.

Let us, then, examine the second word that is germane to this discussion. *Theology*—from two Greek words meaning to discourse about God—is defined as the science of religion. Simple, natural theology—a scientific study of the laws that relate to the spiritual experiences of the race—may ever be a legitimate and valuable pursuit. But ecclesiastical theology is of a totally different quality from that which might justly be included in a curriculum of scientific investigations.

Originally, in the Christian Church, all theology was treated from the naturalistic standpoint—was discussed.

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science have been distorted into the authoritative, doctrinal interpretations of so-called revealed religion. Since his day the theology on which the Church insists—belief in which all the creeds demand in order to the salvation of the soul—has been called "revealed theology." This phase of the "divine science" is not only distinctively Christian, but is also of mediævalistic origin. For the ancient Greeks knew of no such theology, nor did the primitive Christian Fathers.

The theology of the early Church was really but a Christianization of the ancient pagan philosophy, which, however, laid no emphasis upon its superhuman or extra-natural origination. The early Fathers sought to explain the phenomena of the spiritual experiences disclosed in the Bible and in the history of the Church on a scientific basis, as well as that far-off age would permit. Indeed, those early Fathers—Polycarp, Irenæus, Papian, Lactantius, Origen, and even Tertullian—did not pretend to expound a theological system, nor did any one church adhere unqualifiably to a distinctive or authoritative interpretation of the Bible or the formulæ of faith. They were rather mere historians, who set forth the principles and phenomena of life and conduct as taught by the Savior, without intending to demand submission to the interpretations they propounded.

In those days there were no theological deliverances, *ex cathedra;* no heretics; no excommunications. "No system of schools, no scholastic formula, can be drawn from the simple documents that represent primitive Christianity." Had theology been content to remain within such confines, its breast had never been stained with fratricidal blood—neither had the dark shadow of its authority settled like a pall upon the earth.

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fastened upon the Church, he aroused the first triumphant protagonist of the faith in Bernard of Clairvaux, whose intensely dogmatic arrogance was singularly inconsistent with his tender heart and exalted life. Abelard was the first reformer, antedating Luther and the Reformationists by several centuries; and his fate prophesied the doom of the free-thinker, when the inauspicious reign of a triumphant hierarchy would be established in the name of Revealed Religion.

From that day religion has been prostituted and compelled to become the passive servant of sciolists and scholastic jugglers. Belief in set doctrines has been paramount to simple honor and engaging purity. Nor has simple faith in Jesus been sufficient to transpose a soul from the gloom of hell to the glories of heaven. The nature and the characteristics of that faith must needs be analyzed: whether it be faith in him as a man or as God; faith in his ethical precepts or in the distorted interpretation of his spiritual biology, which a perverse church has foisted on the race; faith in the inspiration that his matchless life afforded to holier living and sturdier character, or in the efficiency of his sacrificial blood to rescue believers from the doom of eternal perdition.

Ecclesiastical theology deals not with the evolution of religious experience in mankind, but with the metaphysical doctrines of the vicarious atonement, the nature and person of Jesus Christ, the Holy Trinity, and eternal damnation or salvation. Every one of these doctrines has been imposed upon the race by the arbitrament of war and sealed by the spilled blood of human sacrifices. Such doctrines are vacuous explanations of things inexplicable. So long as they are forced upon the unwilling attention of

Religion must be divorced from a domineering, crustean theology, and become the handmaid of a scientific and correct anthropology. Man's duty is to Man. Man's relationship is with his fellow-creatures. Man is necessarily limited to human consciousness. Only as he acquaints himself with *man* can he know the universe; for the universe is registered in his self-conscious experience. Therefore, only as man learns man can he know God; for there is no knowledge of God beyond the knowledge of man. "Man, know thyself!" is a command to know God; for only as God is revealed in the consciousness of man is there any revelation of God. Hence, that is the truest theology which best acquaints man with himself. That is the truest religion which best enables man to approach nearest to his loftiest ideal.

Anthropology, therefore, is the real and only theology —for it may be scientifically apprehended and expounded. It deals with realities, not fantastic figments. It deals with a Deity discoverable, not with one beyond the search of science and the experience of the soul. Such a science is the strength and sustenance of pure religion. Theology transformed into anthropology is truly a revelation writ in the holy scriptures of the human heart.

The religion that shall be universal, and draw within its folds the aspiring among the nations of the earth, will be neither Christian, nor Jewish, nor Mohammedan— neither Buddhistic nor Vedantic. But it will be that religion which, like a bee busy among the flowers, sucks from the heart of each the essence of its sweetness and its life. But no theology that perforce must hoist some

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idealism: theology browbeats the mind and stultifies the heart. Religion nurses, loves, and rescues: theology stabs, wounds, and slays. Religion says, "I persuade." Theology thunders, "I command!" Religion sings its hope: theology grumbles with despair and death. Theology beglooms heaven with the portentous shadow of hell: religion, like the sun, spreads her beams of warmth so far and wide she penetrates even the stygian depths and carries on her bosom the burden of the dead. Religion is Orpheus, who fears not hell nor all its horrors, can he but rescue his fond Eurydice: theology is Pluto, who so mingles hope with temptation that he makes rescue impossible even for one so brave and true as the fabled hero. Religion unyoked from presumptuous theology ever has been and ever will be a benediction to the race; but theology, like a messenger from perdition liveried in the robes of heaven, has ever, like Satan, lured the race to illusion and destruction.

To follow that religion that leads to truth, purity, and love, despite dogmatic traditionalism or presumptive supernaturalism, is an instinct of the heart, obedience to which can lead but to happiness and perennial peace.

Reason is the natural birthright of every human being; it is eternal and perfect, and need not be educated in the child, but it may be overpowered and driven out by dogmatism and sophistry. Intellectual acquisitions are perishable; memory must be educated, and it is often lost much quicker in old age or on account of cerebral diseases than it is developed in youth. Children may inherit from their parents the powers to employ their reason, but they do not inherit reason itself, because reason is an attribute of

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PRAYER:

THE NEW THOUGHT VIEW.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.B.

"O God, grant that I may become beautiful within, and that those external things which I may have may be such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mine; and that I may account him to be rich who is wise and just."—*Socrates.*

The view that one takes of prayer must always be conditioned by his conception of the universe and of his own ego and its relations to the Whole. Let these be known of any one and you may know his idea of prayer; and conversely. Every one has a philosophy, or a religion if you choose so to call it, although with most persons it is indefinite and incoherent. And it must inevitably follow that, so far as these conceptions are false, so will be the idea of prayer and the disappointment in its realization.

Prayer is the method of relating one's self consciously with the Divine. The old method is by praise and supplication; the new, by work, by aspiration, by realization. The details of the method cannot be given here, as it requires a discussion of the higher-life philosophy. Prayer is the ever becoming, the ever attaining.

If one believes in a personal God to whose fiat he owes his existence, he will naturally address supplications to him—and be largely disappointed in the returns. If he

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from some point of time and space without, he will vainly endeavor by entreaties to attract his attention in order that the present condition of things may be changed. If he believes in a Being who knows every want and need, and yet with a supreme negation of love will not of his own volition supply them, but waits until his subject has assumed sufficient faith and asked in proper form and with adequate fervor (even though the proper requirements have not been taught him), he will pour out his soul-power upon the ethereal realms and only distress himself and those beings in subtle states whose sympathy and love by affinity respond to his every thought—but his God will remain voiceless and powerless. If he believes his God can be flattered, praised, or persuaded, he will only abase himself and Him by such endeavors. In brief, if one relates himself to the unreal, the result of prayer will be largely disappointing.

This brings us to a consideration of the conception that makes prayer a vital function of the soul, and that when intelligently practised brings satisfaction, not disappointment, with the result.

First of all, there must be a relating of the self to the Real instead of the unreal; there must be a conception of the universe in accord with the advanced thought of our age, in both science and metaphysics. We must think of it as a whole, a unit, and as the expression of, and in reality, a spiritual Being. Hence, every soul is potentially divine, as much so as any other part or portion. As the physical element cannot be created or destroyed, but only changed in state, so is it equally true of the spiritual, which is its correlate reality. So, a human soul becomes a divinity that is an inseparable part of the whole Being.

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Thus God becomes enthroned in each soul, as well as

God *within the soul*, without a realization of which in some degree no further knowledge of Him is possible. This is the open door to the Divine without, and every thought that brings us nearer to a realization of the one puts us in closer touch with the other.

"O God, grant that I may become beautiful within!" This should be the first and a frequent prayer, and when this is attained all else will be added. What else? "And that those external things which I may have may be such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mine;" *i. e.*, that the things we strive for may be such as appertain to a soul made beautiful and seeking harmony with the highest ideals. And why the protest against this ideal? Why strive for else? Let us examine our philosophy and we will discover whence spring the faults of our prayer.

All love is prayer. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small," wrote Coleridge. Every love-wave that circles from a soul is a prayer to the Divine, whether it be for a human soul or for one or all the myriad forms of lower manifestation. It is all a relating of the ego to the Divine. Every aspiration for wisdom, for knowledge, or for the perception of Truth, is a prayer; for it establishes one more bond of conscious union with the Permanent, the Eternal. Every impulse in recognition of the perfect, the beautiful, the sublime—though it be inspired by an idea, a face, a flower, or the depths of stellar solitude—is a prayer; for in that moment the Divine within recognizes the Divine without, and becomes self-conscious. Every effort to live a higher ideal is a prayer; for it is a *becoming* of the Divine. In this aspect prayer

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soul it reaches many others, both in and out of physical tenements, whose natures respond in like states; and not only do you rise to the Divine yourself, but the Divine in other souls gives back with manifold power the states you yourself have created. Aid in a substantial way may and often does originate or come from these sources. In these subtle and spiritual ways are the conditions of one's self and others helped, changed, or powerfully modified. Comforting, healing, uplifting influences exerted upon the subtler planes of Being become potent for great good when governed by knowledge and conscious effort.

And what of asking for "things" and conditions, in the ordinary sense? The undifferentiated Divinity acts according to established law. We reap that which we have sown, and must overcome the conditions that the acts of others as well as of ourselves subject us to. True prayer in this direction still rests upon the mastery within. But it must ever be remembered that the Divine acts through manifested entities, and that not only *we* are engaged in a labor of love, but so are they who have gone before, and so also are the hosts of liberated and illuminated ones. The yearning, therefore, for help, for assistance, and for guidance never rises without reaching sympathizing and willing souls.

WHILE material conditions can act upon and penetrate spiritual conditions, on the other hand mental and spiritual influences can perfect physical conditions. A loving, spiritually-aspiring nature will not only send harmonizing waves of influence through his own body, but an uplifting influence upon others, while hatred, revenge, jealousy, and selfishness will convert the fluids of the system into actual poisons. Spirit communion is admittedly the

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THE RELIGION OF CHRIST.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—*Rev.* iii. 16.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—*Eph.* v. 14.

The reign of dogmatic, theological Christianity is passing away. It has had its day—probably, also, its use—and people are no longer attracted to it by the inducements held out in the shape of a future reward to those complying with its requirements. Neither do they fear its anathemas—the "future punishment" awaiting those who go contrary to its teachings. It is thus robbed of its greatest two agencies for perpetuating its influence and power. But there are certain other things that will continue to have some effect in holding the ecclesiastical organism together. Chief among these is the force of custom. People get into the habit of doing certain things, and it soon becomes easier to do them than not to do them. Thus a large number of people find their way to church from force of habit. It is the conventional thing to do—the Church is eminently respectable.

Of themselves, however, these things cannot indefinitely hold the institution intact. A prominent clergyman once said to me: "Spirituality is dead in the Church." Another of equal eminence said: "The longer I live the less

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merely to show that there is a decided feeling of apprehension within the Church in regard to its own usefulness and future maintenance.

Costly edifices continue to be erected, but they are designed as churches for the few, not the many. Church attendance is steadily falling off, year by year; yet here and there will be found a church at which the attendance is large. Sometimes the reason for this exceptional success is the spiritual development of the minister, who, recognizing the needs of his congregation, honestly strives to do all in his power to assist them. As a rule, however, the full churches are the direct result of a certain kind of sensational preaching that has come in vogue in the last two decades. It assails individuals and parties, and is largely made up of denunciation and invective. Such preaching engenders anger and strife, but very little of the love of Christ; yet it undoubtedly proves attractive to a certain class of people.

Money continues to flow into the church coffers in great abundance; but money alone cannot accomplish everything, and thus far it has failed to keep the pews filled. It may be that the Church has devoted so much effort to Christianizing the "benighted heathen" that it has become lax in its home endeavors. It would almost appear, on the face of things, as if the "heathen" were making more converts in our own domain than the Church is making in pagan lands. Not that *I* look upon the many teachers that come to us from foreign countries as "heathen," but this is certainly the Church view. Looking over, then, the past and the present of Christianity, as taught by the Church, the conclusion is inevitable that, no matter what

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one, in that it has perverted the very teachings of its Founder.

If we turn to Luke iv. 17-20, we will find what Jesus declared his true mission to be. It was certainly not to construct a vast ecclesiastical system; his gospel was to be one of spiritual enlightenment—for the healing of persons that were diseased in either mind or body. There was no article of belief nor complex creed. In fact, the great requirement to fit a man for this world or for any other was love and service to God through love and service to man. Christ's idea of God was an all-loving Father, who dwelt in the hearts of his children and would direct their ways aright; that his loving presence in the life of man caused the healing of both mind and body; that he was likewise an all-merciful Father, caring for *all* his children and sending both rain and sunshine on good and bad alike; that he was kind to the unthankful and the evil, and that his love passed all human understanding.

Theological perversion of these great truths has taken the life out of Christianity and well-nigh destroyed its usefulness. What the world needs to-day is an aggressive, optimistic, genuinely Christian religion: aggressive in the sense that it stands for the great fundamental truths of Being, and optimistic in that it proclaims a gospel of glad tidings, a gospel of peace and good-will to all, a gospel that not only heals the mind but gives health and strength to the body, thus showing a present, not a deferred, salvation—one that, moreover, does not exempt the body of man. Such a religion would kindle anew the spirit of true Christianity, and its influence would be felt in every part of the world. The pessimism of the age would dissolve

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in the Church and the materialistic tendencies of the age. It is made up rather of the things men "don't know" than of what they do know. It may be claimed by pessimists that they have as much ground for their lack of faith as the optimist has for his sufficiency; but this is a fallacy that can be easily exposed. Pessimism gives rise to gloom and despondency of mind, and indigestion and biliousness of body; while the bright, cheerful person that sees good in all things takes the most hopeful, optimistic view of life, and the body is strengthened and nourished—the man himself gaining much more of present happiness. Leaving, then, all question of future good out of consideration, the optimist, with his faith centered in the love of good, is infinitely better off than the one lacking in such faith.

Let this optimistic Christ-religion show man that God does not afflict him, but that all the evils of human life are occasioned by his own wrongdoing; that *thought*, whether it be true or false, must affect the life either for good or ill; that it is only as men come to a knowledge of their own powers and possibilities, properly using the talents wherewith they are endowed, that the health and happiness of life become abiding states; that lack of knowledge is at the bottom of all their woe; that, while they themselves have wrongly conditioned their lives, they have the inherent power to create new conditions; that real Christianity is *living the life;* that a belief or a faith that finds no expression in *works* is of no avail; and that, while the works are not to be regarded as of the greatest importance, yet they are the natural outcome of a living faith. Above all, let this renewed and quickened Chris-

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in God he lives and moves and has his being; that all intelligence is One Intelligence, entering into, controlling, and directing all things; that each soul is one with the great creative Spirit, drawing its life, its love, and its wisdom from an eternal Fount; and that man is related to God as a child to his parents: therefore, that all men are brothers.

People are hungering and thirsting for a faith that, ignoring non-essentials, goes directly to the heart of things: one that, ignoring outward works, has its inception in the *life.* The chief obstacles in their path are the dogmatic creed and the sectarian spirit, as put forward by the alleged "spiritual" teachers of the people. Let not these leaders bewail the fact that "infidelity is rampant in the land," or that the power of evil seems greater than that of the good; rather let them reverse their methods by putting aside the old things that have hampered their progress. Let them stand for a *vital* Christianity—one that will appeal to the very soul of man and show that real Christianity is practised by leading the Christ life; that the different bodies composing the Christian Church, instead of fighting one another, should endeavor, so far as possible, to find points of agreement in their respective systems. Let the Church stand fairly and squarely on the great Christian law, as put forward by Jesus—the non-resistance of evil, or the overcoming of evil with good—instead of fighting windmills.

Truth is ever powerful. It alone overcomes evil and the darkness of the world. The Church that would abide must stand on the eternal foundation of an omnipotent

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straw and stubble of the past and build on a new foundation, and there will be a new awakening such as the world has never seen. The churches, instead of being empty, will be filled to overflowing, because people are hungering and thirsting as never before for something to come into their lives that will bring peace and rest in its train.

The Christ-gospel is a gospel of peace: a gospel that brings rest to the soul—that brings life and immortality to light. The Church has all the *physical* equipment necessary for its propaganda; but in one thing it is lacking—spirituality. Will it forget the world, and the things of the world, and seek after God? If it should, it has a future far greater than its past. Let it continue in the old ruts, preaching the dead doctrine, and the paralysis that year by year has been creeping steadily through its organism will become total, and, as with other human institutions, its day will soon be gone and its usefulness ended forever. It is now at its most crucial turning-point. It can no longer serve two masters. It must choose between the Spirit of God and the spirit of the world. It must stand for something or for nothing.

In conclusion, I wish to say that this article has not been written in any spirit of fault-finding. In the writer's mind there is no thought of antagonism nor uncharitableness, but only a sincere desire that the leaders of the Church may be quick to apprehend the danger that evidently awaits it. It is menaced, not by any evil coming upon the institution from without—from people opposed to its teachings—but by a lack of vital force and power within—the need of greater Christian charity, more unity of thought and action, and the all-essential feeling of Chris-

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THE POWER OF GLADNESS.

BY CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

"Go your way; eat the fat, and drink the sweet; . . . neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."—*Nehemiah* viii. 10.

We cannot play the chords of "success" upon an instrument relaxed by disappointment and discouragement, nor with the harp-strings held at nervous tension by anxiety and fear. Doubt and longing are destructive of all harmonies. Only a masterful confidence in the universal Life and in ourselves as its expression can strike the notes of power and produce the clear, full tones in which true purpose finds complete accomplishment.

"Be happy and you will be good" is a very true injunction. We may also add, "Through happiness you will be successful." It is the nature of happiness to radiate and enlarge its expression by finding others with whom it can share its joys. Goodness and happiness are really interchangeable terms. When we have succeeded in obtaining happiness for ourselves or others we may be sure we have been gaining and bestowing both goodness and power.

The only trouble with many people is stagnation through depression. Their chief lack is momentum. A little more forceful motion would take them altogether away from their difficulties and diseases. They wear their yokes like oxen because they do not realize the power that is incorporated in themselves. Let their realization be awakened, and their spiritual will aroused and applied with its incalculable energy, and all bonds and obstruc-

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arating vibrations. Anything that arouses confidence in life, with a larger sense of its power and beauty, increases human energy and prepares the best conditions of success in all its undertakings. It is even better to build castles in the air than to dwell in caves of gloom. The imagination is more worthily employed in picturing pleasant things than in brooding fears and entertaining dark forebodings. It is better to "whistle going through the woods" than to look for hobgoblins in every shadow.

We are never left in life with an entirely empty cupboard. There is always some little portion of fat to eat and sweet to drink, if we will only go our way and look about us and not allow the leanness of our grief wholly to absorb our thoughts, or our tears to blind our eyes and fill every cup with bitterness. Simple life is very sweet and pleasant to a normal nature, even when stripped of everything that most minds consider necessary to happiness.

If one has awakened to an understanding of the real and a power of discernment of the artificial—if he has developed the creative instincts of the soul—he is no longer swept away by tides and currents he cannot control. In joy he finds his strength, and no change in externals can deprive him of the gladness of to-day. What have I to do with the yesterdays or the to-morrows of my life? My responsibility lies strictly in the present. Why should I scatter and weaken my thought-forces by regretful recollections of the imperfect yesterday or anxious anticipation of the uncertain morrow? I will concentrate all my energies upon the passing hour, and thus will atonement be made for the past and grace devel-

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"every shadow points to the sun." We can easily lift our feet over the pebbles that lie in our road to-day, but we must let our thought dwell with the spirit that guides us —not with the feet or the pebble. We are so ready to magnify every trouble and exaggerate every difficulty. We take life much too seriously. At a point a little farther on we will find that the most tragic conditions of the present have vanished like the mists of the morning when the sun has climbed to its meridian, and we will hardly be able to recollect even the cause of our unhappiness—so expansive is the nature of existence.

True life is an ever-*present* opportunity. It is not concerned with past or future. It is in the lowlands only that we suffer from the malaria of memory and fear, and our spiritual perceptions are bedimmed and paralyzed. We have become like the sleepers in the enchanted palace. Then comes the Deliverer: the Messiah—the joy of the Christmas morning—the awakening of the spiritual nature; and we enter upon the road that leads from Bethlehem to Paradise.

One does not need a battlefield on which to prove his heroism. The opportunity is offered daily in the home, the shop, the office, and the factory. Great souls need never be beggars of "circumstance" to manifest their quality. They are masters of all conditions, and respond with equal cheerfulness to all demands of daily living.

We cannot inventory the resources of our life. Its unexpected opportunities continually surprise us. They are not limited to any age, condition, or place. Our boldest demands and expectations are but paltry when compared with the realizations of an awakened spirit.

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admit; yet we spend our lives in following happiness as a phantom and blinding ourselves to present good. There are wells of water in the dreariest desert; yet many travelers have perished chasing a mirage.

If we wish to develop unlimited power we must make no conditions to right conduct. We must not insist upon the fulfilment of our personal wishes before we will consent to happiness or faith. We must cheerfully accept all environment, all "circumstances" of the present hour, as the best possible for our unfoldment. We must coöperate heartily with every difficulty or seeming obstacle, with entire confidence in the rule of the Eternal Equities, believing also that—

"That which is good
Doth pass to better—best."

We should never argue with a fear. It is a waste of time and effort, and as useless as to argue with hysteria. We need to establish firmly in our minds the thought of our own sovereignty. We never fear that which we know we can control, and we are here for the purpose of learning the mastery of what we call Fate. Let us snap our fingers at all the "Devils" of the ages—the formulated fears of humankind. Get thee behind me, thou Devil of Theosophy—"Karma"; thou Devil of Astrology—"planetary influence"; thou spiritualistic Devil—"obsession"; and thou Devil of Christian Science—"malicious magnetism"! In comparison with these, one could almost welcome back again the old orthodox Devil—"Satan." I will not be bullied by the threat of malicious magnetism from the stars, from other persons, or from my own dead past of former incarnations.

Are we to forget that in the manger of our spiritual nature lies the "Prince of Peace," who is to put all things

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is an optical illusion—a refraction of certain lines and angles of our lives due to our mental atmospheric conditions and to false lights that result in grotesque distortion of the real.

Strong armies have the least fighting to do to gain their ends. Heavily massed forces do not follow the guerilla methods. Their strength is so evident that the weaker foe retires before their advance, with but faint demonstration of resistance. It is the feeble and broken ranks that are always the most harassed with conflict, and a retreat is almost sure to be disastrous.

All this is true in our daily experience. The only direction in which we can safely move is *forward.* Success is determined by our force of character and strength of resolution. When life is disturbed by perpetual conflict we may know that our method of campaigning is at fault. We have failed to bring our reserves to the front and to mass and direct our forces wisely. We have not understood and tested the resources upon which we could have drawn; else our advance would have been less difficult.

There is no greater source of weakness than to dwell upon the power of an adversary until our courage has been undermined. General Grant prepared for battle by assuring himself that the commanders of the opposing forces were quite as much afraid of him as he could possibly be of them. Many men persist courageously in the conviction of their own inability. It is the only thing in which they fully believe, and every obstacle they meet is magnified by their erratic fancy and their feeble will. This is the worst possible form of self-conceit. It is the rankest kind of atheism.

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the field, stirring every pulse to a forward movement though we ourselves be faint and weary. Let the blasts be firm, clear, and strong, with no uncertain sound, and many a wavering one shall be thrilled with a new life and confidence, and aroused to seize the spiritual victory that is assured to every undaunted soul. We will never sound the recall, but "in the name of the Lord will we set up our banners." Let us turn away from the grave of every disappointed hope, not with a dirge, but with a cheerful quickstep and triumphant march, like soldiers returning from the burial of a comrade—ready with brave hearts for the fresh conflict of the morrow.

In the study of vocal music the singer does not stop discouraged if he fails to touch immediately the high note struck upon the instrument. He tries again and again until he learns to reach and hold it with his voice; and then he strikes a higher key and enters upon fresh efforts. At first we sound the note of truth, but the voice breaks when we try to give expression to it in our lives. Shall we therefore chide ourselves or one another, or shall we possess our souls in patience and keep to the score until we have trained ourselves to compass the high notes easily? We can *learn* to "live the life." It is not beyond the power of any one. We may choose our own time and methods; let us allow to others the same freedom.

The keenest pleasure we receive through our sense life is but the faintest suggestion of the gladness of the spirit. Instead of distrusting and condemning the sensuous nature, and strangling its expressions, we should understand its spiritual correspondence. Spirit is all sensibility and all knowledge.

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Infinite peace and power are developed through the

into their material forms. They are but sadly imperfect expressions of the spiritual beauty, power, and freedom that belong to them. We need not be afraid of too much happiness. Our most ecstatic glimpses have been but as moonbeams of an arctic night compared with the broad noon of an eternal day. Sleep and death are as the entrances of tunnels into darkness, from which we emerge to sunny landscapes of pleasant valleys, breezy table-lands, and grand mountain-peaks. In the enjoyment of the new experience we think no more of the shadows through which we passed to reach it. The dark tunnel was but a brief incident in a long and delightful journey.

So are many of the experiences from which we shrink and in which we can see no necessity of the suffering that comes to ourselves and others. If we could perceive the vistas that are opened through these tunnel-days and the landscapes that lie beyond, we would find causes of gladness even in the shadows and no hardships in the journey.

Out of the blackness of our night a star shines forth. It comes as a new thought suggesting a new confidence. We follow its glimmer, only to discover that it is the same star that the "wise men" of old saw in the East. Across the desert trail of our life it leads to a new Bethlehem. Its light grows stronger as it brings us to the birthplace of the Christ within ourselves. The spiritual man is the Emmanuel who embodies all the potencies of life; for, when we once have recognized this royal self and given it dominion over us, we find we tread the way of power. In every life the personal man is crucified, that the Divine

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PREJUDICE:

ITS CAUSE AND REMEDY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Among the miseries that afflict the human race and retard the progress of civilization, no single source of suffering is so prolific as the spirit of prejudice. While having its roots in barbarism, this mental state flaunts itself in semi-cultured circles of the modern world as if it were a product of the latest scientific advancement. Prejudice is utterly unreasonable and unreasoning; it is prejudgment, or the passing of a sentence without knowledge or inquiry. The most conspicuous element in popular prejudice is a dislike of everything foreign or alien; therefore, we speak of continental and insular prejudices, by which we mean such reasonless aversions as many persons feel toward the manners and customs of all peoples outside their own nation.

The student of ethnology and of social evolution cannot fail to trace the origin of this temper to ancient hostilities between savage tribes, which were always warring with one another and did all in their power to retard the growth of neighboring tribes, whom they feared and looked upon as natural enemies. In the kindred fields of religion and mythology we find the same ignoble temper displayed everywhere, except on those altitudes of thought and feeling on which true prophets have stood counseling the world to accept the doctrine of the unity of the human family.

by another. In Persia the dog was long considered a holy animal, while in India it was a symbol of degradation. As the old Egyptian and other mythologists dedicated animals to their divinities, and believed that these animals were means of communication between men on earth and divine beings in the celestial regions, it came to pass that when two nations went to war, and the belief prevailed that the unseen gods took sides in the conflict, it was natural that hostilities should invade the camp of religion to such an extent that not only the emblems of divinities but the very deities themselves who were loved and honored by one party should be execrated and blasphemed by the other.

Prejudice can never wholly die out until the war spirit has been transformed. Not until Micah's prediction shall be realized, and implements of strife transmuted into plowshares and pruning-knives, will the effects of prejudice cease to be manifest on earth. And now that we hear so much of the proposed disarming of the nations, it may be well to inquire by what means or through what agency we may expect a fulfilment of this prophecy of universal peace. The ancient seer was penetrative enough to see that the desired end could only be reached through the voluntary act of the peoples themselves; for he says: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares."

The thinkers of the world are waking to the idea of voluntary transformation of existing conditions. It is in vain that any seek to force externally the regeneration of the human intellect or will. Radical changes are alone trustworthy and enduring, and every such improvement is undertaken with the consent of human desire and knowledge.

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the reform can be brought about. Applying the foregoing propositions to the subject of prejudice and the remedy therefor, we are forced to conclude that nothing short of moral education, coupled with sound mental training, can elicit the result we crave.

The frequent outcry against Jews, familiarly known as anti-Semitic agitation, is a prevalent illustration of the folly and wickedness of prejudice. Now that France is convulsed by this unreasonable agitation, and other European countries are from time to time afflicted with this infectious malady, it behooves every moral teacher, no matter in what field of endeavor his work may lie, to exert his influence to stamp out this parasitic growth, which, though very ancient and often deeply rooted, is by no means ineradicable.

Why is the Jew persecuted, disliked, or ostracized? Some years ago there was a verb "to Jew" in many a dictionary; but to-day, through the good offices of able linguists and practical philanthropists, no such expression disgraces Anglo-American speech as defined in its lexicons. People who speak of "jewing down" are thoughtlessly if not wilfully lending their influence to one of the most cruel and senseless of prejudices.

The immortal Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice," has painted a vivid picture of Europe in the Middle Ages; but, though many use his words to point their arrows when they assail the Jew universally, the bard of Avon has not furnished a single weapon in the entire play that can be justly hurled against the house of Israel. The poet's sharp invective, however, may be justly aimed at unjust usury, which the Mosaic law peremptorily forbids, and which to-day is practised to the

and folly of a foolish young man who involves himself in financial difficulties because of his extravagance in dress and other matters. A youth that seeks to win the honest love of a maiden must look well to his character and his mental attainments, and not pose as a fop or a dandy when he can only play the coxcomb in apparel obtained at the expense of an iniquitous loan.

The prejudice against the Jew is often supposed to be "religious"; but it is too frequently the outcome of envy, jealousy, or some other base emotion. The average Hebrew accepts the modern metaphysical views of life (though not "Christian science") as the proverbial duck takes to its native element, water. In every city of the United States, and also to a large extent in England and other countries, typical Hebrew faces are seen among the students of mental therapeutics; and no class of people grasps the practical side of metaphysical studies so readily as intelligent Jews. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that the very theories of individual self-declaration, now being promulgated along with the doctrine of the essential goodness of human nature, are essentially Jewish ideas. Teachers and practitioners of divine, spiritual, or mental science constantly quote from the Bible in defense of their positions; and a very large portion of the sacred volume is conceded to be Jewish literature.

Judaism does not teach submission to any power but God in matters of faith and conscience; and, as it does not sanction priestcraft, it encourages every human being to find divinity within himself and to stand erect among his fellows as the spiritual equal of the best. The real animus of anti-Semitism is detestation of that individual self-

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of conscience in all matters pertaining to religion; but the reigning Czar in the days of bitterest persecution had no more loyal subjects than the faithful men whom an unjust law expatriated.

The Jew is not always amiable, not always polite, not always elegant in manner; but can it be truthfully said that any national or denominational fold contains only the whitest of sheep in its inclosure? The Jew is a human being and must be judged individually, like all other human beings, not as a member of a race.

The Dreyfus case has given expression to the spirit of prejudice in its most dangerous and indiscriminating form. If the man be proved guilty of an offense, let him bear the appropriate penalty; but if he committed treason it was as a weak man, not as a representative Jew. When Zola rose to defend a man whom the great novelist believed to be innocent, "Down with the Jews!" was even a louder cry than "Down with Zola!" The absurdity of this execrating shout strikes every reasonable thinker as self-evident.

Prejudice is always blind and self-contradictory. Prejudiced people judge, applaud or hiss, acquit or condemn, entirely from the promptings of unbridled emotion; therefore, their prejudice must be relinquished before they shall be capable of exercising reason. Nothing makes a prejudiced person so angry as to show determination to reason out a matter—logically, on its merits. Prejudice assails classes, institutions, and companies of people, but it never stops to weigh individual merit.

The following illustration clearly shows the insanity of dealing with people in masses: I am acquainted with two Hebrew merchants in the same city. Each is a mem-

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eral, and always ready to drive a pitiless bargain. Now, if the Jews as a whole must be judged by individual members of the Hebrew community, I am forced at the same instant to believe that Jews are the most agreeable and the most disagreeable, the most refined and the most vulgar, the kindliest and the most unmerciful set of people in the world! And the case against prejudice is in no way weakened or altered if I substitute *Roman Catholic*, *spiritualist*, *negro*, or any other term for *Jew*.

At every turn we are confronted with human life in all stages of expression; and not until we are as wise as the poet Burns can we make fair estimates of our fellow-beings —based on appreciation of worth wherever we discover it, regardless of tribe or clan. Why should a Frenchman dislike a German; or *vice versa*? Why should one expect to find nothing but beauty or nothing but deformity in any section of humankind, when experience teaches that all sorts of character and conduct exist everywhere side by side? It is essentially barbaric to speak of "foreigners," of "alien races," etc., when a complex ancestry is the very pride and glory of the present American people.

The prospect of a formal alliance between all civilized peoples is a sign that we are at last nearing the long-promised Golden Age. All progressive, liberal-minded persons owe it to themselves, to the cause they have espoused, and to all humanity, to arise out of every rut of prejudice and welcome the blissful, cosmopolitan spirit that is the only worthy *Zeitgeist*.

The road to freedom from the curse of race prejudice that has so long afflicted us is through the application of

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favor of) any person, doctrine, place, or custom must be excluded from the sanctuary of thought, which its presence invariably profanes.

Prejudice acts like suspicion against all spiritual unfoldment, and unless it be overcome there can be no demonstration of mental healing or vindication of its claims in practise. The very first thing a mental healer or suggestive therapeutist has to do in most cases (his own included) is to get rid of some kind of prejudice. Prejudice blinds the mental eye, obscures the moral vision, and renders amicable relations between members of families often impossible. It is only the freed spirit that can discern new light and welcome added truth; and, as customs to which we are foolishly wedded and beliefs we ignorantly cherish are the destroyers of our peace and curtailers of our usefulness, it becomes us all, as lovers of truth and seekers after righteousness, to lay aside all prejudice and inwardly exclaim: Give us the truth; endow us with right understanding; show us the righteous way—for it is our will to walk therein! Ignorance and fear create and foster prejudice; knowledge renders it impossible.

UNKIND treatment of cows will generate a poison in their milk. And this unkind treatment is not confined to blows or neglect—a point to be seriously considered by those who have young children dependent on cow's milk. Angry words or loud abuse will affect them. Horses, too, are affected in like manner, and made nervous and irritable by profanity directed against them. Laughter will, as we all know, hurt the feelings of a sensitive dog accustomed to the friendship of a family.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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ART AND NATURE.

BY FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

As man beholds the process of creation going on around him in the natural world, he at first supposes himself to be a product of its forces—or a mere cog in its machinery, as it were. Recognizing only the finite in himself, not yet being aware of the existence of a deeper Self within, it is impossible for him consciously to identify that Self with the creative Spirit he sees manifested outwardly in beauty, goodness, truth, and harmony. But as he gradually becomes conscious of a creative impulse proceeding from within, and follows its leading, he finds himself coöperating in the progressive work of creation.

The scope of the natural world is enlarged through man's efforts. In place of rude stone caves he constructs abodes of original design, conforming to such geometrical figures and mathematical principles as his mental development enables him to comprehend and apply. He engrafts onto certain rudimentary forms of the natural world others of superior excellence. In directions where Nature seems deficient or tardy, he supplies her lack and supplements her previous achievements by fulfilling her intentions, completing her efforts, or accelerating her progress.

Nothing could be more perfect, æsthetically, than the snow-flake, the oak tree, the mountain-peak, the ocean,

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for further undertakings. He steadily enlarges her scope by bringing to light hitherto unperceived treasures, manifesting ideals previously unrecognized, elaborating simple forms, and producing new effects. Architecture, landscape improvement, horticulture, adaptation of natural forces to the requirements of a progressive civilization—these are among the achievements that attest man's ability to amplify and extend the works of Nature. In the fine arts he gives further expression—through many mediums and according to a variety of tastes—to the Spirit he finds already abundantly manifested in Nature.

Thus we see that Nature and Art constitute one world. They blend so imperceptibly that, in many cases, the line of demarcation between superhuman and distinctively human expressions is obliterated. Their mode of revelation is the same, and their forms are of the same description. Both are perceptible through the same outward medium—sight. They are partial expressions that a deeper consciousness enables one to recognize as the work of one Creator.

Genius is *spiritual insight.* It penetrates the outer envelopes of life and makes it possible for one to assume a central viewpoint from which all things appear in their true relations. Every man has the power to lay down at will his personal consciousness, to exchange the finite standpoint for the infinite, to merge his separate existence in the universal, and to allow his thought to become poised at the center of Being. In that state he shares the creative spirit and is inspired with a deep longing to manifest the ideal world. The *finite* man creates nothing; he simply

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Material forms are symbolical. They *suggest* spiritual ideas. Ideas are projected into external form by the intervention of thought—mental images susceptible of unlimited modification. These images remain latent in the mind until the search-light of consciousness illumines and reproduces them in memory. On attempting to formulate his ideal visions, the creative artist appropriates the mental images most accessible and best suited for embodiment and weaves them into original designs—models of outward representation. He may not be able consciously to trace the process by which this result is achieved. The finite consciousness must be passive in order that the Infinite may fully possess Its instrument. For this reason the standpoint from which the artist creates and that from which he contemplates his work are sometimes widely separated. He may even fail to recognize his own productions when he approaches them in the capacity of the *critical observer*, instead of that of the *creative instrument.*

The deeper Self often accomplishes results that fairly bewilder the finite agent through whom they are achieved. It always builds better than the finite man conceives. One need not be consciously aware, as he writes, paints, or composes, of the deeper meaning of his work. Some men of genius underestimate their creations, while others overestimate theirs. In Art, as in Nature, the deeper Self creates with lavish hand, and frequently scatters abroad the choicest material with prodigal recklessness.

Every man is a genius, did he but know it; for he has latent capacities waiting to come into exercise whenever

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Nearly every man needs, most of all, to learn to adapt or apply what he *already knows.* He has latent resources that need developing, and dormant powers that need quickening. "Common sense" is genius *in embryo.* The dullest mind is stored with information enough to produce the works of a Homer or a Shakespeare; but the fire of genius must be kindled slowly, by experience, before it will awaken memories, call forth slumbering thoughts, and reconstruct ideals from the scattered elements of past life.

It is not the province of Art to copy forms. Genuine Art expresses *ideas,* as Nature herself does, and with the same kind of creative impulse—therefore in essentially the same guise. Both are inspired by the self-same Source, so that their aims are necessarily in perfect accord. The ideals of the true artist are identical with those of Nature. He feels the creative impulse as revealed in its vigor and purity in Nature. When he reproduces the likeness of existing forms, it is not for the sake of imitating or mimicking them, but because his finer perceptive instinct enables him to discern in forms ready at hand in Nature certain *pure ideas;* and an indwelling Presence, of which he is conscious and with which his own life has become identified, clothes those ideas according to the peculiar artistic predilections or specially cultivated tastes of the individual mind through whose instrumentality they find outward shape. The Author and Creator of all expression, within both the provinces of Nature and Art, when permitted to act spontaneously, produces similar results. Poet, seer, prophet, and artist realize something of the Universal in their several spheres. It is not Henry Smith that writes verses, paints, or composes immortal works, but the infinite Spirit acting *through* the personal agent.

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tinguish it from the original, possesses little intrinsic worth because it is simply a *copy*. Although its forms and colors may exactly correspond with those of the genuine work of the master, yet the counterfeit lacks the *spirit* with which he endowed his work: just as a mechanically modeled figure of the human body lacks the breath of life. Genius infuses into a work the spirit that causes it to hold the same vital relation to the universal ideal as do living organisms to the soul of Nature. It is the Spirit that creates and quickens, in both Nature and Art. All works are vehicles of the Spirit, and possess intrinsic values according to the measure of the Spirit with which they are endowed. The great painter instils the quality of his inspiration into the very colors and canvas he uses. It is indelibly stamped on the physical and psychical forces with which he has to deal, and that is what gives value to his productions. It is its spirit, rather than details of expression, that satisfies the appreciative observer. Many immortal paintings are open to severe criticism, from a technical point of view, for faulty perspective or imperfect coloring. Even Nature produces blemishes and monstrosities; but, though the *vehicle* be deformed, it still serves in a measure to reveal the immanent Spirit.

THE internal character of a man is often expressed in his exterior appearance—even in the manner of his walking and in the sound of his voice. Likewise the hidden character of things is to a certain extent expressed in their outward forms. As long as man remained in a natural state, he recognized the signatures of things and knew their true character: but the more he diverged from the path of

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THE SPIRITUAL VISION.

BY GEORGE A. GAGE, M. D.

When climbing a high mountain, one often toils onward and upward for hours without apparent profit. But after reaching the top, or some point that affords an unobstructed view, there is spread before the traveler a scene of such beauty that all the hardships of the journey are forgotten. This is strikingly typical of one who, after a long search for what is highest and best, awakens to a consciousness of the heaven within. Let us consider the appearance of life to one who has thus made the acquaintance of his higher Self.

When one awakens, spiritually, he finds more pleasure in permitting than making. According to the old ideas, we should make things go as we wish. Ambition dictated the adjustment of matters to suit personal ends. The personality, having only a limited range of vision, sought to order all things according to its will.

The spiritual vision has a larger and clearer outlook. It comprehends at once the great purpose of life, and adjusts itself accordingly. It perceives the confusion of the plans and desires of the personality, which, seeing so little of the great design, makes many needless mistakes. It sees that, rather than compel matters to do its bidding, all that is necessary is to open itself to the instruction

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intimidate the personal. It rejoices in the universal truth, beauty, and goodness.

All this is characteristic of the higher nature. It is like an upper parlor that is kept closed and darkened. It is the privilege of all to live in this beautiful place, with its luxurious appointments and clear, extensive outlook, or to dwell in the crowded, musty basement where so many spend their lives.

When we thoroughly realize this, what shall we think of the "conflict of life"? We are like children in the dark, frightening ourselves with the creations of our own fancy. We demonstrate our power as forcibly in disease and unpleasant surroundings as in health and opulence. In the former instance we use our power blindly; in the latter, wisely. We can never truly live until we come out of the dense cloud of ignorance in which we have been intellectually buried. We have but to make the decision and we find ourselves free to enter a limitless garden of Eden.

THOUGHT is a force; but, because it has not been understood as such in the past, it has been sadly abused and misused. We help to form our neighbor's character by the thoughts we send out to him. If we impute nobility to him, we help him to be noble. If we hold him in our mind as mean, low, dishonest, or in any way unworthy, we help to confirm him in this condition and make it harder for him to escape from it. Jesus of Nazareth ever acted upon this principle. He recognized the divine element in an ignorant fisherman, in a self-seeking publican, in a sinful Magdalen, and by his faith in this higher nature helped to draw it forth and make it a controlling influence in the life. When the power of

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FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

VIII.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

The foundations for this fiat go deeper into the primary rocks of man's nature than any other issued by Israel's lawgiver. To disrespect the possessions of another, some degree of muscular activity is essential; to kill, much misdirected mental vigor; to rebel against God, much more: but the seeds of animal passion are sown with the infant's first breath. Mankind makes itself rich and learned, but, in the beginning, "male and female created he them."

Sexually, man is a coarse, vulgar animal; when unrestrained, outwardly or inwardly, he is constrained to gratify his lust regardless of all else but the fascination or the ferocity. It was to lay the foundations of an orderly society, to regulate the promiscuous and vicious instincts of propagation, to post a vidette of perfection, that Moses promulgated this commandment.

When we consider that the prevailing patriarchal system of the Hebrews not only permitted but exacted a plurality of wives, and that the *lex non scripta* of Israel was wholly indifferent or complaisant to any amount of concubinage, it seems that the Israelitish gentlemen, bound

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When riflemen shoot at long-distance ranges the gauges and sights and charges of powder are carefully adjusted to the distance aimed at—such and such adjustments and elevations and so and so many grains of powder for each—for four hundred, six hundred, and a thousand yards. The sights and charges of Moses in this regard were calculated to a nicety for the shorter ranges. The lecherously inclined man could take his ease right in front of the butt at a thousand yards in safety and with impunity; he could be as immoral as he pleased without the penalty of sin—a new and faulty rendering of the idea (sublime in its correct version) of the sin not being "imputed" to him, and a fine example of the malignancy of the materialistic notion commonly called "the doctrine of the atonement." For man it was lechery without adultery; but for woman—ah! that was a different matter. For this one at least of the tables of the law was "reserved for ladies."

And now, in this modern era, observe what force and effect habit has, and how completely we have made void the law through our traditions. How grotesque the contrast of the penalty visited upon the two sexes! In one, flagrancy only counts; in the other even suspicion damns. I know of my own knowledge the case of a man, a citizen of this State of New York, whose wife obtained a decree of divorce *a mensa et thoro*, or separation, and who in the decree was expressly forbidden to remarry; yet, having encountered a female to his taste, sufficiently "good" to decline a meretricious union but not sufficiently "good" to refuse the name of legality, he found himself able to achieve his purpose, to set the law at defiance, and wholly to ignore its fiat. He was advised by eminent counsel that, while he could not legally marry another in this State,

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year bring suit against the first woman for "absolute" divorce—*a vinculo matrimonii;* and that a decree would follow in his favor of right, freeing him entirely and enabling him to contract a new alliance.

The statute that controls in this sister commonwealth of our diversely constituted republic provides that the marriage tie shall be severed for "any cause which permanently impairs the purpose of the marriage relation." Absence or refusal to cohabit has been decided by the jurists of that State to be such a cause. And not only would the new relation be valid and "respectable" in Connecticut, but it has been held by our own courts that when so contracted it must be held to be valid, legal, and (inferentially) "respectable" here, as, by the Constitution of the United States, "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the acts, records, and public documents of every other State." In this way it is quite within the range of possibility and legality, by a judicious shifting of "domicile," for a man to have half a dozen "wives," the sole advantage that priority accords to the woman being her right of dower in his real estate.

To a man incapable of respecting or unwilling to respect woman, the rite of matrimony makes her not his equal, but his slave—a "slave of the ring."

Over thirty years ago I was a young man, alone in the city of Paris. I learned there the existence of a certain peculiar custom, in effect not unlike the concubinage of David and Solomon—a custom that for all I know to the contrary exists at the present day. Not caring to be too explicit, I shall only briefly state the facts in (as seems the part of wisdom) the third person singular.

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St. Martin—to select, as on a shop-counter, what some purists would doubtless call his "victim." These girls' like may be seen any day in New York about eight each morning coming up from the east side, along such streets as Houston, Grand, and Bleecker, to their daily toil. In Paris, in the "sixties," it was the same. They were all, or nearly all, what might be called good girls—virtuous, "unspotted from the world." As in other gatherings, some were handsome, some homely, some bold, and some modest and shy. But the man could practically have his pick of them all—the easier, naturally, if he were young, well favored physically, and had the appearance of wealth.

Well, a man fixed his choice at last upon one, noted her looks, bearing, and dress, and put away in his memory the exact locality and the exact hour. The next day, there again, he made some trifling effort to attract her attention. If he did not succeed the first time he was sure to do so at the second or third. At first content with a respectful look, he was met by her perhaps with a blush and downcast eye. So much the better if the man were a gentleman; he desired a "lady," and there were such even there on the pave of Paris. In time a bow, the faintest symptom of recognition from the girl, then deft and proper advances, a word, a shy response—at last he joins her, and she, poor child, her heart beating high, does not say him nay. He talks, of course, but with the utmost respect. A knowledge of Parisian French must be part of his outfit. He employs it. May he call upon her at her home? In time, if he has been dexterous, be sure he may. And some pleasant evening he calls. She lives with her parents, and perhaps brothers and sisters, *au troisieme*, or higher. What matter if by some inadvertence, at some of these visits—for there are more than one—he finds prowling

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wholly suspicious? Poor Jules or Jacques has had his "nose put out of joint," and he knows it and submits. It is with ill grace, no doubt; but he submits.

About the whole transaction there is nothing irregular. Our young American's intentions are (as they all thoroughly understand) "strictly dishonorable." In time these take the form of a proposal, made in due form, not to Jeannette, but to *Monsieur Pere*. Such and such a *menage*, brief or lengthy, *a convenance*, but (and this is the essential) a *dot* to be secured legally to the lady when the arrangement shall terminate. To these simple folk, ten thousand francs of dowry for the daughter is a great sum. As a matter of form the father consults Jeannette. The result, if progressed thus far, is never in doubt. A week or two later, the contract—a purely civil contract—is entered into before the Maire of the Arrondissement, and "they twain are made one flesh"—a "limited" marriage. He buys virtue; she gives fidelity.

Sometimes, when he perhaps has raised a family and grown fond of them, he finds the woman essential to his happiness. Then the Church solemnizes the union. But these cases are, I think, rare; more often the student of art, or medicine, or some practical business, having finished his course, looks Westward with longing eyes, and at last concludes to take flight. Perhaps there is a baby or two, hard to part from, and in a way he has grown attached to Jeannette. He tells her. A few tears, even perhaps a few reproaches, but the latter seldom. It is inevitable. The *dot* is made available. It even sometimes occurs that our student attends a certain other ceremonial, in which Jeannette stands before an altar and

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must feel in after life, married legitimately, and perhaps a pillar of the Church. One rather wonders if he does not regret the episode—that the *droit de seigneur* has defrauded another.

But so it is. In the provinces of the far south, more especially in Sicily and Calabria, the ready stiletto, which would leap from the belt of a lazzarone to avenge itself upon a compatriot of his own class and his adulterous spouse, turns over languid and complaisant in its sheath, not regardant of the wife's amour if that be with some nobly-born lecher—proud indeed (such pride!) of the temporary alliance, and grateful for the largesse it brought. And there are (or were not so long ago) the youths and maids of the South Sea Islands, natural as our first parents, "sowing their wild oats" in happy abandon together, not only unrestrained by their elders, settled down to matrimony, but encouraged.

In all these cases the moral law was absent. "I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean." "The strength of sin is the law."

Of late, erotic literature has had a vogue, chiefly that some books have been written, trite and stale of sentiment, but in manner of telling masterly. The style has shed a glamour over the nastiness of "Quo Vadis," the lechery of *Tess*, and the ignorant debauchery of *Trilby;* but the glorification of immorality and indecency is a theme wholly unworthy of genius. The inevitable result of illicit association is the debacle of the self, soul and body, when one who thinks plunges into the whirlpool of lust.

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because she lusted with many, or with one. As well try to ennoble the peculations of a sneak-thief, or the careful, laborious talent of the forger, as to lift from the slough and slum the woman that has chosen prostitution. Between right and wrong there is, as there ever was, a deep gulf fixed; the abyss, however, is not one of outward circumstances, but of inward emotion. In sex relations, as in every other phase of conduct, the letter killeth while the spirit giveth life. Better the union of lovers without the sacrament, the altar, the priest, and the benediction, than that of convention, of prudence, of necessity, though society sanctify it and respectability uphold it. Marriage without love is more adulterous than love without marriage.

This is what some call a dangerous doctrine; but all doctrines are dangerous to those unarmed against danger. The immature, the foolish, and the ignorant need codes of law at every step to protect them, not only against the evil of the world but against the evil within themselves. But the pure in heart are always safe. They go forth as sheep among wolves; but purity protects its possessors from all uncleanness.

Though Jesus was an unlearned man, it is recorded that he was able, as the custom was among even the otherwise unlettered, to read the Hebrew Scriptures, and it is probable that he could trace the script of the vernacular Aramaic. Once only in the Gospels is the act of writing ascribed to him—when the Pharisees brought unto him the woman taken in adultery. For such, the punishment according to the Mosaic law was that they should be stoned to death. The works and words of all radical reformers—those who would simplify, purify, and cleanse the inner man—have always been, and are, and always

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at all reminders of its lack of the true spirit. So the Pharisees sought to entrap this man. An iconoclast in other ways, was he also a disturber of their well-settled traditions concerning sex relations? So they brought unto him the adulteress, and, having repeated the law of Moses, they ask, "What sayest thou?" It was then that Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

It was fitting that the man claiming to be the ambassador of God should employ the same script and parchment that in the creation his Father used. He wrote in the dust, and in the beginning, through all the ages of creation, God wrote upon the plastic rocks.

"And when the message was written,
He took the seal of his plan,
And stamped on the wax of Nature
His likeness—the image of Man."

It was because Christ was in the image and likeness of Truth that he was true—because his spirit was in the form of God's. He declared, "I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge; and my judgment is just: because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me. If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true." And further: "If any man shall do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

As God, as an "Almighty" being, the life recorded as that of Jesus was foolish and futile. To preach deliverance to a few captives, and leave slavery cumbering the world; to declare the recovery of sight to a few of the

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and of that progression the man Jesus was the perfect example and endeavor. As Omnipotence, Jesus was a failure: as Man, he was a triumphant success. He could not compel men to do right, but he could and did show them how to *be* right.

The result in this case of the method of Jesus with the tempters was complete. They had no answer to such logic; but, being convicted by their own conscience, they went out one by one. And when they had gone, Jesus said to the woman, "Where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord," she replied. And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

Authority for truth, as heretofore remarked, is an enormous failure in the world; but Truth as authority is always triumphant. The very fact that this story, as given in St. John's Gospel, is a known interpolation of an earlier century, tends rather to fulfil the law of love than to destroy it, proving the great principle that the book is nothing—the truths it holds all; the torch-bearer is no one—his worth and value are in the light he bears.

There are those who hold that marriages should be indissoluble except by death; some who admit the "scriptural" cause of divorce; and at the other pole of opinion are they who announce the theory, and of whom some practise the precepts, of "free love." Of these latter, no doubt, a few are actuated by the same lofty sentiments that impel men to freedom in other directions; the world, however, will hardly admit this, but rather persist in calling such lustful.

To be faithful to one in sex is of the same order of right

that there is not nor can be any rite or ceremony to make a marriage, nor any ordinance or decree to effect a divorce. The union is a sacrament—the holiest of this world—inasmuch as by it come the replenishing and subduing of the world. The only excuse for a marriage law, or for any law, from a Mosaic fiat to the latest petty municipal ordinance, is that which condones the tyranny of all law—the perversity of puerile mankind. Man is the heir of freedom, but he is not yet of age. He must still remain under governors, and will so remain till the last vestige of his revolt against himself has been put down.

THE universe is an assemblage of oscillating atoms. All that we see or feel is but the rhythmical result of swaying motion. Every atom is elastic, bounding to and from every other atom with responding sympathy. Were our ears thus attuned they would vibrate with the ceaseless music that floats through space. Nothing is absolutely solitary. Nothing is wasted; nothing is lost. Not an atom—not a vibration. As flower and fruit spring from falling seed, so human life from human life, and thought from thought—till knowledge grows to understanding. Each life is like a harp-string trembling with myriad notes. These notes are our thoughts and deeds, which attune other hearts to ours for good or ill. When twangs a chord with angry blow, somewhere it beats upon another's breast the storm that lashes it to fury. But when, from within, a pensive note floats softly on the air, somewhere its minor melody shall find a heart in which to rest. We all are one. Our thoughts are mutual. They constitute a single atmosphere. Then let us flood it with hallowed lights of love. Let every particle be thrilled with mellow notes of mercy till each shall stay his neighbor with words of cheer and trustfulness. Then shall we hear the music of

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MENTAL SCIENCE IN PRIMARY EDUCATION.

BY F. A. REYNOLDS.

Mental Science, Psychology, or whatever term one wishes to use in designating the study of the mind, has always been placed in the senior year of high school and college courses of study on the supposition that the reasoning faculty develops later than the faculties required in studies in which memory, imagination, and perception play important parts. This view was correct so long as the study of the mind was confined to the speculative; but, now that theoretical study has brought out some of the laws of the mind not heretofore understood, and which have been tested and proved to be of benefit to the human race when understood and practised aright, it becomes not only possible but highly desirable to teach these laws and their practical workings to even the youngest primary pupils. Do not imagine that I would have the little ones go home to astonish and horrify their parents by the announcement that they were studying Psychology!

Within a few years the elements of natural science have been introduced in the lower grades; yet children that are taught the shapes, colors, and functions of leaves do not know they are studying botany. When they are taught the simplest facts about their own bodies, with the most practical laws of health, they do not know they are studying physiology and hygiene. Wise persons have rightly thought that it is desirable that the youngest

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same way—in short, oral lessons, given in an interesting manner—should the *facts* of Mental Science, so far as they relate to human well-being, be taught to children of all grades, beginning with the toddling kindergarteners who are learning colors and geometrical forms in their plays.

Many real thinkers, especially some advanced physicians and students of psychology, have known for a long time that the mind has an immense influence on the body for good or ill; and even ordinary persons have acknowledged it when some incident brought the fact so prominently before them that they could not help seeing and noting it. In fact, the wise man of old put the whole truth in a nutshell when he said, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." This knowledge, however, has not been impressed upon any great number of people; and children, on whom it would have the greatest and most beneficial influence, are left to learn it at haphazard, or by bitter experience.

It has been discovered that the emotions of the mind exert an influence upon the blood and other elements of the human system in such a way as to benefit or harm the body. Many have known that sudden and violent anger has often caused death, but few know the scientific reason therefor. In a general way we have realized that worry, anxiety, fatigue, or any other unpleasant emotion will hinder digestion and cause disagreeable if not dangerous sickness; but the real reason is not generally known.

Of course, the study of mental and physical sciences must be conducted together, in order to understand how the mind affects the well-being of the body, and much of the *science* must be left to the latter years of school life;

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home and thus inaugurate a much-needed missionary work. Teach children that it is a sin to be angry—because it injures their health and future happiness. Teach them to look on the bright side of things—because it will help to keep them well and happy. Teach them to be persevering and patient—because to be discouraged and impatient will cause them to make a failure of life.

I can imagine myself talking to a class of little ones something like this: "See here, children! Did you ever see an engine moving on a railroad track?" Of course they have, and will say so. "Well, the engine was made, piece by piece, in shops, and put together by men that knew how to do it, and when it was done an engineer had to take care of it. He gets it on the track, he runs it, he oils it, and if it does not go right he knows what to do about it. He takes good care of it and it does good work. But suppose the engineer did not know how to take care of the engine: what would happen? Why, the engine would get rusty and out of order and fall to pieces, or perhaps run off the track and get smashed. Well, little ones, your bodies are little engines made by One who knows how, and who made your minds to be the engineers. You must know about the engine and keep it running right and in good order; if you do not, you are not good engineers, and the engines will get out of order, rusty and useless, or run off the track and get smashed," etc. Of course there would also be many things to explain about the parts and functions of the body, and about the business of the little mind-engineers in managing the engine.

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and a few generations would show a great improvement in health, reason, and morals.

A mere glance at the people about us will show thousands of wonderful, delicate human machines, or engines, recklessly and ruinously run by ignorant engineers, and one will instantly acknowledge that something is wrong and agree that some remedy in the line of education should be introduced. The true method is to have children grow up understanding that they are not to live as it "happens," but that minds are given them with which to govern their lives so that they shall be orderly, healthy, and happy human beings.

THERE are three kingdoms acting in the constitution of man—an outer, an inner, and an innermost principle; namely, the external, physical body; the inner (astral) man; and the innermost center, or God. It is God who created and supports the inner man, and the outer form is the way in which the inner man is outwardly manifesting himself. Man's natural body is produced by Nature; but the power in Nature is God, and God is superior to Nature. Man's divine spirit is therefore able to change his nature and to restore the health of his physical form.—*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*

ALL the teachings of Christ have no other object than to show us the way how we may reascend from a state of variety and differentiation to our original unity; and he that teaches otherwise teaches an error. All the doctrines that have been hung around this fundamental doctrine, and that do not conform to the latter, are merely the products of worldly foolishness, thinking itself wise; they are merely useless ornaments, which will create errors and are calculated

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IN THE SILENCE.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

O thou great, silent Calm! my soul is free:
Free from life's care and turmoil—one with Thee.
Spirit of Peace, pervading all around,
Calming all discord, silencing all sound,
Bidding all motion cease, all speech be still,
My soul attends upon thy sovereign will!

Within the vail of thy deep sanctity,
The soul is one with Truth and Deity.
It sees no more of discord or of strife,
Of complex being, or imperfect life—
Only the silence, still and calm and deep,
Eternal stillness, peaceful rest and sleep.

The peace of God, the love of Christ, is here.
Ye souls of little faith and trembling fear,
Cast off your burdens. Let them fall away.
Enter the bliss of this eternal day.
Find ye at last the long-sought home of peace.
Rejoice! Herein the soul shall find release.

Freedom and peace are one. Tell all the earth
The soul hath found a higher, freer birth—
A life divine, all free from care and sin,
Waiting to be revealed: this life within.
Let it shine forth, O man! No longer hide
The beauty of thy heaven-sent spirit-bride.

Great souls that know the silence, let them speak,
Calming the strife and comforting the weak.
Spirit of Peace and Love, oh send them forth,
To spread the tidings far as South from North—
Far as the sun's rays shine to banish night,
Transmuting darkness into radiant light!

Give them the tongues of angels. Let them tell
Of that sweet home wherein the soul may dwell,
Knowing all things; sublime in knowing all;
Firm in the faith that truth may never fall;
That discord shall in truth be overcome,
And harmony the soul's eternal home.

O wondrous Love that dwells within the soul!
O gentle Rest and Peace! O perfect Whole!

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE principles of metaphysical healing, as demonstrated in modern practise, have a variety of modes of application—from the extreme of "Christian science," with its lack of logic and consistency, to the other extreme of psycho-physics: a school that regards the brain as the thinker and everything spiritual as but a refined form of matter. This fact accounts, at least in part, for the varying degrees of success achieved by individual practitioners. The diversity in the methods of applying the new science of health amounts in some instances to positive *divergence*—a fact that has contributed somewhat to the vastness of psychological literature.

The voluminous publications that are dedicated to what, in general terms, may be called the New Metaphysics include a large number of periodicals, in some of which a tendency toward sectarianism is becoming increasingly evident. With one exception, however, these journals are a unit in declaring that Mental Science is a logical, practicable, and complete system of curing disease. The exception is our esteemed contemporary, the Boston *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*—a magazine that, we regret very much to learn, has recently suspended publication. In the October issue of this periodical, the editor asks some questions that suggest a

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his apparent treatment of the whole subject as a speculative hypothesis, betrays a certain lack of familiarity with the best teachings on this phase of the Science of Being. As this writer's sincerity is removed beyond the pale of doubt, we regret that, in laying his "problems" before the readers of the *Journal*, he did not clothe them in terms that were free from ambiguity and that suggested a thorough understanding of the questions on the writer's own part. Perhaps, however, we can remove some of the editor's perplexity:

1. If disease is a state of mind, how is it that people very generally are ill when their physical surroundings are changed? For example, the change to a hot climate, resulting in fever to those who were previously in excellent health.

This does not often happen—otherwise epidemics, in these days of speedy transportation, were our normal condition. But when it does occur, it but illustrates the contentment of familiarity and the agitation of novelty; it also shows the extent to which the average person is a creature of habit. The bodily "fever" experienced in hot climates is invariably preceded by mental fever (often subconscious), due to the race-belief in "tropical diseases" and to the *fear* of discomfort from heat.

2. Why are diseases found in plants and animals, both in their natural state and under domestication?

Plants, animals, fishes, and birds, in their "wild" state, do not die of *disease*—in the ordinary sense of contagion. Death here is but a symptom of decay—a phenomenon of the cessation of utility in Nature's scheme of evolution. It is an inevitable incident in the life of even the sturdiest and healthiest oak. Such entities, however, when existing within the pale of civilization, are frequently the victims and embodiments of man's troubled or vicious thoughts. It is an evolutionary law—a principle of the ascending

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3. Why, if disease is wholly mental, is there a tendency more and more among many mental healers to state the degree of disease or health in terms of *physical* openness or contraction?

The best healers do not. It may sometimes be necessary, however, to point to symbols in order to reveal reality and explain *facts* to some minds. Even words themselves are but symbolic of ideas. It is the *results* (objective effect) of wrong thinking that the average patient desires to be rid of. Discussion in certain circumstances is not always wise; but when entered upon, the healer naturally uses language that the patient can understand. As the old lady with the toothache remarked, "it is the *symptom* that bothers me, not the cause!"

4. Why, in the process of cure, is the opening out of the brain and other parts of the body deemed the essential in many cases of healing?

Mechanical accessories are not always to be disregarded in dealing with a *physical* organism. Good dentistry is often an important aid in curing diseases of the teeth. In cases of compound fracture, surgical help is frequently the first requisite—trephining, for instance, or the removal of disks of bone from the skull, in extreme contingencies. A good *surgeon* can best set a broken limb—as a good carpenter can best mend a broken table. But this is not a point against mental healing; it simply defines the legitimate uses of surgery.

5. Why is the method of expanding the solar plexus frequently employed, instead of a purely mental process?

If this question means what it says, we give it up. We were not aware that this network of nerves *could* with safety be "expanded." Certainly no mental healer with a knowledge of even the rudiments of his science would resort to such an attempt as a substitute for the mind cure.

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The "pure thought process" may, after all, have really effected the cure. But while the Science of Being, as formulated by the best teachers, is consistent, complete, and theoretically perfect, individual demonstrators are not necessarily infallible. Mathematics is an exact science, but mathematicians frequently get wrong results in their manipulation of its principles and figures. The fault is with the person, not the system.

7. Why is relief from nervous tension alone sufficient to cure many ailments?

This question answers itself, although it seems to involve the assumption that the cart draws the horse. It is only by relieving *mental* tension that "nervous tension" can be removed. The latter is the effect, not the cause.

8. Why cannot all diseases be reached, *e. g.*, blindness and deafness, very many cases of which have entirely failed to respond?

All diseases *can* be reached, but not by every practitioner. The truth of human finiteness on the mortal plane is a constant reminder that the Christ standard is not readily attained—that we are not yet all adepts in healing. The relativity of man's powers to conditions introduces a factor of apparent inadequacy that suggests his limitations: in modern practise there is a point beyond which individual efforts are non-effective. Metaphysicians of to-day cannot raise the dead; but they *have* cured both blindness and deafness. Yet there may be cases so confirmed and imbedded in error as to defy the healer's *capacity for applying* the limitless powers of soul.

9. If "the mind rules the body," how is it that the mind acts freely only when the body is in good condition?

The mind certainly rules the body. It is both its duty and its privilege; but too often it fails to do it wisely. The function of

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ception, to which it then becomes a slave—it is no longer king. In this condition, of course, it cannot act freely—a restraint that is inevitably manifested in the body; but the cause lies originally with the mind. When the physical organism is once more "in good condition," it means that the mental man has reasserted his supremacy.

Metaphysical healing is a thoroughly scientific system, the failures met with in the history of individual efforts to demonstrate it to the contrary notwithstanding. But the principles once comprehended and intelligently and honestly applied, other conditions being equal, the result of its operations can be predicted with mathematical certainty.

THE LOGIC OF TRUTH.

The noblest work of modern times, and probably of all time, upon Immortality, is a large volume by the Rev. William R. Alger, entitled "A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." It was published in 1860, and still remains the standard authority upon that topic throughout Christendom. The author is a Unitarian minister, who devoted half his lifetime to the work. In the first edition (1860) the writer characterizes Reincarnation as a plausible delusion, unworthy of credence. For fifteen years more he continued studying the subject, and the last edition (1878) gives the final result of his ripest investigations in heartily indorsing and advocating Reincarnation. No more striking argument for the doctrine could be advanced than this fact. That a Christian clergyman, making the problem of the soul's destiny his life's study, should become so overpowered by the force of this "pagan" idea as to adopt it for the climax of his scholarship is extremely

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND. By T. W. Topham, M.D. 296 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Issued by The Alliance Publishing Co., "Life" Bldg., New York.

"Progressive orthodoxy" in medical science seems almost as great a paradox as when applied to modern theology. Yet we have before us a work, from the pen of a "regular" practitioner, that inculcates a system of physical culture in which the importance of right *mental* attitude and action is made supreme. Many of the chapters could be made of excellent service as treatises on mental science. The author's method of attaining health and happiness is distinctively metaphysical, though the book contains over thirty half-tone illustrations of physical exercises, postures, etc., that are uniformly recommended only as means for outwardly registering the desires of intelligent will. The new psychology has here a practical embodiment—the chapters on "Worry" and "Breathing" being especially valuable to students of any shade of conviction. We heartily welcome Dr. Topham's book as an important acquisition to the literature that is gradually obliterating the line that divides the metaphysical from the various physical schools of healing.

HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING. By Katharine H. Newcomb. 171 pp. Cloth, $1.25. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston.

The author of this work—the cultured wife of one of the contributors to the current issue of MIND—is a writer and teacher of deep feeling and lofty motive, of conscientious conviction and thorough spiritual insight. Her book is most appropriately named, for it will be found a positive aid in the life of every one who honestly tries to apply the teachings it contains. These have been given privately to weekly classes with so great a degree of success that the author was constrained to issue them in book form—an act for which the New Thought world is distinctly the gainer. The

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"Helps to Right Living" is an epitome of all that is best in the new philosophy of health.

THE SECRET OF LIFE. By Francis King. 139 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by the author, San Francisco.

The sub-title of this work is "Harmonic Vibration," and it contains three studies and twelve lessons (of seven parts each) on the physiological, mental, moral, and psychological development of Man. It has over two hundred exercises designed to cultivate man's media of expression in the objective world—the five senses. While much sound sense on certain topics is displayed in many of the chapters, yet, to our mind, the work as a whole is marred by a too materialistic conception and application of the great law of vibration. And the "twelve formulas" of drug-prescriptions for specific diseases, offered as "crutches to cripples," would seem to weaken if not to nullify the author's general teaching. But the book will doubtless appeal with great force to many minds.

PSYCHOMETRY: Its Science and Law of Unfoldment. By J. C. F. Grumbine. 48 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Chicago.

Psychometry is a most interesting and valuable phase of psychic development; yet but little is known concerning its nature and law of expression, and its literature is exceedingly scarce. This fact has permitted much charlatanism and self-delusion to pass for psychometric phenomena. But the present author seems to have succeeded in formulating its real principles, so far as they are known, and in identifying it as a soul-faculty akin to clairvoyance. The teaching is based largely on experience and embraces cognate topics of importance in individual growth. It is a work of much literary merit and a rational and logical exposition of the psychic factors of the human constitution.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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MIND.

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1899. No. 4.

PHILOSOPHY—ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL.

BY LEWIS G. JANES, M.A.*

The great popular interest in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, in 1893, resulted in directing public attention to the religious systems of the Orient and in opening the way for the sympathetic study of Oriental literatures and philosophies. Within the last five years, numerous teachers from India and the far East have visited England and the United States, and have expounded to willing listeners the profound metaphysics of the Vedânta, the noble ethics and psychology of Buddhism, and the more objective religion and moral code of the Parsees. The time has come when we may properly consider what have been the net results of this new contact with Oriental thought. Has it been a mere "fad" of idle novelty-seekers? Or does it imply a more serious attitude and a permanent influence on the thought and life of those who have participated in these studies?

It is doubtless true that some who have been attracted to the Oriental teachers have been influenced by the glamour of novelty in their picturesque personalities and costumes, and by a not always healthy craving after the

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not all have been sufficiently trained in habits of scholarly investigation to be able to discriminate between the true and the false in the teachings to which they have listened. A few have unwisely given themselves up to the practise of the Yogâ discipline and the methods of mental concentration inculcated by the Eastern philosophies without due preparation and instruction, and a few have suffered serious injury in mind and body as a result of this unwisdom. It is due to the Oriental teachers, however, to say that these practises have been followed, usually, in opposition to their advice and instruction, and that many others, in quiet hours of meditation unusual in our restless Occidental life, have found healthful solace for both mind and soul.

A wide acquaintance with the teachers who have come to us from the East, and with their methods, has impressed me with the general wisdom and self-restraint they have exercised in conveying their message. While to the mere "faddist," seeking for mystical ecstasy and the marvels of the occult, dabbling in the Oriental philosophies may be an unmixed evil; while the good to be derived from such studies can come only to the sane and rational mind, seeking for the highest truth, and free from undue bias of preconceptions; yet it is my firm conviction that the Oriental teachers have brought something of real and lasting value into the life of our Western world.

The venerable expositor of the comparative method, in both philology and religion, Professor F. Max Müller, in the introduction to his "Science of Religion," quotes Goethe's paradox that "he who knows one language knows none," and declares that the same principle holds good in religions: he who knows one religion knows none. This

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sectarian, dogmatic, or metaphysical exposition fatally narrows his intellectual vision and becomes incapable of discriminating between truth and error. All such studies need the sane corrective of the scientific method. Without this, the mind is likely to wander in unfruitful mazes of *a priori* speculation, in which there is no clue to genuine spiritual insight or rational judgments upon the problems of life.

It is true that we have likewise profitable fields of study in our Western philosophic systems, which should by no means be neglected. The great German systems, however, cannot be properly comprehended and interpreted without a knowledge of the Oriental philosophies. It is assumed by some of our Western teachers that philosophy proper had its origin in Greece. No one acquainted with the thought of the Orient, however, can for a moment accept this dictum. The best expositors of the history of philosophy, like Ritter and Zeller, acknowledge the indebtedness of the earliest Greek philosophers to the Oriental thought; and the later investigations of Müller, Deussen, and others, fully confirm their judgment. Says Müller:

"In that study of the history of the human mind, in that study of ourselves, of our true selves, India occupies a place second to no other country. Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language, or religion, or mythology, or philosophy, whether it be laws or customs, primitive art or primitive science, you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials in the history of man are treasured up in India, and in India only. . . .

"I claim even more for the Vedânta, and I recommend its study to all true students of philosophy." ("India: What Can It Teach Us?")

Schopenhauer, whose influence has been great on modern philosophic thought, frankly acknowledges his own indebtedness to the Vedânta, which is of course evident to every comparative student. "In the whole world," he

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Western interpreter of Vedânta, speaks no less strongly of its elevating influence on the mind and life. That Leibnitz and Lötze also owed much to Oriental thought cannot be doubted by any competent investigator; while Von Hartmann's indebtedness to the Buddhist psychology and metaphysics is equally explicit and unquestionable. That Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and the German idealists were largely inspired by Indian wisdom will, I think, become more and more evident as the treasures of the East are more clearly revealed to us. No such elaborate systems of metaphysics ever grow spontaneously from uncultivated soil; and it has long since been pointed out that German philosophy has no deep roots in Teutonic literature. Its ground-work must be sought on foreign soil, chiefly that of India.

We are also prone to forget that Christianity itself is an Oriental religion; and, though it contains little philosophy of a formal and systematic kind, it cannot be understood in its primitive significance unless we clothe the teachings of the New Testament in an atmosphere of Oriental thought. Matthew Arnold long ago ably pointed out that Christian dogma is a crystallized distortion of the living Oriental and symbolic teachings of Jesus and Paul, under the harsh literalism of Augustine and the Fathers of the Roman Church. Mozoomdar's "Oriental Christ" has helped many a Western mind to a truer understanding of the Man of Nazareth; and not a few skeptical students have been led to a higher and more sympathetic appreciation of the Christianity of the New Testament by the teachers who have recently come to us from India. I have

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student; but they have said to the Christian, "Be a better Christian," not "Forsake Christianity and become a Hindu."

Our own great teacher—too great to be classified or to have his thought reduced to a rigid system—Ralph Waldo Emerson, was intellectually permeated and saturated with the thought of the Vedânta, in which we may find the key to nearly all that needs interpretation in his writings. His little poem, entitled "Brahma," is the Bhagavad Gitâ in a nut-shell. In his correspondence he states that Carlyle presented him with a copy of the Gitâ in the early days of his literary activity, and no comparative student can doubt that the Oriental philosophy made a lasting impression on his own immortal gift to the intellectual and spiritual life of our Western world. Mr. Charles Malloy,* the ablest living interpreter of Emerson, clearly recognizes the influence of the Vedânta on the thought of the Concord sage, and the value of Oriental studies as an aid to the understanding of Emerson.

We owe also, it seems to me, to our friends from India a most important obligation for restoring the normal, and in the highest sense inalienable, relationship between philosophy and religion, which in our Western speculative schools, under the influence largely of religious prejudices, we have attempted to sunder. This effort to separate philosophy from religion—to carry our intellectual convictions and our emotional instincts, so to speak, in water-tight compartments—has been a pronounced failure. Its evil effects are seen in the gradual lessening of the influence of religion in the life of our Western world, and in the sad divorce of ethical considerations from the affairs of our

friends from the Orient, whether Buddhists, Parsees, or Vedântists, for emphasizing the truth that there can be no real divorce between the intellect, morals, and affections—between ethics and philosophy on the one hand and religion on the other. That religion which is not correlated to a sound philosophy, which does not appeal to the sane and active reason as well as to the normal cravings of the heart, with irresistible power, is fatally defective and cannot be in truth a power unto salvation.

Discrimination is unquestionably necessary as a qualification for the student, quite as much in the investigation of the Western as of the Eastern systems. In my own experience and observation, to one person that makes Orientalism a "fad" and pins his faith, undiscriminatingly, on one or another Oriental teacher, there are ten that make a hopeless, invertebrate "mush" of our modern idealistic systems, using their terminology with no adequate comprehension of its meaning, and basing their theories of life and health on hazy and erroneous notions of the teachings of Berkeley and Fichte that would almost make those virile and clear-headed thinkers turn in their graves in despair at human fatuity and ignorance. The Oriental teachers who are thoroughly grounded in scholarly methods have often imported sanity and reason into the crudeness of our Western metaphysical thought, and thus illuminated the teachings of modern idealism.

In order to cultivate discrimination we must also cultivate that method of exact science and clear thought which alone teaches *how* to discriminate. Too many of our modern speculations are mere substitutes for thought; they furnish no vital grip for the virile and competent mind. The real thinker will avoid sectarian propaganda

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platform of comparative study. In this broad spirit of truth-seeking he will lay the foundations of a fellowship transcending all racial or sectarian names and limitations.

The philosophy of the future must assimilate all that is good and true in the older systems, and blend it with the assured results of modern scientific research. It will owe much to Kant, something to post-Kantian idealism, but more to Herbert Spencer and the scientific doctrine of evolution. It will be just and sympathetic in its study of the Oriental systems, which have much of value as stimulus to the spiritual life.

Curiously enough, many scientific investigators find a closer approximation to the requirements of the scientific and inductive method in the Vedânta and allied systems of Indian thought than in any of the modern German systems.* This is doubtless because the Vedânta was in accord and unison with the science and religion of its day instead of resting on the airy fabric of *a priori* speculation, like some of our modern systems. As presented by able native teachers, it certainly shows a remarkable facility for adaptation to the science of the present day in comparison with the later Occidental systems based on speculative and deductive reasoning. With lucidity and discrimination in dealing with the great problems of philosophy and life, conjoined to a truly scientific method, we may fearlessly press forward in our search for ideal truth, welcoming all the aid that the round world can bring us.

*A student of Vedânta was so struck with the similarity of its teaching with the leading principles of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" that he intimated in a public discussion that Mr. Spencer had borrowed largely from the Indian system. This was brought to Mr. Spencer's notice, and drew from him this naive disclaimer and con-

WOMAN AND THEOLOGY.

BY LURANA W. SHELDON.

Is theology responsible for the slow development of intellect in women—the tardy emancipation of the sex from the oblivion of servility? Is the restraint of the Church the heaviest yoke about her shoulders? Is the *fear* within her reverence the cause in great measure of her timidity? Is "orthodoxy" the handicap of her bravest thoughts—the ogre that guards so viciously the portals of reason and seals the pathway of woman's advancement?

We speak now exclusively of the old-fashioned doctrine that gives eternal harp-playing as a reward for virtue and perpetual burning in a "lake of fire" as the inevitable punishment for every sinner.

There must be some cause more mighty than the physiological one commonly assigned that has held woman back in the path of progress while man has been striding so steadily forward. What barrier to noble achievement obstructs her way? What force, ignoble as it is unjust, still relegates femininity to the rank of slave, to the confines of theological piety, to the ditch of submission? The obligations of her sex—wifehood, motherhood, you say—have necessarily limited her scope of observation; and the burden of her tasks, trivial, menial, and unvaried, have narrowed her comprehension of the arts and sciences and deadened the impulse of ambition within her.

Who or what, we ask, has forced these obligations

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as the possibilities? Were not *all* original instincts alike natural to the human mind, and *all* functions subject alike to development or debasement? Were the demonstrations of matter more important than the phenomena of mind, or both equally subjective to the laws of equanimity and perfection? Who or what commanded the stagnation of her thoughts—the cramping of her understanding into the rut of dogma—and enjoined upon her that reluctant silence in all matters most affecting her mental welfare?

With a brain equaling man's in every detail of construction, no voice but the mighty one of fear and superstition could ever have stilled the cry of woman's soul in its natural trend toward knowledge and progress. With equal inquisitiveness and eagerness of spirit, no power short of the combined forces of earth and heaven could ever have prevented the bonds from bursting and the reveling of her soul in man's first breath of freedom. In woman, as in man, the tendency of Nature was toward evolution—the development of the mental as well as the physical forces; but the inheritance of fear descended upon her like a veil, and the hand of man made sure its fastenings.

Encompassed by the shadows and the gloom of her faith, woman's eyes were only opened in their accustomed darkness. Rebellious members of the sex paused with unspoken doubts upon their lips and purged their souls of this "prompting of Satan." With her first knowledge of Jehovah came the lesson of Eve, and the curse was accepted as a part of her inheritance. Men, because they were first, were the acknowledged leaders, and in their hands all scriptural injunctions regarding women lost no "jot nor tittle" of their original significance.

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another sphere—too intent upon obeying to dream of rebelling. Between the "fear of God" and the lures of the "Devil," that was a precarious path their feet were treading; but the shadow of the Church was sacred ground—to this haven alone Satan dared not follow. With the tenacity of the helpless they clung to their faith. With the fierceness of ignorance they repulsed new doctrines. The emancipation of a husband made the wife more devout, for now it was her duty to "reclaim the sinner." To her the message of the Good Book was "Obey!" To "be fruitful" and to "fear God" completed her education. She did not question what theology had achieved, or what had been accomplished in the world without it. The exaltation of pious fervor was her one reward—the uncertainty of the hereafter her incentive to duty. And the seeds of her obedience brought forth a bountiful harvest, with a mother's piety shining from every blossom.

But the doubts were there—inherited from the father: a blessed inheritance, for in its wake rode Freedom!

With the handicap of superstition, man had been powerless indeed to solve the problems of Nature. With the flames of the "fire unquenchable" glinting ever before his eyes, there was blindness and depression that his will could not conquer. But with the awakening of wisdom, life grew brighter and better—behind the clouds of misunderstanding shone the sun of revelation.

In these pleasanter paths, however, man chose no companion; to his mind, as yet, woman belonged to religion. Through his duties as protector he had developed idolatry, and, in the attitude of devotion, all women were adorable. The remnants of superstition were not easily banished;

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was more natural, more healthful, and far more ambitious. From worshiping a Being that he could not understand, he fell to adoring the tangible—Music, Beauty, Intelligence.

The theory of commingled love and fear had become unthinkable to the soul of wisdom. The opposing attributes of justice and mercy were discovered to be impossible through the logic of reason; yet woman clung to the mysteries of her faith, and the element of fear worked a spell that bound her. Even when her doubts took root there was no abatement of her habits. She prayed as frequently, if not as fervently. Knowledge was too forceful and wisdom too unveiled to find ready acceptance in a mind accustomed to allegories. The mesmerism of fear had stilled the germs of reason. In the soil of self-immolation ambition flourished but slowly.

The ceremony of the Church was her only recreation—the society of the sacred edifice her only field of opportunity. Beneath the dim lights and shadows of the holy place, strange fancies nestled in her tender bosom. The voice of music thrilled her weary soul, but for its ecstasy she had no explanation. Through the incense of superstition, truth showed distorted outlines to her eyes; and the whisper of reason brought little meaning to the ear that listened unceasingly for the "gnashing of teeth" among the sinners who dwelt in that "outer darkness."

When men had forsaken the God of their fathers, women still clung tenaciously to the religion of their mothers. When men lost interest in church ceremonies and responsibilities, women forced them to continue the burden of maintenance. When men declared their contempt of dogma and creed, women argued eloquently for

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When women *did* broaden, however, they broadened the Church. They would not forsake it—they carried it with them. What man might have forsworn in its entirety, the devotion of women reorganized and regarnished. What the unbeliever might have discarded as wholly evil, the hand of constancy and patience pruned and beautified in great measure.

But is the yoke of subservience not still upon women's shoulders, resting no whit less heavily for all their labors? In their acceptance of church tenets is there not yet servility—the bondage of scriptural injunction with man's seal upon it? When in the struggle for enlightenment woman has succeeded in sufficient numbers, will not the Church and its requirements be made but a means to an end—the accomplishment of all that is included in prosperity?

OVER and over again the old truth comes back to us that no man is good for much until he has suffered a great sorrow. The baptism of pain is one of the instrumentalities for purging away the dross of our nature and making us fit to be partakers of the inheritance of light. Not those who have escaped the fiery trial, but those who have gone through it and come out unhurt and glorified, are to be envied. If we have the right stuff in us we shall be helped and not harmed by these seeming calamities.—*Duluth Tribune.*

AS ALL things come from the same Source, containing the primordial substance of all things, they are all intimately related and connected with one another, and are essentially and fundamentally a unit. Any difference existing between two dissimilar things arises only from a difference in the forms in which the primordial

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STYLE IS THE THOUGHT ITSELF.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Coleridge said that language cannot express certain metaphysical ideas; therefore, that clearness of style in a metaphysical treatise is *prima facie* evidence of superficiality. It is a curious fallacy that any idea worth having cannot be expressed in language. Certainly the clearness of Dugald Stewart, one of the ablest of metaphysicians, tends to show how fallacious is this notion. The story is told of a German philosopher who revised a chapter of his work on the discovery that it was intelligible to a party of friends to whom he read it.

It may be said that some writers do not succeed in making themselves understood because they do not really understand themselves. Few diplomats, it may be thought, comprehend the language of diplomacy; and it is never understood by the masses, who have ceased to look for any precise meaning in state-papers on controverted questions, and indeed rarely read them. Napoleon was the only statesman that did not speak the diplomatic tongue; hence, all foreign diplomatists were puzzled to understand him.

Clearness of style, of course, springs from clearness of thought. Almost every great thinker is the master of an adequate style. Even Carlyle, notably in his "Life of Sterling," has shown himself capable of using a vehicle

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no finer bit of prose writing in the language than the description in his "Cromwell" of the eve of the battle of Dunbar; nor is any one of his works wholly devoid of similar signal triumphs over the natural perversity of his style.

Yet most great thinkers have possessed a style notable for its clearness. The English of Bunyan could scarcely be improved upon by the modern student of style, after the language has been so gloriously enriched by centuries of additions to its strength and sinuosity. The tremendous elemental conviction of the man found expression commensurate with its plan and purpose. And so it is that, where a thought is well conceived and its details well defined, the style will partake of the orderliness of the thought. In the hands of a skilful military tactician the troops under his command, in the confidence that inspires them, will unconsciously become the subjects of a higher law of discipline than can often be imposed from without.

Herbert Spencer, with his usual desire to give philosophic completeness to a theory, has sought to base all rhetoric upon mental economy. While this theory has plausibility to recommend it, the defense of the thesis has the defects of much of Mr. Spencer's reasoning. The qualities of style, so closely interwoven as they are with the immaterial fabric of thought—so much a spiritual emanation of the man himself—cannot be reduced to the cut-and-dried mental processes of the grammarian. There are some things not reducible to scientific formulæ. To apply the scientific method to style is an evidence of

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rules or indicate a few principles; all the rest is art, imagination, and the thought itself. In other words, the hidden principles of style are spiritually assimilated by the writer in the degree that his genius is of the vital and enduring type. These principles cannot be reached by study and observation. As they are a part of thought, they apparel language with a manner and mode that we recognize like the countenance of an old friend. Between the high thought of Shakespeare and the high thought of many of his contemporaries, is not the difference of style the only distinguishing difference? Thus it is that the study of literary models and the observance of literary canons are by no means imperative conditions of good writing. Words hot from the emotions, and uttered with due regard to simplicity of meaning, are apt to surpass in purity as well as in effectiveness the finest literary models.

Every expression that appeals to the reader with especial force does so because of some mental law with which the order of such expression harmonizes. Conventional usage does not explain such effects, since the arrangement of expression may be wholly opposed thereto. There is no right and wrong in style. These distinctions belong not to style, but to grammar. Style has no laws beyond a few principles of good taste. It is like dress. We say a man is well dressed, but the man that is not well dressed may not, after all, be ill attired. A style may be noticeably sloven, as dress may be; but between the infinite gradations of taste there may be few examples conspicuous by reason of unredeemed badness.

Style is the thought itself. No one would to-day write history in the careless style of Allison, because hardly

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mon and universal, the style is the principal thing. We cannot divorce the style from the thought of a great writer, because the style *is* the thought; and this is true of all writing outside of the accountant's ledger and the police reports. In the cameo perfection of his sentences lies the secret of the effectiveness of that artist-lapidary in language, Robert Louis Stevenson. Try to part *his* thought from his style. Or take Emerson, whose laconicisms are said to have been a blot on his work, which they were not, because his thought was in laconicisms—his thinking a perpetual staccato. The precision of Macaulay's prose was the precision of his thought. His style could not help being precise. Spencer has a funny idea that we should avoid making our sentences too perfect and thus become fatiguing, as Pope and Bacon were. No one but a prig needs such an admonition, and the prig will not profit by it. Spencer's advice arises, however, from the error of supposing that there is a right and wrong in style—a true and false rule of style, as there are true and false rules of syntax.

No author possessing what is called *style*—something of his own by right—fails to become a man of consequence. He may not be destined to produce any even moderately lasting achievement; but if he have an individual quality of speech, he is sufficiently endowed to deserve careful watching. In him crudity and a low literary ideal may be temporarily overlooked—all for the sake of that distinctive individuality of utterance which is the very thought itself.

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MAN:

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"I have seen gleams in the face and eyes of the man that have let you look into a higher country."—*Carlyle.*

Everything worth knowing in this world relates itself in some way to *man.* Everything in the outer world of visibility corresponds to something in man's inner world of thought; therefore, we apprehend that the relations existing without and within are in reality one and the same. One is but the external expression, or clothing, of the other.

St. Paul says there is a natural man and a spiritual man—first, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. Now, the word *natural* fails to convey his full meaning. The translators did not give the true English equivalent, which is *animal.* We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that God created man in His own image and likeness. If that is true, was Paul at fault when he said?—"That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." Viewed from one standpoint, the apostle's statement is seemingly contradictory; but from another we realize that his meaning was that the spiritual man is *in*volved while the natural (physical) man is *e*volved. What does this suggest? Take a sheet of paper and roll

right at the starting-point. Now, what would be the *first* thing to appear on this physical plane of existence? Naturally, the very *last* thing to be involved—expression. And so we find first on the earth the physical, or animal man. Evolution continuing, next comes the intellectual development of man; and lastly the spiritual.

It is not so many years ago that men ate raw meat—that they lived almost without clothing, in caves, and watched their opportunity to pounce upon and kill animals to obtain subsistence. At first, man lived on wild vegetation and animal food. Later came the cultivation of the soil; and thenceforward we may follow man's progress in the pages of history. Everything tends from a lower to a higher state, and modern science teaches that the highest ape and the lowest man are not nearly so far apart in development as the lowest and the highest ape. When we study the early history of man, we find him to be little more than an animal; and even to-day we find all the varying stages from the animal up to the spiritual man. We also discover that the tendency of the whole world is ever upward and onward.

As man develops, there comes to him the idea that there must be something to worship—something greater than himself, to which he must look with a sense either of reverence or fear. In the earliest ages, the gods (for there were many deities) were either good or evil; for man judged that when an effect seemed to be of an injurious nature there was an evil cause behind it; and whenever there was anything beneficial there was a power for good back of it. As time went on, the gods became less numerous; and at last to some people came the thought of only two gods—the god of good and the god

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give to the people, at certain stages, new light, so that they might advance in intelligence. Even before the Jews became a nation, we find Abraham advocating one God, and standing almost alone for this unitary principle; hence the children of Israel always dated events back to their "Father Abraham." Thus also they spoke of "the God of Abraham." With Moses came the thought of Law —law as ruling both the universe and the will of man.

It was most essential that these great teachers should appear. They were as truly "sent of God" as was Jesus. They were veritable prophets: forerunners of greater events—the ideals to which men should seek attainment. Throughout the ages, when there was a need a great teacher supplied it. When people became divided into nations, the thoughts of one nation were not those of another; and so their ideas were often radically different. The religion of the Semitic people—from whom the Jewish nation sprang—was grand, yet gloomy. They were a warlike people, and their deity, in the first stage of their evolution, was likewise warlike—a god who would take revenge by commanding them to destroy men, women, and children. There is very little in the Old Testament of a spiritual character, save portions of the Psalms and some passages in Isaiah. There is scarcely anything said of immortality. Yet all these stages through which the children of Israel passed were necessary. The religion of the great Aryan race was quite different; for it was a religion of brightness and hope.

The different world-teachers came primarily to supply the needs of their respective peoples. We are too apt to conclude that this world had only *one* great teacher, "sent of God," and that the others were but ordinary men. God knows best the needs of all his children, and will supply

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receive according to their special trend. Now, if we can realize that Abraham, Isaiah, Confucius, Zoroaster (Zarathustra), Socrates, and Plato were alike prophets of God, we will be more tolerant of other people's beliefs. The early Christians referred to Socrates as "the Christian before Christ." Whatever good we see in these leaders of men, or in the teachings of Christ, we may find in other great teachers. They have taught the same things; therefore, we know them to be good. If God gave the truth to one, he gave it to others. It may be expressed in many ways, but it is essentially the same, whether uttered by Buddha or by Jesus. All truth is from God.

All these leaders of thought stood as ideals for men. Man realizes higher conceptions through approaching these different ideals; therefore, we find Jesus saying, "If I had not come, ye had not sinned." Does any one suppose that Jesus brought sin into the world? No; but why did he make the above statement? Simply because he manifested a higher ideal than the world had received before; and lack of conformity thereto constituted sin. This sense of sin in man is not something outside of himself. Two persons may do the same thing, but in one case it may be a greater sin than in the other. It is difference in the underlying *motive* that makes a sin greater in one case than in another. One knowing the Will of the Highest, and not doing it, will suffer more punishment—more unrest of mind—than another who knows and thus performs but little.

Throughout the ages great teachers have advocated certain great principles, or truths, that were given to the people just as rapidly as individual minds became capable

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stand them, would we not follow them more closely? Concerning those truths that he deemed most essential we are most negligent. All of us, at times, have been anxious about something—worried, or fearful. Do we realize that Jesus told us to "take no thought for the morrow?" It seems a small matter; yet he attached great importance to it—so much, in fact, that in substance he reiterated it. He meant, not that we were to shirk our duties, but that whatsoever our hands findeth to do we should do it with our might—that, however, we should not be doing in our minds to-day the things we are to do to-morrow with our hands. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said Jesus; that is, if we use our God-given forces aright to-day, we will have no trouble to-morrow. On this seemingly small matter hang all the great things of life. It is not possible to keep the mind clear and the body well so long as we indulge in anxious, worried thought. Our belief in the things that Jesus taught is usually half-hearted. We prefer to follow certain prescribed rules and forms than to obey the laws that he enjoined upon the race.

At present the world has no need of "great teachers." If we would live up to even one-quarter of the lessons taught by the great leaders of the past, it would be better for us; yet times have radically changed. The teachers of former ages (and there were many) were more conspicuous than they could possibly be in the present era. The people of those times were not capable of knowing half of that which is to-day common knowledge; and while, if we except Mahomet, no great teachers have come to the world in the past fifteen hundred years, yet there

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grasped the true thought concerning the teachings of Jesus, or of Buddha. Little by little we are advancing along those lines; yet both these teachers inculcated the non-resistance of evil—and when a person wrongs us in any way our first impulse is resentment. Jesus, realizing that all force and all life are one, saw that the good of life could be brought about most effectually by working *with* the force of life. Every form on this earth manifests the power of God; but, if the different forms are continually clashing, we have the "good" and the "evil." Man never succeeded in making any one better in this world through retaliation or any form of punishment. The only power in the universe that will overcome evil conditions is the power of God, which works for good at all times and in all places. The only thing that will overcome the darkness of the world is *light*. If we could realize also that evil must be overcome by good, we would begin to know more of heaven on earth. When we stop *fighting* evil, and work with all the forces that make for good alone, evil will be no more.

Many persons assert that a time must come in the life of man when he will lay aside the form and will cease to be. They are not able to see that things have been gradually working in the outer world from the protoplasm upward to man; and that something has entered the human soul —a longing, a reaching out, a realization that man is something more than he seems to be—that points to a reality beyond. We know that, as man goes through life, no matter what subject he investigates, the more he studies the more he finds to be discovered. If he lived to be ten thousand years old he would never be able to

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Again, when we consider that it is not possible for one material atom to be destroyed, or for one particle of force in God's universe to become lost, do not such facts point to the immortality of the soul? Do they not suggest that something lies beyond? · Why should this great longing enter the soul of man for something that he feels must exist? Everything in Nature really points to the immortality of life and intelligence. True, the form passes away; but its elements are not lost—they soon reappear in a new guise. The time will yet come when people will realize that the soul is of chief importance, not the physical body; when people will talk about the development of their souls, not their bodies, as is the present custom. If we were to give the same attention to our spiritual nature that we give to our physical states, we would be infinitely better off; but the form seems to engross our whole attention—the body is of more importance than the spirit.

We affirm our belief that man *has* a soul; but we must reach the point of knowing that man *is* a soul. Then we shall find that the body, to which we have given so much attention in the past, really requires no thought. It will be strong and whole because it will express the wholeness of the soul-life. This may seem visionary, or of remote fulfilment; but it need not be. We can make it a living reality in the present. Each and every soul can prove the truth of these things, for it is not a matter of time; it is a question of realizing the power of God as an indwelling Force in one's own being. Some say: "Well, I believe that to be true; I believe many people are realizing that *fact*: but I do not think it is for me." They are quite right; it is not for them while they think that way. But just as soon as they begin to think that it *is* for them, and

the laws of being may be well, strong, and whole through the power of God latent within it—then it is just as much for them as for others. One does not receive this power by proxy. He must realize it for himself. Another may tell about it and point out the path; but if one would know all about it he must walk therein.

A great many people would like others to assist them through life—to make the way as easy and as pleasant as possible; but it is not in that manner that a knowledge of truth may be obtained. We must work out our own salvation. We must individually develop a knowledge of this power that God has implanted in our being. Let us try to realize the importance of life—that we are not here simply to have a "good time," to accumulate money, or to get certain honors from our fellow-men. Let us learn that there is something of far greater importance to us—the development of our own God-given powers. There is nothing on earth that can mean so much to us as that. It fits us to deal with life here: it will fit us to deal with life hereafter.

IT does not take long for one to discover that ideas are totally migrant and transient, belonging no more to one individual than to another. Fancifully speaking, they drop out of the air, and build their aeries and raise their broods wherever the conditions of habitat are satisfied. It is clear that we must make haste to utter our thoughts, or we shall be anticipated by some one else; after which all effort on our part will be unreasonable and superfluous.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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PROGRESS THROUGH REINCARNATION.

BY HESSAY W. GRAVES.

Disengaged from the vulgar superstition of transmigration through animal forms, the ancient idea of Reincarnation has never been absent from the mind of the human race. Even during recent centuries and in Western lands, despite the ban of the Church, this doctrine has held the minds of many of the most brilliant representatives of philosophy and poetry alike. And at the present time one can point to such exalted minds as Wordsworth and Emerson, Schopenhauer and Maeterlinck, in confirmation of the fact that this idea has held sway even in the midst of modern materialism, with its concomitants, pessimism and despair.

The appeal to authority, however inconclusive it must be to the independent thinker, might be made with surprising results throughout the length and breadth of Western literature and in the midst of the triumphs of a science almost wholly materialistic. There must be some virility in an idea that succumbs to no onslaughts from theology or from official science, and that indeed raises its head in this age of negation and possesses the minds of men with irresistible power.

Turning, however, from any mere appeal to authority, great as it may be, one can find any amount of support for the doctrine of Reincarnation in quite other fields. Consider, for instance, the universally accepted scientific

of Law. We believe that this is indeed a *Uni*verse—*one* in its every part. To be consistent, then, we must also believe that this law of causation is universal—that it reigns, not only on the lowest physical and objective plane, but uniformly on every plane of Nature.

We must hold that the thoughts of a lifetime are conserved as real forces—that they are assigned a due place in the economy of Nature. Now, it is axiomatic that any given force tends to return upon its center; that in the reëstablishment of equilibrium the waves of disturbance return upon themselves; and that effluence and refluence are essentially rhythmical and cyclic in their nature. Looking at the constitution of man in the light of this illustration, a close analogy may be traced.

The brain is a constant generator of force, which we know is conserved. It must have its field of manifestation somewhere. We know also that mind and brain stand in the relation of harper and harp. We are justified, therefore, in concluding that the causes set up by thinking during physical life persist; that the thinking principle transcends its material vehicle of expression; and that there must be a world of effects in which such causes express themselves when they retire from our view. In this oscillation of the ego, or thinking principle, between the objective and subjective states of consciousness, the rhythm of Nature is maintained.

Ethical considerations also may be pointed to in confirmation of the doctrine of Reincarnation. It is evident that the painful inequalities of human lot are susceptible of no clear and just solution on the one-life theory. A

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its ends by every thought and act of mortal life, and living ever in an environment that conforms to its own nature and deserts. Such a concept of human evolution gives scope for infinitely varied experience, for perfect adjustment of the complex relations of earth life on a basis of pure justice, and for eternal progression—which alone can meet the demands of a being in its own nature eternal.

It is very evident that one brief mortal life, occupied largely by infancy and sleep, can afford but scant opportunity for the acquirement of a rounded, harmonious, and complete development—psychic, mental, and spiritual. Life teems with mystery even for the wisest of men. Proud science confessedly knows nothing of the ultimate nature of matter; psychology, nothing of the real nature of soul. Can theology demonstrate the deep identical basis of science and religion?

Age after age must the soul return and explore the manifold mysteries of this septenary earth, and experience the almost endless diversities of human lot. Who shall limit its powers? It is not to be measured by the capacities of any mortal brain; for in its march across the æons it has builded and discarded many such, hoarding the experiences and distilling as essence so much of higher wisdom. To those who urge the objection from memory, it might well be said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Each perishing tabernacle has yielded up its archives to the triumphant spirit within; and, if one would view the forgotten past, he must rise to those mountain-heights of experience wherefrom alone that view is to be gained.

Every world-scripture bears testimony to the truth of Reincarnation. The disciples asked Jesus: "Master, who

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Master said: "Whom do men say that I am?"—well knowing that the people were expecting one of the old prophets to appear. How, indeed, could any prophet's appearance be possible save as the ripe result of an age-long evolution in which man's spiritual majority had been attained? To subjugate self, to rule the forces of Nature, to explore the past, to forecast the future, to sweep full wide the vast round of the soul's unfoldment—what millenniums must contribute!

Summing up in the most liberal terms the achievements of Western thought concerning this phase of Nature's method of evolutionary development, it must still be conceded that the Orientals are the arch-thinkers along this (as along many another) metaphysical line. They apply the doctrine of Reëmbodiment not only to humanity, but to the whole animate creation; and, in saying this, one is indeed well within the mark. They affirm that for the purposes of soul alone the universe exists; they see in every sentient form that soul striving upward, from the dim beginnings of a consciousness that knows not itself to the clear, intuitive self-perception that illumines the mind of an Emerson or a Shakespeare. Modern students can find no better or more luminous statement of this tenet than is given in the profoundly spiritual and indeed unsurpassable lines of the Bhagavad Gitâ:

"Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living.

"As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same.

"One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass.

"The senses, moving toward their appropriate objects, are producers of heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are brief and changeable: these do thou endure.

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for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists.

"By those who see the truth and look into the principles of things, the ultimate characteristic of these both is seen. Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of It, which is inexhaustible. These finite bodies, which envelop the souls inhabiting them, are said to belong to Him—the eternal, the indestructible, unprovable Spirit, who is in the body. . . . The man that believeth that it is this Spirit which killeth, and he that thinketh that it may be destroyed, are both alike deceived; for it neither killeth nor is killed.

"It is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been,' 'It is about to be,' or 'It is to be hereafter;' for it is without birth and meeteth not death; it is ancient, constant, and eternal, and is not slain when this its mortal frame is destroyed.

"How can the man that believeth that it is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible, and without birth, think that it can either kill or cause to be killed?

"As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others that are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable, and unalterable; therefore, knowing it to be thus, thou shouldst not grieve. . . . ."

If man knew the beauties of the spiritual world by which he is surrounded, and which he may see when he awakens from the dream of external life by becoming self-conscious in the spirit, his interest in the affairs of this mundane existence would be diminished to a considerable extent. Such knowledge, however, is only attainable to those who are capable of entering the interior state, and has nothing to do with the dreams of the visionary who revels among the products of his own fancy.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

God, from the beginning of the world, has created all things holy and pure, and they need not be consecrated by man. God is himself

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THE ART OF CONCENTRATION.*

BY M. E. CARTER.

(*Part I.*)

In his essay on "Power," Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Success goes invariably with a certain plus or positive power." And there are "two economies" requisite to insure power and success. The first is "the stopping off decisively our miscellaneous activity and concentrating our force on one or a few points: as the gardener, by severe pruning, forces the sap of the tree into one or two vigorous buds, instead of suffering it to spindle into a sheaf of twigs." Again, he says:

"The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation: and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine . . . All are distractions, which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. 'Tis a step out of a chalk-line of imbecility into fruitfulness. Many any artist, lacking this, lacks all; he sees the masculine Angelo or Cellini with despair. He, too, is up to Nature and the First Cause in his thought. But the spasm to collect and swing his whole being into one act, he has not. . . Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

"One of the high anecdotes of the world is the reply of Newton to the inquiry as to how he had been able to achieve his discoveries: 'By always intending my mind.'"

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There is no "royal road" to concentration. This is

realized by all who have made any serious attempt to govern their mental activities. It requires individual and faithful practise to rule our thinking. Another may point out methods by which concentration may be made possible, but each one must do the work and gain the power for himself through steadfast effort. The multi-millionaire and the veriest beggar stand side by side in this. No money can purchase the power, and nothing outside of ourselves can deprive us of it when once it is gained. Here there can be no "trusts," no "monopolies," and no "cornering."

The ultimate objects of concentration may be classed under four heads: (1) To gain mental strength; (2) to generate thought; (3) to progress spiritually; and (4) concentration has a special bearing upon the development of character. To prepare the *will* to unfold and develop the *soul* is an ultimate aim of this faculty. Concentration leads to meditation, which is a certain intensity of the mentality that is calculated to bring out latent activities —to make the latent patent.

There is a distinction between the activity of the mentality and that of the will. Will is the working factor of the conscious entity. There is also a decided difference between mental activity and will power. One may be thinking without bringing out latent powers, as, for instance, in a revery, or what we term a "fit of abstraction." Character, either good or bad, is formed when will power begins. We should acquire control over our mental actions through the conscious direction of will power, which must indeed control all other faculties as well; for "will power is a soul activity." "Willing" is defined by

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edge; (2) right belief in our knowledge; (3) right action, or practise of life; and (4) mastery over desires. Some additional capital is also necessary to concentration—some *knowledge* of the subject chosen to dwell upon. Simply reiterating, mentally, any chosen word or phrase, however pregnant it may be with meaning, is not concentration.

Suppose a person decides to concentrate upon something of which he knows nothing except a word or a phrase—the result will be a blank; for there will be nothing to keep the thought steady or to hold it focalized. If, for instance, I take a foreign fruit of which I only know the name—one that I have never seen, nor even heard described. I may repeat the name over and over and it will profit me nothing. Or, I may say, "Love, love, love!" or "God is love!"—it will not be concentration, and I shall generate no thought by so doing. There must be a seed-thought of definite form in my mentality, and around that I must concentrate all that I know about it, arranging this knowledge in an orderly manner through meditation. Thus I shall be enabled to generate more thought upon it, or to gain further knowledge—evolve the subject.

Mr. Gandhi tells a story of a boy in India whose father wished to have him learn to concentrate, and who took him to a spiritual teacher for that purpose. The teacher, however well he might have been able himself to concentrate, had not the faculty of imparting his method; hence, he simply told the boy to attend his next lecture and pay strict attention to what he heard, and not remove his eyes from him while he was speaking. The youth obeyed, and [illegible] After it

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"Oh, yes; I observed that while you were speaking the bone in your throat moved nearly two hundred times." This was all that had impressed the youth because of his lack of knowledge of the subject of the discourse to which he had been obliged to listen.

All real power of concentration comes through our being able to analyze our process of mentation. Individual knowledge of our subject is therefore necessary to carry on the mental processes of concentration and meditation. It is a "mental deception" when we, having no definite knowledge of a subject, undertake to concentrate upon it. There must be both knowledge of and interest in the topic. Interest comes only when we have knowledge of it. Concentration is only possible when a definite relation can be established between the person and the thing or subject to be dwelt upon. Conviction regarding our knowledge is also essential. This is "right belief" therein. There is a vast difference between knowledge and information. Many have information concerning subjects upon which they have no convictions—in which they do not even believe; again, others know a great deal about matters upon which they may have received very little information. We increase our knowledge through right use of our information.

Both in and out of the modern pulpit, there are ministers and other teachers who are fully informed upon doctrines and dogmas about which they preach and teach without believing in them to any great extent. They are lacking in "right belief." "Predestination," the "fall of man," and "vicarious atonement" may be cited as in-

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lives and acts in accordance with the degree of knowledge or information possessed. Hence, if we would concentrate we must have "right belief" in our subject; also, right action of life in accordance with our belief. There is no use in preaching "vicarious atonement" when we ourselves are not willing to make any sacrifices for others.

Mastery of our *desires* is another necessity to concentration. When we satisfy or become subject to our desires, they rule us. The thought of a habit that we gratify will distract us at the time of concentration. A smoker, for instance, may want his cigar, and thus become distracted. A woman of society, or one devoted to "dress," will find her thought wandering to some of these trivialities; so that in these and similar instances the mental activities will become absorbed in something foreign to the subject chosen for meditation.

No man undertakes to carry on a business without financial capital, which he seeks to invest in a way that will be most likely to yield the largest profits. Just as necessary for the purpose of concentration is a certain kind of knowledge that we may also name "capital."

"There are five ways of *mis*directing concentration: (1) Concentrating to seek pleasure; (2) concentrating to avoid things that are unpleasant from our point of view; (3) concentrating upon disease; (4) building air-castles through our false ideas of life; and (5) violent concentration, such as seeking to harm or get the better of others." Our present-day "trusts" and monopolies are examples of the fifth method. There are many causes leading to "misdirected concentration:" and analysis of the subject will

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lines and raises our vibrations above the network. Concentration is a focusing of all our lines of energy in one direction. Defined by Mr. Gandhi, "It is a steady action of the mind, which should be always followed by meditation, which is a *one-pointed* mental action."

In arranging for concentration, a beginner should be careful about the choice of place and time; for a certain posture must be observed by all. The place for one not well versed in concentration should not be one resorted to by a variety of persons; so far as possible, it should be private to the individual, on account of the "network of vibrations" that a novice cannot so readily neutralize. The best time is between five and seven o'clock in the morning. All surrounding conditions are then quiet, and the creative forces within are more easily transmuted into spiritual force. In other words, one can then more readily raise his vibrations.

There is no fixed rule regarding posture, except that the head and spine must be erect and in line. If sitting in a chair, one must not lean back. Never permit the shoulders to touch the chair-back. No tight clothes should be worn by one who would concentrate, for the breathing must be "full and deep." This is impossible without freedom for all the organs of respiration.

Weak-minded persons allow thought-currents and vibrations from others to rush in upon and distract them. Such persons cannot concentrate until they learn to rule, instead of being ruled by, conditions.

Any thought-activity is misdirected that will not tend to further the "three objects of concentration: mental strength, generation of thought, and spiritual progress."

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unsteadiness. This is when we are deciding upon the subject for and the manner of concentration, when we are preparing to enter into a "steady and one-pointed mental action," and again when we are emerging from the process.

We all have what may be termed an "axis of mentality"; and to that we shall revert over and over again when any subject foreign to it is presented for consideration. Talk about spiritual matters to the man whose mentality revolves upon a money-making business "axis," and he will not be able to follow you. The thoughts you present will find no entrance to his realm of thought and no center of activity upon which to revolve. He will scarcely hear you, and certainly will not heed you.

Any one, by persistent effort of the will, may establish a new "axis" of mental action; and we all may and should make *divine love* our axis of mentality through cultivating the will to do so. If we would develop character and unfold soul powers, love must form our principal axis of thought—love to all living beings, indeed to all life in the boundless universe.

(*To be continued.*)

SPEECH, whether by written or by spoken word, is too crude and slow to keep pace with the needs of the now swiftly ascending mind. The mind is feeling about already for more perfect forms of human intercourse than telegraphed or telephoned words. However little we know of it—however little we believe it—telepathy, theoretically, is the next stage in the evolution of language. —*Professor Henry Drummond.*

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FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

IX.

"Thou shalt not steal."

Accurately to place the moral meaning embodied in the command, "Thou shalt not steal," it is essential positively to know what stealing is. To this determination we must first fix the true boundaries between mine and thine, define clearly the meaning of property, and declare what the Moral Purpose of the Universe requires us to yield to in order that we may obey, not only the fiat of Moses, but the universal principle of *justice* between man and man.

When Columbus and his followers came to the virgin Antilles they found the natives living in an almost purely idyllic state. The forest abounded, it is true, with thorns and thistles, but also with many fruits; and spontaneously the savannahs brought forth food fit and delicious, to be found without hardship and gathered without toil. The whole land was a new Eden. Washington Irving says: "Their kindness and gratitude could not be exceeded, and the march was continually retarded by the hospitality of the villages through which it passed. Such was the frank communion among these people that the Indians who accompanied the army entered without ceremony into the houses, helping themselves to anything of which they

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of the few that were punished among them with great severity. The untutored savage in almost every part of the world scorns to make a traffic of hospitality."

At the United States Military Academy the cadets claim and enjoy practically common rights of ownership in very many of the necessities and even luxuries of their somewhat narrow round of existence. Classmates are privileged to enter one another's quarters and appropriate to their own use such things as they need—collars, cuffs, white trousers, writing-materials, tobacco; in fact, anything not a strictly personal belonging. An instinct quickly develops among the newly appointed "plebes" as to what is and what is not personal: the test for the latter—so far as instinct can be said to have or need a test—being that the things shareable shall be things replaceable. Yet woe to him that would touch anything, even a few sheets of writing-paper, under circumstances that would suggest dissimulation, evasion, or concealment! The distinction is made without effort, and the penalty visited without mercy.

West Point has no room for a liar or a thief. In the year 1863 a cadet, one of the most popular in his class, was expelled without form or ceremony—"dropped as a deserter" because he took from the room of another a few envelopes, which in fact he could have had for the asking. The crime was not in the act, but in the method—not in itself, but in the motive; it was a crime, not against the owner, but against the associated ownership, the community—"society."

Surely if this principle of common property can be practised in states so widely different—the virgin islands of the Haytian seas and the academic seclusion on the

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to despair or want and starved nearly to death, a wretch is morally bound to respect the superfluous property of others. No; not because of his need, or even of his necessity, but because of his *right*. There is no such thing as "superfluous" property; only that is property which is not superfluous. The world owes the famishing food, the lame a crutch, the blind a dog—to each his due measure of aid, to all the "glad hand" of help.

Communities have been formed from time to time whose endeavor has been to renovate society—to found upon a small scale new Arcadias. Wherever the foundations of such societies have been built upon the underlying principles that bind men together; wherever two or three were gathered together in the name of some one universal principle (by whatever name called) that was felt to be a religion—that community has prospered. But a reform that strove against the slow-moving current of political emancipation; a reform that, for the benefit of the many, ignored the rights of the few; a reform that exalted the powers of the State at the expense of the just liberties of the individual—has always come to disaster. Reform must begin with the person. If humanity is to be raised to its full powers of perfection, that perfection must in the ultimate nature of things first become incarnate in the *man*.

As it is in the universe, so it should be in society: true principles administered by true personalities determine truth. Fixity of principle, flexibility of adaptation: this is the sacred order—a standard of right action culminating in a pure system, a system so competent, so all-pervading, so inevitable as to compel acquiescence in its justice, its efficiency, and its force.

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The ancient order of society, replacing the primitive

tration this endured till, not so very long ago, there was a sudden expansion of privilege. Some of the enslaved struggled up and grasped a portion of prerogative. In France, while Charcoal and Sulphur were so supine and indifferent as to possibilities, the Nitre woke to a knowledge of his powers: the fuse, the match, the explosion, the French Revolution. And it was the same in England, where, as Carlyle says, when the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold it struck a chill to the heart of universal flunkydom. Since then the ingredients have been collecting again; the forests have grown for the slow combustion; the volcanoes have seethed their yellow element; and the natron-beds, be sure, have not been idle. Society to-day is once more in a condition of gunpowder.

Trades-unions have done something to put off the hour when the competitive system shall come to a final gasp—something, but not much; Karl Marx and Bellamy have perhaps done more; and the phrase, "Property is robbery," most of all. To claim too much, or in the wrong way, or of the wrong sort, is ever to vitiate, more or less, all claims. Do not be deceived or beguiled into silence, forgetfulness, or ignorance of portents. We are rapidly building up a capitalistic feudality—far faster than the old baronial was built up—society rushing onward as a stone moves downward, with uniformly accelerated velocity. There are the department stores and the countless "trusts," combines, and consolidations. The railways, from continental to municipal; the coal-fields, gas, electricity, express—where do you not find the process going on, or already achieved? And worst of all, it is so "beneficent"—the consumer finds everything so much cheaper because of the concentration! How dextrous of the concentrators! Never could the "trust" prosper unless it could be shown

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the franchises they have abandoned to the few. They will then ask themselves, Why should these profits go in the shape of dividends to proprietors and not to us, the people? The question has but one legitimate answer.

The fiction of a metallic basis for money is as potent for fraud, for the robbery of our birthrights, as the fiction of a fabulous basis for morality. A gold basis is robbery; a silver basis is robbery; a bimetallic (or any metallic) basis is robbery. On the other hand, "fiat" money is as delusive, unjust, and unnecessary as "fiat" morals. The postage stamp has no metallic foundation; its sole basis is a certain kind of *service* performed by the State for the people. If a stamp of the value of two cents can take a letter from New York to St. Paul, another stamp for a larger sum can bring to New York a thousand barrels of flour. The true basis of a circulating medium is not metal, but service. That alone is just and sound money.

The sole legitimate function of government, as such, is the preservation of order—of peace, by peaceful means if possible, but by force if necessary—with other nations, or among our own citizens and communities. In the course of time other functions have been achieved by or thrust upon the State. The War Department and the Navy, the Treasury and the administration of Justice—these are all incidental to the main purpose: order, to preserve or to defend. But with the Patent Office and the Post Office, the Bureau of Labor and the Department of Agriculture, it is altogether different: these are clear usurpations. The post office is the best example of a right inherent in the people, filched from the people, and yet adopted, accepted, and beloved by them. With almost one accord they agree to divest themselves of an individual right and delegate it to the community for the sake of a

be under a system of free competition, is dear, even extortionate. In New York, a transportation company that could get the monopoly of letter carriage within municipal limits at the rate of a mill an ounce would speedily acquire wealth; but, if competition prevailed throughout the country, it might and doubtless would cost dollars rather than cents to transport a letter from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

Whatever arguments may be deduced from the facts, it is certain that the State has arbitrarily seized upon this one business, claimed a monopoly, and enforced it. Let those who fear the specter of socialism tremble at the spectacle; for in the post office there is a function, not naturally the prerogative of the State, assumed by the State. It is purely socialistic. The same is true of water supplies owned and controlled by the municipalities, and gas and electric plants; these also are socialistic—few as well managed as the post office by the Federal Government and more open to diversity of opinion, but—to those conservative souls who fear ghosts—open to the same objections.

Some thinkers, and a few practical men—more and more yearly—hold that, if the water-works of a city can be creditably managed by the municipality for the good of the community, why not the lighting and heating, message-conveying, parcel-conveying, even person-conveying? And others do not scruple to avow their belief that this idea could be extended to the same functions in the nation, applying it to railways, telegraphs, telephones, express business, and the like. Imagine, however, the turmoil that would ensue if by any unforeseen contingency the Congress should be likely to pass a bill creating a Bureau of Parcels' Express as an adjunct to the present mail sys-

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that plenty of pulpits would in the sacred name of honesty sound an alarm and preach against such a proposition from the text, "Thou shalt not steal"! An ecclesiastical system that, before the war between the States, preached in favor of slavery from the text, "Cursed be Canaan!" could easily do that. Truly, the Church was and is the "peculiar institution."

Two classes in the community conspired to prevent the peaceful and proper extermination of chattelism in humanity—the rabid "fire-eaters" of the South and the rabid abolitionists of the North. So there are now two classes who unite to prevent all attempts at accord between the individual and the State—between labor and capital—as to the limits of their respective functions: the one, the ultra-conservatives, opposing all change; the other, the red radicals, demanding entire and immediate change—the insisters upon "leveling down," the deniers of "leveling up." The encroachments of individual and corporate prerogative upon the social and financial liberties have been none the less aggressive because so extremely stealthy; none the less subversive because *prima facie* so beneficial; none the less disastrous because achieved beneath the banner of legality. Every day sweeps from all parts of the country the dull impact of new mergers of business, coalitions of trades and factories and mills—production and distribution swooped down upon, competition gagged in the name of competition—by the robber barons of business. The day is fast coming when all the great industries will be, as many now are, in the hands of a few commercial potentates. The enormous revenues of aggrandized wealth will undoubtedly for a

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It is objected, even by those who perceive clearly the advantages of some form of coöperative order, that greatly to enlarge the functions of government would be to enlist a vast army of industrial officials, whose influence and votes would be not for the good of the people but wholly against them—wholly plutocratic. It is objected that, carried to its ultimate and logical conclusion, the new social order would be the death of ambition—the annihilation of energy and of hope; that with the failure of the struggle for existence all incentive to attainment of good in existence would end, and life cease to be attractive—as it would evidently become monotonous. The answer to the first objection is that under the purely socialistic system, as all would be officials, the officials themselves would be the people. Each would have his or her place, free for the fittest, where the maximum of efficiency would be the result of the minimum of effort. The commercial agency of production and distribution would become almost entirely mechanical; so, according to a mechanical law, "what is gained in power is lost in time," and the labor of the race would be reduced to a small fraction of what it now is.

That phantom of "leveling down," which at first sight appears so terrible, will apply only to the unnatural inequalities that now afflict the world. Human nature cannot alter; debarred from tyrannical exercise in present directions, ambition will find room for expression in others that are helpful, not hurtful. No human social contrivance will ever be able to do away with the effects of heredity in the individual; those powers we call *talents*, or "gifts," must find opportunity. Indeed, in that deli-

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to seem to the thoughtful of those days that (as now great wealth) great genius is a species of injustice. The beautiful fictions of theology will long since have taken their due place; the story of the Christ child will be reverenced, not for its mystery, but for its moral. And through it all, man will see that in the ordering of the world Nature has not been just to men. To give one a great talent and another none, or worse than none—surely the philosopher of those days will say, This is unjust! So they will cast about (even as we do now) for a remedy; and in the end—perhaps after ages of endeavor—they will find it in the fact, as certain now as then, not in the injustice of Nature to man, but that man has always, in being unjust to others, been inhuman to himself.

Man has stolen from posterity some of the birthrights of man. Now he looks with little favor upon the high philosophy that would tell him he has defrauded himself; but by and by, when he shall have learned the great truths of being—the solidarity of the race and the continuity of life—he will know how utterly selfish, how entirely unwise, he has been.

Slavery is theft, besides many other crimes; and not only is he a thief that holds back by fraud the hire of them that reaped down his fields, but he also that, knowing his hired servant to be worthy of better pay, refuses it, or does not tender it unasked. To buy cheap and sell dear is commercial stealing, both ways—theft in that fraction one way below the right price, and the other above it. He that is hired for a price to render service and is slothful, or gives any kind of scant pattern for his pay—there again you have a thief. And the slavery of savage thought, of evil thought, of bound thought, held or imposed, that too,

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We hold these truths to be absolute, unconditioned, infinite—not as supernatural or mystical, but as conclusive for all, at all times, and in all places: the good will of man to man, the expression of the Good Will that is to conscientiousness exactly what mathematics is to calculation—the origin of coördinates of moral acts. Say not that this is impracticable—that as mankind is constituted it is impossible! If one man can demonstrate, all can understand; if one can do, all can learn to do. If all the redmen had been Samosetts and all the white men Penns, there would have been no savages, red or white.

They who oppose, either from interest, ignorance, or indifference, any change from the existing conditions of the social order inquire incredulously or mockingly, How can the change be effected, and with what body shall it come? As to fortunes, they say, who shall decide what is just or unjust, and to what amount they shall be limited? The principle of righteous possession, as distinguished from robbery, is not difficult to discern nor to state. Whatever is a natural gift to the individual is his. The increments of genius are his. The results of industry, the products of patience, and the emoluments of achievement in invention, science, art, and literature, are his: some in their entirety, others in such just proportion as shall not only be evident to the man of the future, but are evident now.

That fraction shall be the individual's right which shall in nowise encroach upon the eternal and inalienable right of all mankind. As now none dare fence in and hold for his own profit or pleasure the common land of the highway, so shall it be with the results of beneficent discovery in the arts and sciences. But as now, if the community opens a

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dren shall be his; but all trace or token of servitude or vassalage shall be forever at an end. A woman's husband shall be hers; but the last remnant of the feudal fiction of coverture shall have vanished. Man shall no longer steal service, nor woman "support." Then, under the benign rule of the infallible Themis, the principle of the common lands, parks, forests, streams, and streets shall be extended to all natural inheritances common to man. The right of eminent domain shall be extended to every portion and every product of the earth.

The many monopolists of the present are teaching with marvelous celerity and ability the vast benefits of the one overpowering monopoly of the future. The encroachments of the few are cartoon sketches for the great fresco of the "last judgment" of Nature's Michaelangelo. Yet who believes, or attempts by deed or word to act upon the belief, that these certainties of the future are more than dreams? We who call ourselves advanced see them; but even with us—

> "The eyes are dim, nor wholly
> Open to the golden gleam;
> And the brute surrenders slowly
> To the godhead and the dream."

Yet even now the power of the Universe is at work in the soul: the Motive of all ages—infinite Good, perpetual Principle. Call it the spirit of progress, love of God, or Jesus of Nazareth—it lives; and because of that life we also shall live, even out of the sands of the desert crying in the logion found buried from the distant days of Egypt: "Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

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THE mind of man is the connecting link between the celestial

THE VALUE OF MODERATION.

BY CARRIE BLAKESLEE HUMPHREYS.

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door."

Wisdom points ever to the middle course, and with unhesitating verdict the "mean" is pronounced "golden." The languages of different nations show that this thought is common to them all. It seems to be one of those intuitive ideas in the mind of man that are unconsciously awakened by the circumstances of life. Thus the Roman said: "Whoever chooses the golden mean, serene and safe, dwells neither in a wretched hovel nor in an envied palace." And again: "The middle station is safest." This gives the ancient idea, while in modern times the French have the proverb: "A man may shine in the second rank who would be eclipsed in the first;" and in the Italian is found: "Little wealth, little care."

Now, although each tongue gives a slight national coloring to its maxim, yet the leading thought is the same in all—the "fortunate medium." And this view is held for reasons of worldly wisdom or self-interest. Is it not a regard for ease and personal welfare that causes men to avoid the stations of extreme wealth or poverty, and choose that life that brings with it the least disadvantage or exertion? How much policy is clothed in these words:

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also an element of that higher spiritual wisdom that is the true guide to life. As the indispensable condition of the soul's highest attainments, the teaching of God's word points to contentment with little.

In the writings of the great poets and dramatists, this hidden spiritual truth is conveyed—the harmonious mingling of ingredients in the "wine of life." Thus Shakespeare has said: "Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil"—showing that all excess is a source of evil. Even virtues by a slight exaggeration become vices. *Shylock*, one of the most wonderful conceptions of the myriad-minded poet, very clearly portrays exaggerated forms of virtue. It was his patriotism and love for the Jewish people, carried to excess, that caused him so intensely to hate the Christians. His economy became a fierce craving for riches; while his extreme love of justice caused that unrelenting exaction from *Antonio*.

The shadowy border-land between vice and virtue is often so faintly traced that it can scarcely be perceived. Nor is it alone in the world of morals that one must heed this equilibrium of forces. A well-balanced nature also holds a certain vantage ground in the intellectual world. To the sober eye of common sense the possession of extraordinary intellectual gifts may not be an unmixed blessing. Many who covet genius forget that it is often attended by serious disadvantages. The law of *quid pro quo* holds true in such a case. Nothing can be had without paying the price; and it is often a very dear one. "'Tis but a step from the genius to the madman." The same creative power that peoples a world of fancy gives origin to the tortures that afflict the brain of one bereft of reason. It is the imagination that forms the phantoms

and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible—so positive—as the ideal forms of his active mind.

A great French novelist said: "Come, let us leave these tiresome men and women and talk a little of real people —the characters in my book, for example." And Dickens asserts that his characters, while in process of development, possessed his mind so entirely that they seemed more real than flesh and blood; and that this was particularly true of his child-characters, like *Tiny Tim* and *Little Nell*, who never left his side while forming in his tireless brain, but kept pace with his rapid footsteps and his busy pen. This ideal life gives one a distaste for the real. Men of genius are rarely pleasant household companions. They seem to be ever roaming above the common level, and paying little heed to either its pains or pleasures. They live in a world far distant from this, which is only reached by climbing the lofty heights of Parnassus. It is painful to them to be called from the cloud-capped mountain-top to the prosaic plains and quiet valleys of common life. It has been truly said that "you cannot harness Pegasus to the family coach." A mind bent upon a lofty idea and absorbed in a world of imagination does not readily harmonize with the details of domestic life. The little cares and trials of home jar upon its finer sense like discords on a well-trained musical ear. This lack of adaptation gives anything but happiness to the other members of the family.

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sand grievances that never existed are conceived, thus creating a scene of constant misunderstanding. Again, an extremely retentive memory is commonly regarded as a rare treasure, indicating strength of mind and character. This is probably true; for the intellect that vividly conceives, and vividly retains, cannot be deficient in other attributes. Then the past life, with all its treasured knowledge and wisdom, becomes as available as the present. A man turns to it with as much confidence in its reliability as he does to his present perceptions. It is a book of reference ever at hand, and continually adding pages as the years elapse. How many are there who exclaim, "Oh, that I could remember all!"—little thinking what may be contained in the word *all*.

Here, again, the law of *quid pro quo* comforts one; and how few there are who would be willing to pay the price! That extremely impressible, tenacious memory, with all its varied sources of pleasure, becomes an instrument of keenest torture. He that derives advantage from an accurate recollection of the past must also suffer disadvantage and positive loss. Time is Nature's best remedy for all sorrows, but it can administer no balm to the ardent soul that tenderly recalls each look and tone and gesture of one loved and lost, and that minutely reviews painful incidents that to a mind less highly organized would have been long obliterated. Such a one is like a weary traveler whose burden is increased each moment, rather than lightened by time—till at last he exclaims, with Themistocles: "Oh, for the art of forgetting!" Living in the past with memory not only causes poignant sorrow, but it also throws one out of all sympathy with the present, unfitting him for usefulness. In his unreal world he becomes thoroughly impractical; he falls more and more under the

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Then what charm in that quality or class of qualities that our grandmothers called "sensibility!" The quick and ready sympathy, the delicate perception, the fine appreciation of all that is beautiful and good, have been ever found in high and gentle natures since the world began. What a light and happy coloring such a nature would seem to give to life! But here—

> "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
> Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

He that readily enters into his fellow-man's sorrows feels his own most keenly. The mind that minutely notes each change of tone or gesture cannot but be deeply grieved when a loved one wounds. Again, he that derives the greatest pleasure from the little kindnesses of those about him is also the most sensitive to their neglect. The same tact that will avoid wounding another will itself receive most pain from another's thrust. George Eliot says, "Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words." Thus exquisite refinement and rare susceptibility, while yielding joys of a higher order, render their possessor vulnerable to a thousand shafts that would glance harmlessly from the armor of a coarser or duller nature. Then, turning to another class of faculties, it is said:

> "Blessings on him whose will is strong!
> He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
> He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

A strong will is indeed admirable when directed by a strong intellect. All respect the man that, having made a decision, firmly abides by it though all the world oppose

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all obstacles, regardless of consequences. For such natures solitude is the only inheritance, dwelling as they do upon the snowy peaks above the cheerful valleys of common life.

From a careful consideration of the subject, it is seen that moderation in all things tends to produce the greatest amount of happiness. It is seemingly a paradox that one may not desire the highest gifts; yet experience teaches that one endowed with moderate abilities generally gains a greater measure of worldly success than another possessing an exceptional faculty of mind. The explanation is found in the general mediocrity of human nature—in the fact that the greater portion of the human race do not rise above the dead level.

Occasionally there is given to the world a great genius —as a beautiful specimen that brings variety into the collection of a botanist; a rare blossom springing up by the water's edge, nodding and smiling at itself in the mirror below, until it withers and dies; an exception to the rule of existence. The man that possesses moderate ability, however, is best beloved by his fellow-men; he neither excites their envy nor calls forth their dislike, but lives among them loving and beloved. He recognizes feeble efforts in himself and in others; he learns that inferior powers are often blessed in great results; he is taught humility and faith until he says: "I once, in my own opinion, knew everything; then, nothing; now, enough." He is enabled to extend greater sympathy to all and more highly to value their labors. In studying human nature one finds the majority of motives mixed, and most ideals to be low. A life of unblemished good or unmitigated evil is seldom found. "Few are exalted to

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does not exist, but contents himself with the reality presented.

A modern novelist makes one of her characters say: "When I was young, I thought all white; later in life, black; now, gray." Everywhere this fact manifests itself, confirming the theory that the wise basis of thought and action is ever found in the "golden mean," which avoids the dangers and shares the advantages of both extremes. Thus is acknowledged the prevailing mediocrity of human nature, and intelligent action is thereby secured. Life is recognized as being neither brilliant nor somber, but neutral in tint: in perfect harmony with our vision, which rests with greatest pleasure, not on black or white, but on the soft-toned gray.

THE SHADOW.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

Swiftly now the shadow gathers
Over creeds we held so true—
On the faith that served our fathers
And the hope that once we knew.

Though our olden forms surprising
With an aspect fierce and strange,
Truth advances, ever rising
To a freer, nobler range.

Timid dwellers in the valley
At the shadow shrink dismayed,
Or, like slavish Romans, rally
For the Vandals' torch and blade;

But to braver souls and stronger,

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

IN response to a demand that has long been recognized in the ranks of the New Thought movement, we have decided to devote a few pages of MIND each month, beginning with the present issue, to the special needs of the family and the home, with particular regard to the spiritual interests of the young. We begin the new year, therefore, by adding to the magazine's usual contents a Children's Department, conducted by Florence Peltier Perry, in which it is the intention to present the principles of the higher life as simply, directly, and attractively as the demands of scientific truth will allow.

While the guises of fable, parable, story, and poetic fancy may frequently be employed to invite acceptance of the facts and doctrines presented in more serious garb elsewhere, yet the child will be at all times considered and addressed in this department as an intelligent spiritual being, endowed with rights that differ in no sense from those of his parents. Ignorance of the supreme importance to the growing human tree of the proper bending of the childhood twig is responsible for much of the world's sorrow; therefore, all friends of the young among our readers are invited to co-operate with us in sowing the seeds of divine love and spiritual truth in this virgin soil. Short articles of literary merit will be inserted if writers will adhere to the simple propositions embodied in the work and policy of MIND.

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reason, not force; to gain the respect of children by teaching them to respect themselves; to remove all dread of the theological God by revealing the Father's perpetual nearness to the child-heart; to show the dynamic power of unfolding mind in even plays and games; to teach that faith and prayer, when prompted by selfishness, are worse than atheism; to prove that Truth, the highest of pursuits, embraces all the manifestations of God—from grass-blade to planet; to instil the idea that every child is a brother or sister of all other boys and girls; to show the cause of disease, the secret of health, and the immortality of the *real;* to extend the mental horizon from the family circle to the race; to substitute frankness and candor for mystery and fright in explaining human nature and existence; to teach that terror of the Devil and his "bad place" is due to a perversion of the imagination—a faculty that, when exercised in conformity with the natural laws MIND seeks to expound, reveals the omnipresence of the Good; and, finally, to show to children that the good is right for the truth's sake, while the right is good for their own sake.

The exposition of these truths, which have a common basis of right feeling toward both God and man, will be such as to interest and instruct the adult as well as the youth—for that in which the man sees nothing of value the child will see nothing to attract. Our duty to the rising generation is to help its intellect to evolve; for, in the words of Channing, "every mind was made for growth—for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance."

THE mind is a deep, unfathomable cavern. Man is forever a stranger to himself: and what a blessing is he that can help us to a

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SOME MARKED PASSAGES—And Other Stories. By Jeanne G. Pennington. 219 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, publishers, New York.

This volume is just from the press, and bids fair to exceed in popularity the author's recent compilation of "Don't Worry Nuggets," which is now in its second edition. The readers of MIND are already familiar with Miss Pennington's subtle thought and brilliant literary style, and "Some Marked Passages" is fully up to her usual standard in both respects. The stories are unique in conception and written on original lines. They involve an ambitious attempt to combine fact with fiction, in which the author has succeeded by portraying the principles of modern metaphysics in a way that compels their acceptance. Under the guise of romance, the psychology of suggestion is analyzed with both lucidity and charm. "Miss Zenobia's Experiment" is the best "ghost story" that has thus far been brought to our attention, and the other tales are of uniform excellence. Success undoubtedly awaits this interesting book.

VOICES OF HOPE. By Horatio W. Dresser. 213 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Geo. H. Ellis, publisher, Boston.

The latest work of this popular author is not a mere amplification of the preceding volumes of this important New Thought series, but rather a distinct effort to emphasize the *optimistic* aspect of Being as a rational science. The underlying thought is the safeguarding of the individual's right to liberty and happiness through a recognition of his oneness with the All Good. The tone is uplifting throughout, and many of the chapters are addressed with especial force and attractiveness to minds that are sorrowful and afflicted; while some of the author's passages will have a tonic effect on even those whose lines are invariably "cast in pleasant places." The

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THE GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 55 pp. Boards, 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, publishers, Boston and New York.

Of a character analogous to that of "Voices of Hope," this latest addition to Mr. Trine's "Life Books" will have great favor among all opponents of fatalism in religious matters and of pessimism in the material concerns of daily life. The author's conception of the mission and teachings of Jesus is somewhat original, but may be epitomized in the simple establishing of the "kingdom of God and his righteousness" in the individual mind and heart—wisdom's only shrine. The author's presentation of excerpts from the philosophy of Fichte, in confirmation of his claim that all truth is *one* and immutable—historically and universally—affords at once a striking juxtaposition and a proof that in the study of fundamentals lies the best hope of the searcher after spiritual truth. Incidentally, the volume is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art.

SONGS OF DESTINY—And Others. By Julia P. Dabney. 180 pp. Cloth, $1.25. E. P. Dutton & Company, publishers, New York.

A new and beautiful volume of poems embodying a direct attempt at exposition of the New Thought ideal. All the serious verse in the miscellaneous collection seems to have been written under its inspiration. There is so little good poetry along this line that the present work should find many readers among metaphysical thinkers; indeed, these poems should find a real place in the world of the New Thought. The beautiful lines on "Earth-Touch," "Fire-Baptism," "Star-Mist," and "Destiny" are especially commended to the perusal of such advanced minds.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DUAL IMAGE; or, The Renewal of the Temple. A Mystical Poem of Human Evolution. Books I., VII., & VIII.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

AROUND the child are neither walls nor boundary lines, but a limitless expanse, everywhere glowing with beautiful colors. In the far-off depths, reality mingles with revery. It is like an ocean whose blue waves glimmer and sparkle on the horizon, where they kiss the shores of enchanted isles.—*Madame de Gasparin.*

GREETING.

A Happy New Year, children! You are going to make it a happy year, of course. Let us see how easily it can be done. Suppose, Bobbie, you don't want to go to school. Down go the corners of your mouth; wrinkles spoil your smooth forehead, and you send out such ugly little waves of thought—for thought travels in waves, you know—that finally you are so surrounded with them that they crowd out all the sunny, happy, loving thought-waves, and you grow more miserable every minute. Now, Bobbie dear, when you begin to feel that way, ask yourself if you really want to be wretched. Of course, you don't! There's no fun in it. So when you feel the corners of your mouth going down, just *make* them turn *up*. You can't frown with your mouth fixed as if you were going to smile any minute. Try it, and see if you can; and—will you believe it?—you can't feel so cross. The ugly thought-waves will weaken right away, while the kindly, loving ones from father and mother and the teacher, and even the baby, will begin tapping at your brain, and before you know it you will begin to smile; then you will begin to laugh, and presto! the whole world will be changed.

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a cheery remembrance of his boy's sunny face; the teacher will think how pleasant it is to have you for a pupil, and, on your return home, baby will have such a joyful greeting for her big, kind, nice brother. And thus you will be glowing with the best sort of happiness—the happiness that comes from controlling yourself, doing your duty, and making others happy.

Now think of this, Bobbie, and Tommy, and Kittie, and Mollie, and Johnnie, and all the rest of you. Just see how happy this year will be if you only remember to keep the corners of your mouth turned *up!*

THE NEW YEAR IN JAPAN.*

You couldn't say New Year's *Day* in Japan. You would have to talk about New Year's *Days;* for it takes three whole days to celebrate the coming of the New Year there—at least it does in Matsue.

I wish we might shut our eyes and count one, two, three!—and open them to find ourselves in that quaint old city, don't you? Then we would walk through the streets hung with thousands of paper lanterns; these are strung across the fronts of the temples and of the quaint little houses, and across the streets, every lantern having a big round red sun on a white background, like the Japanese flags that are waving from gate-posts and other places. Besides the flags and lanterns, there are miles and miles of thick straw rope—*shimenawa*—festooned everywhere, and from it hang fringes of straw, and paper cut into odd shapes, and fern leaves, and bitter oranges, and ever so many other things.

"How funny!" you say. Well, it isn't a bit funny to the Japanese child, for it all means something. Fern leaves signify hope; bitter oranges, good luck; and charcoal means, May your good fortune be as changeless as the charcoal's color. The rope itself is sacred in Japan, and has been ever since one can remember: because,

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god;" and then another god, fearing that she might want to go back, tore up the grass, and quickly wove a rope, stretching it behind her, so that she couldn't. Now this Sun-Goddess is supposed to be the great, great, great (if one were to write all the "greats" they would fill a big book) grandmother of the Mikado—Japan's Emperor.

In the streets, besides the flags, lanterns, and ropes, there are little pine-trees called the "gate pine-trees," and one is planted by each gate-post. Now the pine-tree is the symbol for courage when trials come; for with the passing of summer the other trees begin to shrink away from the nipping cold, and their green leaves shrivel up and die; but the pine-tree is not afraid, and stands sturdily throughout the winter, with its green fresh and bright.

Think how pretty the city must look!—flags flying, thousands of lanterns swaying in the breeze, thick yellow rope stretched everywhere, gay with various colored bits in its fringe, and at every gate the little green pine-tree.

Should you go to make New Year's calls in Japan, you would find in each house a shelf—"the shelf of the gods"—and on it stands a shrine of white wood made like a pretty little house, or temple. On opening the tiny doors you might find within charms, or prayers written on tablets. At New Year's time, the shelf and shrine look very lovely decorated with flowers, and the Japanese can arrange flowers better than any other people in the world.

A little table, just the right size for a doll's tea-party, would be set before you, and in front of this you would be expected to make an obeisance; but it would take you some time to learn to salute the way the Japanese do, so that your forehead would touch the floor. By this salute you would express your wish that all the agreeable things would come to your host signified by the things on the table. There you would find dried chestnuts for success, black peas for bodily strength, and, funniest of all, a lobster. You could never guess what that means—May you live to be so very old that you can't stand up straight, but will be doubled up like a lobster!

Perhaps one of the gentle Japanese children would take you into

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no bad thing; I hear no bad thing; I speak no bad thing;"—a very good New Year's resolution for any girl or boy of any land, is it not?

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

"The most wonderful and strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you; and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think; and yet you can't see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine; and that is what makes it move; and yet you can't see it."—*Charles Kingsley.*

Little girls and boys do not all know that the thoughts they think are after all the things that make them happy or unhappy. They do not give much attention to their thoughts anyway. But if they could only know that every one of their thoughts has some effect upon their lives, and also on their bodies, I am sure they would be more careful. Just notice, some time when you are happy and bright, and see how much better it feels than when you are cross and disagreeable, and how much better it makes other people feel. The certain way to be a favorite with your companions is always to have for them a kind word and a bright, happy look. This way also will surely bring to you kind thoughts and words from your companions. If you want your companions to be pleasant and agreeable, just always be pleasant and agreeable to them. When you grow up, and understand the power that is in thought and how much good it exerts in the world, then you will be very glad that as children you tried to think good thoughts about everything and everybody.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

LITTLE CLOCK AND BIG CLOCK.

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comfort to Little Clock to think that some day, if he worked *very* hard, he might grow to be a Big Clock himself.

One of Little Clock's chief pleasures was to listen to the children as they worked over their lessons in the evening round the student lamp. Grammar, to be sure, he found very dry, but Geography was of absorbing interest. It was a drawback that he couldn't ask, in any language the children understood, a single question of the many he wanted to; but it was delightful, after all, to hear about elephants, and crocodiles, and icebergs, and Nova Zembla, and Madagascar.

Arithmetic was what suited Little Clock best of all—perhaps because all his wheels and cogs and springs and screws were adjusted by the most accurate mathematical rules. And he listened so eagerly to every rule and example that he learned all about Multiplication and the rest quite as rapidly as the children. One evening they came to the Tables of Weights and Measures, and among them to "Sixty seconds make one minute; sixty minutes make one hour."

"Just think," said little Helen, "how many times Big Clock ticks every day!"

"Only half so many as Little Clock there, for he ticks twice every second and Big Clock only once," answered George. "But come; it's time we were all off to bed."

So off they went, leaving Little Clock fairly quivering with excitement at the new idea. What a lot of ticking he really had to do; and what a responsibility to put on such a young, small clock!

"Tick, tack, tick, tack," he rattled away; "I must really figure out how many times I have to tick next year—tick, tack, tick, tack."

It did not take him long to calculate that he must tick a hundred and twenty times every minute, seven thousand two hundred times each hour, one hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred times in a day; but when he thought of multiplying this by three hundred and sixty-five and what an e-n-o-r-m-o-u-s number of ticks he must make in a year, he gave it up.

"Tick, tack, tick, tack—oh! dear me, I can never in the world do it, I can never—tick;" and he stopped right there, with both hands over his head; for it was five minutes past eleven.

Just then Big Clock spoke up: "Tock, tock—only one tick at a

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with a merry "Tick, tack, tick, tack—that's so, that's so, hadn't thought of that—tick tack."

For all I know, he is still ticking away, but whether he has grown to be a Big Clock yet I haven't heard.

C. AMADON.

WHEN you find people sad, there is nothing in all the world so good as to take them out in the sun of a summer day.—*Caroline S. Whitmarsh.*

THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL-TREE.

(*From the Spanish.*)

Beside a sandal-tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and, as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood,
With its own sweets, perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like; a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

AN INDIAN MOTHER'S SONG.

All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! he made all—
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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Emily Dickinson.

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MIND.

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 5.

EVOLUTIONARY RECONCILIATION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

When refined from its former materialism, the evolutionary philosophy exhales the spirit of an optimism that cannot be limited. What a great and rapid advance within the forty years or so since Darwin and Wallace formulated their theories of "The Struggle for Life," and "The Survival of the Fittest," to the present accepted altruistic basis, even from the standpoint of a science that is yet materialistic! When first imperfectly recognized, the law of progress appeared selfish, if not even cruel. The great procession of advancing material forms was found to be moving in accord with fixed laws, but the fact that it was orderly could ill atone for its pessimistic temper. All potency was declared to be in matter, which grew in obedience to a blind, inherent, but invariable tendency. But it may be admitted that, in spite of the mistaken spirit of the movement, its reliable method was a distinct advance beyond former concepts of an arbitrary regulation that was capricious, even though theoretically of divine origin.

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The bitterness of the "struggle" that destroyed the

somewhat chilling sensation, conveying an implication of agnosticism, if not of atheism. If, indeed, the natural order were found to be cold and utterly selfish, as well as orderly, could it be any real advance over the former more agreeable, even if erratic and uncertain, economy?

It was natural that the lower aspects of the new philosophy should come first into view. The coarser and cruder are always more obtrusive. But soon it began to rectify itself, so that even its pioneers gradually saw other sides of their rising structure; and presently other investigators added new breadth to its proportions, until it began to show coherence, unity, and design, and, still more recently, altruism, beneficence, and even love. Many added their contributions—that of Herbert Spencer, perhaps, being the greatest of all—and roundness and symmetry became fully evident, especially under the warm and beautiful touches of Le Conte and Drummond. The wonderful grace and harmony of the different sides and interrelations of the present evolutionary temple were undreamed of one short generation ago. Even the most conservative physicists and biologists now admit the demonstrability of the higher elements already noted. But it is also true that much of the materialistic trend and flavor—subtly, but perhaps almost unconsciously—is still retained. With all of its admitted saving and altruistic aspects, it yet means, to the majority, only a procession of seen forms, unmoral and largely mechanical, even though possessing a quality called "life" as the result of organization. In the race, the weaker perish, while the stronger survive and propagate their kind.

We may now note what we believe to be the crown-

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all progress is located in the unseen mind, soul, or life of everything, and that the seen forms are only expressions, or indexes. The advancing states are steps of internal character, and this seizes upon matter to translate itself outwardly. Matter *per se* never progresses; that is, so long as it remains relatively matter. It is the banner or sign-board of the particular character that is temporarily using it and playing behind it. The same plastic material appears, disappears, and reappears in higher or lower shapes, as the case may be. It is clay grasped by the hand of its molder. The elements that to-day make up the body of a tree, or a dog, may have figured in the material structure of seer or philosopher. It is the user, not the material, that ascends. The owner lays hold of it and erects it according to his own specification. It is just the well-fitting clothing, showing the quality and taste of its proprietor. He makes no mistake in its shaping, but a history of the raw material would show endless mutations. For illustration, the real tree is the tree-life, not the stuff that it lifts into graceful form. True, we may study the latter and appreciate its beauty and symmetry, but it is unwise to mistake the picture for the substance. The dynamic potency, or active energy, is all in the unseen tree. This lays hold of the cruder equipment and deftly fashions it true to species, overcoming gravitation and other obstacles in its expansive outpicturing. The principle is clear. Internal soul conditions correspondingly mold and fashion the outer. The figure 5 means nothing in itself, but it is an index or symbol of the living reality of number. Life never perishes, and its manifestations are endless.

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quality. Nothing is, nor can be, lost. Those lives that seem to drop out of the great procession—said to die—disappear only to reappear in nobler and sweeter shapes.

When the higher human plane is reached, man becomes a conscious partner with Divinity, and, recognizing the law, coöperates in his own evolution. This he accomplishes through ideals, which he sets up before him, and like great magnets they draw him forward. He identifies himself with the law of unfoldment until he becomes a law unto himself.

In the light of the principles already outlined, let us now gather up and interpret, synthetically, the grand purpose and spirit of that higher and real evolution of which the procession of seen forms furnishes the translation. We may reverently infer that God is the Substance of all things, and that he made everything from himself. This is not pantheism, but divine (or spiritual) monism.

It is a great fundamental principle that there will ever be a spiritual restlessness in man until he finds God, or, in other words, attains the divine consciousness. This is the evolutionary drawing force. The quest is universal, even though with the vast majority it be unconscious. Men are ransacking the earth, hunting high and low, to find—they know not what. In reality, the goal is the living contact and jointure of their own higher selfhood with the Universal. Religions are instituted, theologies set up, ordinances observed, sacraments celebrated, rituals formulated, denominations established, and ethical systems and philosophies promulgated—yet all are but varying attempts to find the great Ideal: to behold the one Reality. Seemingly, these earnest efforts

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one of the many means employed is bad—not one but what has a use. The spiritual evolutionist can condemn none. They are all different roads toward the "Father's house." Whether narrow, indirect, or steep, they are well-meant attempts to satisfy the great longing.

Every man will cling to that in which he—and he is like no one else—can see the most of God. The Romanist finds more of the Divine in consecrated art and ceremony, while the varying schools of Protestantism turn with differentiated emphasis to creed, ritual, ordinance, doctrine, sacrament, music, prayer, and praise, each with the inherent, even if unintelligent, importunity—"Oh, that I might find Him!" Institutions fit themselves to human peculiarity. Not one in its special time and place can be displaced by a substitute. Men will search the objective world over for God, before they are ready to find his presence and image within. The lower rounds of the evolutionary ladder are thus all outside. It seems almost like a paradox that the highest one is the nearest, or, in a word, subjective.

Can we not now see and feel the logic of universal reconciliation? Everything in God's universe is our near relative. Even institutional science is reaching such a conclusion. Nothing can be really antagonistic. May we not now bring this reconciliation yet more into the concrete? Have those who have felt the stirring of the broader spiritual philosophy always exercised a tolerant judgment and charity for those who are toiling up steps in the rear? Has not some disrespect and even condemnation been shown toward the sectarian and the literalist, and perhaps mild contempt for the devotee of creed and dogma? Think a moment. The members of the most bigoted sect, just for the present, find more of God in

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that are pushing men along, every church, creed, system, and philosophy has a place; and not one can be dispensed with until its work is fully done. Those who are just now upon such a round of the ladder must take that step before they are ready for the next. Let us be as fully reconciled to them as to those with whom we touch elbows. This does not in the least favor inactivity, or a supine content with things as they are, but it does imply the absence of antagonism and the exercise of an intelligent charity. We may show our better way, in season and out of season, but it is not the better way for the other man until he so recognizes it. He will not and should not move until, in response to light from within, he does so of his own free will.

The oft repeated metaphysical aphorism that "All is good" has been mystical and often incomprehensible, but under the searchlight of the higher evolution it is clarified and resolved. If the progressive stairway contained a hundred steps, might we not say that one who is upon the twentieth step is as good in his place as one who is upon the fiftieth, provided he is faced forward and keeping step? Both are brothers in the all-inclusive procession and bound for the same destination. Just now the man fits the step, and the step the man.

It is unwise to make any overt attacks upon old beliefs and ideas. The moment they have served their purpose they will melt into fluidity and furnish the very material needed for recasting. Love is the sequence of reconciliation, and here the beauty of its universality will be felt. We thus are led to believe that evolu-

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May we not now divine the great necessity that is laid upon man? Although always a spiritual being, having God's image within him, and although he has ever lived, moved, and had his being in the Eternal, yet he must needs be involved, or cast in low form, in order that through the educational process of working his way back he may discover his true rank. He has been distanced from the Deity only in consciousness. In reality he has never left the "Father's house," his seeming journey being only a dream in sensuous matter and material embodiment.

Life may be likened to a mighty gulf-stream, sweeping away from the Great Source and bearing everything upon its bosom, only eventually to float all back again with perfected understanding and recognized oneness. During this great voyage, individuation and voluntary God-likeness are unfolded. The Word becomes flesh in order that flesh may finally become the Word.

Finally, can we with the telescope of faith essay to catch a supreme glimpse of the great educational curriculum? In the tremendous cycle of creative development, the Divine Life first involved itself into the lowest or most diffuse forms, and at length, through a series of grand steps, gathered itself and became more determinate, coherent, organized, and individuated—successively unfolding consciousness, self-consciousness, spiritual consciousness, and finally divine consciousness —thus blossoming into "sons of God," in which form, with ever-growing capacity and reciprocal love, the rounding of the circle is made toward the "Father's house." Divine Love craves voluntary and intelligent love in return, and nothing less than its fulness can bring

MIND AND SOUL.

BY T. W. TOPHAM, M.D.

Were we to traverse the whole realm of Nature, nowhere would we find the genius of the Creator manifested to such an extent as in the creation of the human mind. Its faculties excel even the dreams of the wisest philosopher; and, as new powers develop and new phases present themselves for our contemplation, we are struck with wonder. And when we consider that man is the only one of God's creatures that is capable of judging of the quality of its own intellect, we are again amazed at the force with which the truth presents itself that man is the king of creation. Indeed, the fact that man possesses faculties so far transcending those of the lower animals stamps him as belonging in a higher sphere than they. He has a higher power of thought, and the use he can make of this function in the development of his spiritual nature is necessarily the advantage he possesses over them.

It has been said that the lower orders possess the faculty of reason; but, when we carefully analyze their mental powers, we are compelled to give them only a negative place in the intellectual make-up of the animal kingdom. The space between the intellect of the lower animals and that of man is so great that we are compelled to place them in two distinct classes—the human and the animal. Man has faculties so far above those

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are endowed only with the instincts of reproduction and self-preservation; but man, in addition to these, has the faculty of comprehending the works of creation—to a limited extent, to be sure, but with the power at least of trying to fathom the will and design of the Creator. Man can and will eventually become more divine by reason of his natural gifts—the power to subject himself to his own scrutiny and to become conscious of his own inefficiency and sufficiency. Thus is man unique.

When we comprehend these God-given powers and look within, we find the true status upon which we may become reconciled to Nature and her God. Then we understand the exact relationship that should exist between the Creator and the created. This gives the starting-point from which we can encompass the question of Mind and its relationship to the Creator and the future.

We would not be doing justice to the situation if we did not deplore human weaknesses. The inability of many persons to comprehend the influence of the mind is such that the enunciation of truths that pertain to the innermost must necessarily be clothed in language that so corresponds to the physical that it almost obscures the true meaning of the proposition that man is a spiritual being, and as such has dominion over his physical body. The thought of man's mind is the only tie that binds him to the God within. It is through mental power that man is brought to a level of the divine within—that he is enabled to assert his preëminence in the realm of created things and to say, "I and my Father are one." The recognition of the divine within

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exercise this power, yet we have it. God cannot be sick or in distress—not even in that part of him that consists of our real selves. The "I," the God within, cannot be sick; it cannot even be turned from a set purpose.

When we have accepted the doctrine of the divinity belonging to mankind, and are willing to admit the power of the mind over the body, we are stimulated to go still deeper into the question and ask ourselves if this power is all there is to inspire us. If it is so potent, why do we not use it for the development of that part of us which lives after our bodies "die"? Can we not see, through the telescope of faith, that far-off realm to which we are traveling, and which portends good or ill to us? Can we not see that the divine within may be influenced by the condition—the tenor and trend—of our thoughts? May we expect low, wicked, and vicious thoughts to develop the good within? Can we expect the God-nature to develop except on a plane that corresponds to the highest thoughts of which we are capable? Man can scrutinize the quality of his thoughts and can judge as to their effect upon the "I" within; hence, the responsibility for his moral and spiritual development rests with himself. It cannot be expected that the lower animals shall develop on the spiritual plane, for they are not endowed with this power of self-scrutiny.

Whether or not we consider the human conscience to be an educated faculty, it is not the act itself, but rather the condition of thought that induces the act, that counts for good or evil in the make-up of the innermost. No

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control their quality by an effort of the will. We can dismiss an evil, malicious, envious, or angry thought by a suggestion from our better nature—from the department of higher resolves and aspirations within our minds. Let us remember that the evil that drags us down is negative to the last degree; it is a letting go—a failure to recognize the power we have to say to the anger thought, the worry thought, the fear thought, or the sick thought: "Depart from me!" and to let the wholesome thought of love and courage take its place.

I invite the attention of the average mind—of those who do not even know they "have" a soul (an immortal part within that will never die)—to the fact that the *good* man, whose thoughts are permeated with loving-kindness to his fellow-man, is happiest within himself, is on the best of terms with himself and his fellows, goes through life with the least friction, is able to do most good to others, and is most able to shed a radiance of loving-kindness about him—and so fulfil his mission on earth in the development of that part of him that will be happy after his body "dies." To those who are careless, who are immersed in the pleasures of this life, who regard money-getting as the chief aim, and whose thoughts have been allowed to traverse the flesh plane, with all its allurements, I would say: Sit quietly alone and examine yourself by the aid of this great, God-given power of self-analysis, and ask if you are living up to your highest ideal, if you are entirely satisfied with yourself, and if you are happy within. The answers to these questions are bound to be correct if you are honest with yourself—if you realize that so much depends upon the answers that you cannot afford to be careless in the analysis. "Yes," I hear one say, "I believe every word

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need of money makes my business methods unavoidably a little 'sharp.'" Another will say, "My appetites are so strong that it is impossible for me to overcome them if I would;" and still another will say, "I am sick, and it is impossible for me to be happy in a sick body."

The one sufficient answer to these objections is that a thought is an influence in and of itself; that it can be exerted for either good or evil; that, as the sunlight influences vegetation, so thought-influences control the make-up of the man, including his body and its environment. The sun never shone upon a weak and sickly plant that did not receive the life-giving power that enables vegetation to grow strong and healthy; so with the power of thought, which never fails to work good when accompanied by loving, courageous desire for help. While we may not expect a single loving thought to give life and vigor to a dwarfed and inactive impulse for good, either in ourselves or others, yet the continued sunshine of loving-kindness in our thoughts will restore whatever of life there is in the barren instinct for good. Therefore, let us continue with persistent desire to overcome whatever we find that offends—first in ourselves, then in those about us—with the full knowledge that the thought of the human mind is all-powerful.

When we have taken the whole subject of mind and its powers home to our hearts, and can comprehend its influence—first upon the body, because we have to live in it while on the earth, and then upon the soul, which will feel the influence of our continued thought through all eternity—we can realize in a measure what it means to give way to low and vicious thoughts, and also what will be the advantage of continuing in elevating, enno-

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light of divine truth shining through the mists of earthly uncertainties. Then we may see the hand of God guiding and directing, according to the trend of our thoughts, whether they be good or evil. We can then see the wisdom of the Almighty in making man a free moral agent—his own mentor, his own adviser, his own judge, and his own advocate—the result of what becomes the habitual condition of his thoughts. When we can so regard the influence of thought as to see its lasting influence and our ability and responsibility in choosing the kind of thoughts we allow to pass through our minds, we will be careful not to entertain an angry or vicious thought, regarding always the influence rather than the thought itself, because the effect upon ourselves is the same whether the subject be a person or a thing. The low thought degrades and drags down, while the high thought of love tends to elevate, giving us a better hold upon our moral nature and enabling us to establish ourselves in the good.

EVERYTHING that exists is a manifestation of life. Stones and metals have a life as well as plants, animals, and men; only the mode of the manifestation differs on account of the organic structure of the particles of which they are composed. A fly, for instance, has the same life as a stone, because there is only One Life, but in a fly it manifests itself otherwise than in a stone; and, while the shape of the former may exist for thousands of years, the latter may live only a few days.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

MAY the evil spirits fail that tempt men and nations to tread the degrading path of shame, and may the good gods prevail that hold holy guard over men and nations and keep them in the narrow path

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THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

It is a singular psychological fact that the spirit of persecution in a man never learns a lesson from the past. History shows that persecution, instead of overthrowing or destroying, has tended more to the upbuilding than to the destruction of any system, especially one containing religious thought. The present crusade against Christian Science, about which we hear so much, has done more to increase knowledge of the subject in a few months than could have been accomplished in a much longer time by its adherents. Persons that never before have been interested in the subject now desire to know something about it before passing judgment upon it. The majority of mankind, I believe, desire to act fairly when there is no personal interest to preclude such action; hence, many who have never heretofore given a thought to Christian Science are now giving it more or less consideration.

There is something in Christian Science that appeals to people very strongly—something more than the religious side, which is always a potent element in the life of man—and that is the gospel of health and healing, which its expounders assert come through a realization of the truth they teach. It is not my present purpose to act as a defender of their cult; I write only in the interest of human liberty. Doubtless they have among them those who can defend their cause if such defense is needed. The abuse, however, that has been heaped upon it is not

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It is not to be wondered at that occasionally a patient passes away under their treatment; neither is it strange that among them are to be found some who do not thoroughly represent the teachings. But this may be as truly said of any or all other systems.

I am not a believer in Christian Science, but I am a believer in fair play; and that, I believe, has been denied to this body in press discussions during the last few months, both in this country and in Europe. If the passing away of one or two persons under Christian Science treatment has damned it as a healing art, then the medical profession, whose losses are of daily, not to say hourly, occurrence, should come in for a greater share of condemnation. But it is said that medicine is a science. Saying so, however, does not make it so; and no one has yet discovered that it is anything like a science. By its own professors it has been called "the science of guessing." It is not long ago that the dominant school of medicine persecuted the practitioner of homeopathy; but, because homeopathy was a distinct step in the right direction, all its efforts came to naught, and the newer school demands and gets more recognition to-day than at any time in its history.

Now a new foe—Christian Science—has arisen to distress and harass the antediluvian school of medicine, and necessarily the old persecution must be brought to the front again; but it is so much easier to denounce it through the press! This may not be the most manly way, but it is looked upon by those who never learn anything from the past, and are never abreast of the present needs of the people, as the most powerful agency to carry on their crusade against Christian Science; for it is well understood that the professors of the old school of practise

to save to the profession the many dollars that now go for Christian Science treatment. This may seem like a strong indictment; but it is nevertheless true.

A few years ago, when the medical profession sought to have laws enacted to prevent Mental and Christian Scientists from practising in the State of Connecticut, it was proposed to exact no penalty for the mere act of healing; but, where money was received in compensation for such service, practitioners were to be fined for the first offense and imprisoned for the second. Last year in Massachusetts, when it was sought to enact a similar law, one of the prominent doctors who favored the bill said that it in no way restricted any one's liberty to heal—that he might continue to practise, but would not be allowed to accept fees for his services. It was not for the protection of the "dear people"—oh, no!—but for their own selfish interests, because greed and selfishness have inspired almost every medical law that has been enacted in the last fifty years. Interest in and protection of the people are only secondary considerations.

The Constitution of the United States is said to guarantee protection to every one in the exercise of these inalienable rights: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This may be true; but the laws enacted by different Legislatures at the instigation of the medical profession would lead us to believe otherwise. I believe it is lawful in any State of the Union for a person to choose his spiritual adviser; but it is not lawful in many States for one to choose his physical adviser. He must take what the law provides, regardless of his own opinion in the matter; and he is thus restricted in the pursuit both of [illegible]

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Consistency is a jewel seldom found in legislation that applies to the physical well-being of man.

Hundreds of thousands of people have declared their belief in Christian Science by uniting with that body or by adopting its tenets. They are not ignorant or unthinking with regard to other things; indeed, they are among the best people to be found in the country. Christian Science has shown a degree of vitality that no other religious body has been able to show in the last few years. It has built fine churches, formed hundreds of organizations, and has had no lack of money to carry on its work. There must be some power for good in such a movement, and it would be much better, it seems to me, instead of persecuting such a body, to be tolerant. If it is mistaken in some of its methods it will be found out sooner in that way than through any system of persecution that can be devised by the human mind. If the power of God is seeking a manifestation in this movement, then the mind of man cannot prevail against it; not even the great mind of that materialistic body known as the "regular" school of practise, whose glory it is to have over one hundred kinds of poison, with many hundreds of combinations—all for the upbuilding of the human system. Great is Baal!

Some may think that *this* article is written in the spirit of persecution; such, however, is not the case, as I recognize the fact that it is not possible to persecute a people having all sufficiency within itself, or one that is too hidebound ever to receive a new thought or idea coming from some one outside the medical profession. I do not flatter myself that I can in any way disturb that blissful equanimity of mind that can be equaled, but not excelled, by the bliss of Nirvana.

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of treatment. All this is kept in the background, and the very few cases that have passed away while under treatment are made the basis of a malignant persecution.

Christian Science may be in error in some of its doctrines, but its adherents are at least sincere and honest in their belief; and the course taken by their opponents in their desire to overthrow the cause can have but one effect—to increase its numbers. Ridicule and abuse heaped upon them will only act as a boomerang to those who indulge in such vilification. Calling the founder of Christian Science a foolish old woman, or an impostor, is a form of attack that will not have much weight with thinking minds. That a single individual has been able to accomplish what she has in the last twenty years is really marvelous, showing that back of the movement the individuality that has guided and directed it must be one of great force. The writer met and conversed with her many years ago, and even at that time could not help feeling that she was a most remarkable person.

People may scoff at the idea that there is a force within man that makes for health as well as for righteousness, and many look upon Christian Science as akin to Voodooism, as practised by the colored people of the South. But the Christian Scientist claims he has an intelligent reason to give for the faith that is within him. He can say that Christ healed and taught his disciples to heal without the aid of material means. He can say that Jesus commanded his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel and heal the sick; that he said: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall

There is one thing certain: Under Christian Science treatment the body does not become a reservoir for every vile, filthy poison obtained from the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. No disgusting "serums" are injected into the blood to pollute and eventually destroy the vitality of the organism.

If Christian Science goes to the extreme of idealism, then certainly Medical Science goes to the extreme of materialism; and where one extreme is to be found you will surely find the other. So-called Medical Science has carried its materialistic theories to such a degree of application that there must necessarily be a reaction. As far as the pendulum swings in one direction it must swing in the other. Somewhere between the two schools the exact truth must lie; and it would seem to be far better for all concerned, instead of engaging in any crusade of extermination against one school or the other, to seek rather after the truth through a thorough investigation of both sides of the question—to the end that we may "prove all things," and then "hold fast that which is good."

THE origin of the philosophy of reincarnation is prehistoric. It antedates the remotest antiquity all over the world, and appears to be cognate with mankind, springing up spontaneously as a necessary corollary of the immortality of the soul—for its undiminished sway has been well-nigh universal outside of Christendom. In the earliest dawn of Mother India it was firmly established. The infancy of Egypt found it dominant on the Nile. It was at home in Greece long before Pythagoras. The most ancient beginnings of Mexico and Peru knew it as the faith of their fathers.—*E. D. Walker.*

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THOUGHT.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

We stand so nearly upon the border of the unseen world that, though prone to deny its very existence, we must commonly express the material in terms of the immaterial—as when we speak of the "weight" of a body we must express it as a measure of gravity; that is to say, in terms of *force*—inappreciable by the senses.

Energy is known to the senses by its effect only, and the more available the form of energy the less crude is its embodiment. In the progress of the arts we work first with that which appeals to the five senses, but through the refining action of mind we deal eventually with force direct. Now, as the efficiency of refined oil is superior to that of a tallow dip, or as gas is superior to oil, or electricity to gas—so is that subtle energy known as *thought* more potent than electricity.

Yesterday the vast efficiency of electricity went for nothing: to-day the mind has harnessed the intangible and commands the unseen. We whisper across the Atlantic; we put an ear to the ground and hear the voice of the world. The school-boy reads of the modern miracles of Edison and of Roëntgen, and dozes over the book whose simple statement would have confounded Newton. The child that rides in a trolley-car, speaks through a telephone, and can prove the earth is round, passes judgment on the world that arraigned Galileo. And,

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the ground whereon we now stand. We shall presently see that nothing is stable; that only Being *is*. We are working from the circumference to the center—from the seeming to the real; and from the dark caverns of the human mind the bats are flitting silently before the light. That which is ridiculed one day becomes axiomatic the next. To-day we burn witches, and to-morrow attend seances. Witness, then, how relative are all things—for it is not the Light we have seen, but its reflection in the myriad mirrors of the mind; and no man presents a plane mirror but such as have all degrees of curvature, both concave and convex—and all images are distorted.

The child of the future shall marvel at the reputed wisdom of this day; and as we read with incredulity of that Roman Catholic world that declared the earth was flat, so shall *he* read in pitying wonder of those races of men that builded great nations, possessed a vast commerce, were skilled in the arts—yet failed to perceive the significance of thought!

Men talk vaguely of the Ideal and the Real: one for poet and one for banker. But the ideal is the *only* real, and, as we shall learn, is alone practical. Let us have done with the false distinction—it is the real and the *un*real that confront us! Here is a practical age, and common sense is greatly esteemed; but our common sense is oftenest nonsense. It is the *un*common sense that should be made common: the sense to perceive and hold fast the Real. Stocks and bonds—a princely income—seem real and substantial; but a lack of confidence—a *thought* of fear—enters the minds of men, and that value, apparently so solid and enduring, vanishes into thin air.

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tion whose rate is not yet ascertained; it is the thunderbolt of Jove, and its action is irrevocable. As we think, so are we. The condition of the body is the mathematical resultant of the parallelogram of thought forces; so is the condition of the money market; so is the world; and so is every man's life:

> "All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. . . . If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him."

In the control and direction of thought lies the method of true reform, which deals with causes, not effects; it opens the way to individual emancipation and progress, and the regeneration of society shall follow. But no convention, no mass-meeting will avail; it is a question for the individual—a silent reform. It is love in the heart and corresponding thoughts in the mind that shall bring peace on earth. A little observation shows that the mind projects its thought upon the world's canvas: the canvas is nothing, but the thought merits our profound consideration.

We are "out of sorts," and all men and events appear to be at cross purposes: we are in a cheerful frame of mind, and the whole world seems to rejoice. We may trace the thought of anger or fear to its deleterious effect upon the body; its action is unfailing. And we may as surely witness the wholesome influence of benign thoughts. The prevailing thoughts and aspirations of the men and women of to-day shall be factors in the mental

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ality—whichever is propitiated shall become the fairy godmother of our children. The mothers of this day are shaping the destinies of the men of the future; and to the emancipation of women must we look for the elevation of the race. The teeming population of the globe is truly one family, and the thought and influence of each member are communicated *ad infinitum.* No man shall so much as in thought contribute to the degradation of woman but he weaves a dark thread in the life of races yet to be born.

This perplexing problem of disease finds its only solution in the relation that exists between mind and body. We ask ourselves why the majority of men pass out of this life through the agency of disease; why it is so exceptional to hear of a "natural death"; why so seldom a perfectly normal and sound body? And there is but one logical answer: the body is built by the mind, and it is the departure from truth—it is erroneous thinking that causes bodily imperfection and disease. Disease is not a thing in itself; it is not a "roaring lion seeking to devour," but merely a register, an indicator, of mental error. A mind perfectly controlled and directed ever upon the *truth* will produce a normal body and maintain it in a state of equilibrium, which is health. It is *fear* that is contagious, not disease; it is *fear* that spreads epidemics. The fearless are invulnerable.

The sweet, cool breeze that rustles the poplar leaves and comes laden with the scent of clover and new-mown hay; the gentle rain that is life to tree and flower and every blade of grass; the most microscopic and lowly form of life—in one and all is seen the possible messenger of death, invested with strange power to sweep us from the earth. We are taught that nothing is so insignificant but

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The fact is, we are still animistic in our beliefs: we are still adherents of a crude and primitive Naturism that bows to malignant powers in the air and water. It has no doubt been somewhat convenient to have this scapegoat of malicious drafts and dampness and bacteria upon which to shift the responsibility of our ills—for it is a humiliating circumstance, this publishing abroad our various failings in distorted bodies: our unruly tempers and surly dispositions, our egotism and selfishness, our craven fears and our lack of equanimity and trust—but it is a convenience for which we pay dear. We are so many aborigines, with our wind devil and our rain devil; but we may no longer shirk the responsibility of our own thoughts.

Right thinking is the key to health and happiness: wrong thinking the cause of misery and disease. Herein lies the genius of the coming age—the cornerstone of modern metaphysics, which renders worthless all scholastic systems and inaugurates an era of applied and practical philosophy: a philosophy of Love, which finds its application in the uplifting of human ideals, in the betterment of human conditions, in the demonstration of the supremacy of spirit and the reign of Law, and in the prevention and cure of disease—an application too far-reaching, a basis too broad, to be contained within the bounds of sect or school.

In the name of Religion, what crimes have not been perpetrated? She has been a Juggernaut in her demand for human victims. Nor are the days of the Inquisition yet over. There is a *silent* inquisition—an inquisition of pernicious dogma, whose workings are secret and

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and sensitive. Such dogma has been in many a fair blossom the canker-worm that let it fall untimely to the ground. It is the letter that kills. The Day of Judgment shall never "come"—it *is;* there is a tribunal set up within every man: he is judged of his thought, and his body gives evidence whether it be of love or of fear.

The mind is a loom—incessantly weaving; and thoughts, good and true or idle and vicious, are the warp and woof of that fabric the mind weaves, and which we call our lives. Men weave side by side, nor see what the result shall be. One weaves a Cashmere shawl: another but a bit of patchwork. But all must weave, and the thread is free—be it fine or coarse, silk or cotton. To choose thread that shall be fine yet enduring, colors that shall be delicate yet bright and harmonious, designs of strength and symmetry—such is the province of the skilled weaver.

Our thoughts have grown old; we no longer run and leap. The Greek youth apes the manners of a Frenchman and lolls in the café; but the Parthenon stands an eloquent reminder of the days when men perceived more clearly the eternal youth of the soul and embodied its perfection. All the world goes to copying the Venus de Milo or the Psyche of Capua, as if Youth and Beauty had been entombed with Phydias and Prakiteles, to rise no more.

It is recorded in the Vedas that time was when the mountains were winged and flew about; but Indra clipped their wings, whereupon the mountains settled down upon the earth while their wings remained floating above them as clouds. So the youth goes forth in the strength and vigor of a mind untrammeled, and sees that all things

weight of a mountain, anchors himself firmly by his senses, and wonders how long it will be before he shall get underground altogether.

We dwell in a world of thought. These vagrants—we know not whence they come: which is our thought and which another's? The home is sacred; we reserve the right to say who may enter and who may not. Shall it be otherwise, then, with the mind? The mind is holy: it is a temple. Alas, that it should be entered irreverently! "When thought is purified, then the Self arises;" and the mind, purged of all that is unlovely or untrue, shall radiate serenity and beneficence.

FROM LIFE TO LIFE.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

From life to life, from height to height,
Along a pathway infinite,
    Across the years we journey on,
    From out of shadow unto dawn,
From out of darkness unto light.

A guiding star burns distant, bright,
To guide our spirits through the night,
    Along the chasmed gulfs that yawn
        From life to life.

To him that lives and loves aright

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FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

X.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

If the Supreme Being, in his capacity as an anthropomorphic god, did really, as the literal narrative distinctly states, meet Moses on Mount Sinai and there confide to him the tables of the law, one thing may be said of him without fear of successful contradiction—he was inconsistent, inasmuch as he formulated for men a law that throughout all creation he has violated himself.

It has been held by countless theologians that the revealed word of God is the sole source of ultimate authority; that rational investigation has no place in things of the spirit; and that it is the duty of man to receive without question all the dogmas of so-called faith, and, like a little child, surrender himself, his hopes and fears, his knowledge, convictions, and aspirations to the will of the priests and ministers of the ecclesiastical systems. It has been held by some that it is the moral duty of man even to profess and believe that which his reason tells him to be incontestably false.

Most of the dealings of Deity with us are impressively corroborative of this superficial mode of thought. Not bear false witness! Why, then, has the Almighty set us down in a world of his contriving, all of whose outward seemings contradict their final facts? We gaze

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world! We behold the sun, and sense declares: It rises and sets, and the moon and stars also. We grow in knowledge; we behold the wanderers—the planets—and are confident that these move in epicycles. We gaze about us to the verge of the horizon; we travel and find always a level earth, seamed with valleys or scarred with heaved-up hills, but on the whole a vast plain. We stamp on the ground and say: This indeed is solid; this surely is stable; this truly is at rest! But these statements of sense are, one and all, lies; in every one God has borne false witness against the godly man; Nature has asserted boldly and brazenly the things that were not so. An azure illusion overhangs us; a solid illusion swings and sways and rushes with enormous speed beneath our feet. The "moving" sun is still; the "quiet" earth is the restive one; the planets move not back and forth in a loop and line, but in a conic section—and not round the earth, but rather the sun itself.

We look upon the moving beings around us, our bodily selves, and the animals (the more highly constituted), down through all gradients of activity to the lowly world groveling in the dust; and contrasting these, which to our perception are animate, with the stolid surface of the rocks, the glistening facets of the crystal, the dun-brown mold of the earth, and we say complaisantly: The one class surely lives; the other as surely is dead. But in the course of time man invented the microscope, and at a bound the tiny denizens of the world rushed up out of the dense void, crying: We live! These phenomena in time got themselves accepted as all facts

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does man say now? He simply reiterates the old fable. Complaisant as ever, he deludes himself again that the beyond is dead.

Man is everywhere deceived. Everywhere illusion; everywhere specious lies. And everywhere and always when man, by his own unaided efforts—his patience, his industry, his wisdom—has found out Nature, is Nature ashamed or confounded, or does she deign to apologize or make amends for her blatant mendacity? Not at all; she ignores our achievements, as she despised our investigations; and, reproached for her perfidy (if a true investigator were ever fool enough to reproach), would doubtless answer haughtily: "I did not deceive you; you deceived yourself."

Nature must not be looked upon as a mansion to dwell in, but rather as one to which we are bidden as a guest. If we go, we may be sure of hospitality; if we decline the invitation, it is not for us to denounce the host as a liar. This is not only true of the physical; it is equally true of the mental and the moral. In both domains (really two aspects of one domain) Omnipotence says to man: "Come and see; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And we—who arrogate to ourselves the belief in our own mental superiority; who claim to be so free in our thoughts; who are so sure that "revelation" is a word of folly and delusion—how are we to see unless we look; how are we to find unless we seek; and how are we to have opened unto us unless we knock?

In all departments of advancing knowledge, some one has always led the way. Many have been desirous; a few have been anxious: always one has been determined

what Copernicus did for astronomy; what Frauenhofer did for the solar spectrum—that was done for the all-pervading truths of morality and the beauty of holiness by the man Jesus of Nazareth. He did not invent the truth, but brought to light the things of life and immortality. If we study the facts of the character of his revelation, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," how certainly shall we discover, not analogy, not parallelism of probabilities, but identity of principle! The last shall be first and the first last; he that humbleth himself shall be exalted; take no thought for the morrow; seek first the kingdom of God—that kingdom which is within. And when we have done all these things, though at the beginning there seemed no hope of victory that way, yet in the end we know that it is the only way—and "all these things shall be added unto you." We then know we have them, though eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the carnal mind to conceive them.

If, then, in all phases of mutation of the universe have been set, "for us men and for our salvation," such potential examples of the principles of truth, how shall they be applied to the practical affairs of life—how shall the injunction be fulfilled in its spirit that we bear not false witness against our neighbor? Shall we do evil that good may come? Shall we dare to trust our pitiful, faulty faculties of discernment and discretion? Shall we be audacious enough to believe that we have wisdom of ourselves sufficient to select from various forms of expediency that expedient most certain to be the true one? Never! Of myself I am nothing, save as the everlasting

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yea be yea and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is required of you. If, then, you find yourself in a dilemma in business, in affection, or in doctrine, and you are tempted to conceal or embellish or evade, I counsel you, for your soul's welfare, not to do these things. How can you, with your poor insight into futurity, know or comprehend even in part the ramifications of wrong that your own paltering or prevarication or evasion may set up, to be carried on to the remotest time?

But this Truth, which we so affect to revere, is not always to be found in the cold and cruel reality of phenomena. Not seldom, of all untrue things a fact may be most false. Better a lie told in the cause of Truth than a truth told in the cause of a lie. There is a holy hypocrisy, the mendacity of a sacred silence—the glory of self-control.

The first royal act of Elizabeth of England was to direct the prayers of the Church to be read in English and to forbid the elevation of the "host." She commanded the clergy to conform to the new order under pain of dismissal. Out of nine thousand parish priests, all but two hundred were vicars of Bray and kept their "livings." I am no friend of elevations of "hosts," nor Latin rubrics; but I do say—All honor to that noble two hundred! Their cause may have been ridiculous, but their motive was sublime. They refused to bear false witness.

If it becomes your duty to speak as to the character for sobriety of a person, and you say he was drunk when in fact he was only intoxicated, or if you say he was

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a single dram, when ordinarily he was no drinker—just so far as the phrase or epithet you have used tended to a false impression have you borne false witness against that neighbor. Indeed, hearts have been broken by light words, by gestures, by nods of the head, by play of muscles of the mouth, by a wink, a look, even by a stolid silence.

It is a quite common saying that none who apply literally the precepts of religious teaching can succeed in business; that for the folly of a sentimental philanthropy they will inevitably be overreached and defrauded. Let me briefly indicate and illustrate the principles here involved. If, for instance, you are traveling in a savage country and find wolves on your track, are you, for the sake of a pity that you may well feel for the famished pack, to halt, turn back, and give up your body to them for food? Not so; ply whip and spur, take to a tree, use what weapons you have, kill, destroy, save yourself—not for the sake of your carcass, nor for terror of a brief interval of the agony of death, but because you are the temple of a spirit holier and more worthy of preservation than that of a wolf. None are destitute of the necessary instinct: but this is the essential reason for self-defense. Now, the same principle that applies to the wild wolf of the forest applies also to the wild wolf of mankind. In the ferocity of selfishness and sordid gain you shall find men no better than wolves. If you tell the truth to all, you shall soon discover that every truth you told has become a strand of a cord to bind you fast—to hold you, gagged and bound, at the

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and say: I hear that you have such and such goods to sell; no matter what—dry-goods, groceries, land, bonds, stocks, patents—tell me, for I am an ignorant man—will it be prudent in me to purchase? He has come, relying upon your honor and integrity. I warn you to do unto him as you would be done by. No matter how narrow a market for your wares, no matter how cramped you may be for cash, no matter how much you may desire to effect a sale—tell him all there is to tell. Are the goods shop-worn? Tell him so. Is there danger of interference to the patent? Let him know. Has the stock some concealed disadvantage from which litigation is likely to arise? It is your duty to inform the proposed buyer every detail. If you do not, and for gain or greed keep back part of the fact, you are a liar—iniquitous as that Ananias who kept back part of the price.

False witnesses there are in every society. The churches are filled with them. They are in the pews and —more's the pity and worse the harm—in the pulpits. He is indeed a false witness that, from whatever motive, hides the truth he knows. If the creed he has professed becomes too cramped for his enlarging hope, let him, unfaltering, give up his charge—if he cannot lift his people. Has he a fine salary and no prospects? Never mind; resign. Is he sensitive to opprobrium; does he tremble at being called a "crank;" has he a fear lest all his usefulness should be at an end? Never mind; let him go, and let his usefulness look after itself. Has he a wife and family that plead with or perhaps rail at him? Never mind; let him forsake everything for the

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the substance of the everlasting law, I know nothing that could equal the story of him that "went down from Jerusalem unto Jericho and fell among thieves." Who is my neighbor, do you ask? Where is thy neighbor not? If you think to do no good until you have laboriously ciphered out reasons for goodness, or objects of benevolence who are, as you think, worthy, you will never do good; and that you call "goodness" in yourself is nothing but a fine phase of selfishness.

Prejudice against truth and inattention to her voice —these bear false witness. Judge yourself, not another. That neighbor of thine whom you dare stigmatize as a liar—how do you know his motive; how can you pry open the lids of God's box of faculties to tell? Perhaps his vivid imagination, not his moral sense, is the criminal. Perhaps a defective memory has climbed into the seat of reason, and thence—against the will of the exiled and rightful ruler—dictates mad decrees.

Bear not false witness against your neighbor because in so doing you bear false witness against yourself; for your neighbor *is* yourself. Beware of the "fiat" in this perhaps more than in all the other regions where the moral law whispers its certain, kindly advice to mortals. Be sure that "thou shalt not" even of the gods shrinks back foiled before the power delegated by the one God to you—*I will not*; and the insubstantial afreet, "you cannot," fades into thin air and vanishes at the waved wand of the magician who says and feels—*I will.*

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THE ART OF CONCENTRATION.*

BY M. E. CARTER.

(*Part II.*)

When the thought wanders during the time set apart for concentration, examine your line of thinking and observe just where the wandering began—to what subject you digressed—and then notice what special trait of character it indicates as having led to it. Then strive to remove that fault, or undue attention given in any particular direction. Reform the disease of wandering habits of thinking by curing the trait or traits that lead to it. We perfect (or develop) our individuality by creating our own independent thought.

Whenever your thought "runs off," you will by analysis find some relation between yourself and the thought to which you wander. It is not *foreign* in the broadest sense. It may be well sometimes to allow the thought to wander for a while, and then try to discover the connection between the last thought and the first—also the point of wandering. This will compel a close attention to the whole line of thought. Every subject may be said to have a certain area, or limit, which may be represented by a circle with a central point. All within the circle belongs, in an orderly way, to the subject represented by the central dot. Anything outside the circle will not be pertinent to the central theme. All within grows out of and is traceable back to it; but

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when you go outside, the relationship ceases to exist, except in a very remote way.

Suppose, for instance, you decide to concentrate upon *love*, and begin by thinking of some noble one who has manifested love divine in his or her life. Call up the looks, voice, home surroundings, and words spoken or some memorable act of love performed by your chosen character. If possible, picture it all mentally—with the time, place, and environment, to make the whole thought clear and impressive. After becoming thoroughly imbued with your subject, the desire to emulate such an example will arise, and you will not leave your meditation without having been led to formulate a plan by which you also shall manifest divine love. All this is orderly, "steady, one-pointed action of the mind."

Now, perhaps, you recall some one whom you could help, and you decide to do so. What shall you do? Go out and buy some necessaries that you know he needs and will rejoice to get. Perhaps, when you think of going out to make the purchases, you may also think of changing your dress, and then of what you should wear. This may lead you to decide that you need a new walking costume; then you will meditate as to how and where you shall get it, its cost, and so on. You have wandered. What led you off? *Dress.* You may then be sure that you have given too much thought to raiment, and you will have to set about curing that undue attention to your wardrobe. Or you may be led off in some other direction—to pleasure-seeking, or to a business transaction, or to a disagreement you may have had with some one that has displeased you. In every case you

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Knowledge comes through concentration, or, rather, concentration leads, through orderly steps, to more and more knowledge. In every case, *interest* in the subject chosen for concentration must be aroused. *Con-centre* is to bring together to one center. Then there must be a central thought, and more thought upon that subject must be brought and focalized with it. All the thought that we can generate relative to our subject must be gathered to this centralizing point. There must be a distinct object in view for, and a definite result after, concentration; else it will be fruitless, except as a stepping-stone to a better concentration, or as practise.

Only by and through intermediate stages can we reach a point directly opposite to what we are at first inclined to dwell upon, or a desirable new line of thought. A business man can generally concentrate upon his business—frequently he does so too assiduously, to the exclusion of all higher ideals; but sometimes his thought will wander to something else. While he is thinking about a certain transaction he may go off to the house of the man with whom he wishes to do business. He will think of the man's money, and of what he is able to do with it; then his fine house and all its appointments, and he may wander into envy, or jealousy, or criticism, or emulation.

A channel for our own line of thought must be formed by ourselves. It may be done in several ways—by reading upon the subject, by conversing with a friend, or, if it be impossible to do either of these, then by trying to recollect all that we can concerning our subject.

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and diagrams may sometimes serve as helps; but, remember, while using these you are not concentrating, but only fitting yourself to be able to do so. "Forms, figures, and symbols are useful if *idea* leads," says Mr. Gandhi. "We may become idolaters if we cling to these without content or meaning." Syllables, words, phrases, mottoes—all these may be helps to *train* us to concentrate, much as the practise of the scale in music and the study of the notes will *prepare* the faithful one to become a musician. A picture may convey or arouse a certain thought or train of thinking; hence, it may properly be employed for that purpose.

Every living being has some power of concentration —*can concentrate*, and can learn to change the direction of concentration and bring it into a spiritual course. We must each analyze our own nature and find out what gradual steps we can take toward cultivating the higher vibrations of thought. "Suppose there are five classes of persons, who think on as many different planes. It would be useless to try to lift the fifth, on the lowest plane of thought, up to the first, or highest, except by gradual steps. Each must ascend to the plane next above it, mounting step by step from the physical to the mental, then to the moral, and so on up through the spiritual to the divine."

If I wish to concentrate on some subject I must not merely remain quiet and passive: I must cultivate the power of creating my own thoughts. For the active flow of thought in a particular line we must prepare ourselves. Right *desire* is a potent aid to spiritual progress. Wrong desire is, of course, an obstacle. Ana-

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of spiritual progress." A Hindu legislator said: "The control of desire is very necessary for spiritual progress. No mastery can be acquired by indulgence." Continuing in a habit makes it so strong that it cannot be controlled. We can only preserve our energies by conserving our powers. *Use* must govern, and never self-indulgence, if we aim to progress.

Mr. Gandhi illustrates thus: "There are many kinds of flies that love sweets. Some of them, in gratifying themselves, get immersed and die in the sticky candy of which they partake. Others go to dry sweets, eat, and leave. So it is with human beings. Many get so inextricably involved in business, pleasure, society, dress, and personal gratification that they cannot extricate themselves; and they die in those conditions, held by them like the flies in the sticky sweets."

We must improve the mental instrument through concentration and meditation upon noble subjects; direct the thought in a straight line upon anything, either business or spiritual matters; and strengthen the mental force so that we may know more through spiritual realization, centralizing our powers under the direction of the will.

"A rubber bag that is punctured in several places will let the water ooze out through all apertures without any force anywhere; but, if the bag be tight, except at one place, then the water will go forth in volume and with power. So with our mental force—if allowed to scatter itself there will be no powerful thought on any subject." The mental condition of many persons is like the punctured water-bag—leakage in many directions; active, forceful thought in none.

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and no leaking force. If, while meditating, I allow myself to be distracted by a noise, and leave off meditation to ask what it is and what it means, no result in the way of mental strength will follow. I shall have wasted my time and squandered my mental energies. "Right relations between the ego and the universe must be established." All the inharmony that any one of us experiences may be traced to things and thoughts out of right relations. One single step in the right direction will put an end to a troubled mental condition through right understanding. "Every human being has *interior* power to annihilate trouble." Our own interpretation is the cause of results to us. False interpretation lies at the root of all our trouble. It may be stated in one word—*misunderstanding.*

For concentration, there must be: (1) Preparation; (2) entering into concentration; (3) dwelling in meditation; (4) passing out; (5) analysis of our process of thought; and (6) action resulting from the whole series, which we name *concentration.* Through this course we strengthen the mental activities, evolve knowledge, develop the soul, and improve the character. We also establish a wholesome "axis of mentality," which forbids the entrance of undesirable thoughts.

As was stated in the first paper, there is no "royal road" to concentration. In Mr. Gandhi's own words, "Mere intellectual superiority is proud and self-sufficient; but with it must come humility and a desire to do good. Then everything of a spiritual nature will follow." In order to concentrate one must observe the practise for a long time with devotion, not merely experimentally and

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A PRIMARY SCHOOL OF SOCIETY.

BY MATILDE CHOPIN ALLEN.

Professor Drummond has said: "The family is the first occasion of importance where we get people together; the thing of highest importance for all times and to all nations is family life."

Unless in some family on the frontier, or in one otherwise isolated, the systematic teaching of children is left largely to the kindergartens, schools, and colleges; but family life must ever be the first and most complete school for living in harmony with one another—the primary inculcator of social laws. We seldom think of applying the term "school" to a family; yet in each household there are the constant suggestion, the disciplining of the higher powers, the activities brought into play, and all the friction that is found in the ordinary day-school. From the beginning of each life brought into the family, motherly love and home ties temper that friction; so that, instinctively, each accommodates his habits to those of the others—although always and ever needing to subdue his own inclinations in deference to the rights of others. Indeed, this is the foundation for a restful, comfortable life with a neighbor of whatsoever relationship.

Early impressions are most powerful in the home life, for children imitate those about them. Whatever catches their fancy most they will take as a guide. If children

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Is it all a question of will, or of lack of will, that members of the same family have different temperaments—the one rightly used to overcome disagreeable inclinations and the others so obstinately satisfied with their own code of laws that they see nothing to change? A person with a strong will can so demand obedience that it is almost a sort of hypnotism for him to tell a child he believes his actions will proceed from his best impulses. In such circumstances a little one will be quite sure to wish you to believe him as good as you assume him to be. It is a good deal on the principle of giving an unloving child a great deal of love, so that he may learn to love and obey in return.

It is now suggested that æsthetics be taught before the intellectual and scientific studies, as the beautiful lies nearest to the good. We see this in the interest now awakening in the beautifying of our school-houses, parks, and roadways.

A child's feelings are affected first by mother-love, which the school-teacher supplements by trying to teach right ideas.

What poetry we see dramatized in the opening exercises of the kindergarten: song greetings to one another, as the children stand in a circle, and later tossing kisses of welcome and gladness to the sun!

The moral teaching of the schools does much toward showing the duty of suppressing irritability and moodiness, instructing the little ones upon the need of trying to contribute to the sunshine of the household.

The various little forms of etiquette should ever be

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The social customs of a family are rigidly preserved, and are handed on from one generation to another. There would be more friction in country towns were it not that the inhabitants realize this. For example, one will leniently say of his neighbor: "Oh, he can't help that manner; he gets it from his uncle," or grandfather, as the case may be. They *expect* the crustiness of character of some former resident of the town to reappear.

Underneath all forms of insanity lurks an unsocial instinct. Experiences lived through in the household are the materials from which the child's character is formed. Among these, sorrow and trouble are often as necessary to perfect the spirit as exercise is essential in developing the body. Indeed, how frequently with us grown folk life seems ever a struggle against hard conditions and uncongenial personalities!

In the days when the Latin tongue was spoken, morals and manners were expressed by the same word: *mos*, and the plural *mores*, and the terms even to-day are more akin than the unthinking realize.

The philosophers have left us but two faculties—intellect and sensibility. As character is more needed than brilliant intellect, let us encourage all the sentiments that help make an individual a loving being, in whose society one feels that harmony that is given by gentleness, sincerity, and unselfishness—where the sympathies expand toward one another, or, what is better, *for* one another.

THE power of amulets does not rest so much in the material of which they are made as in the faith with which they are worn. The

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THREE TRUE DREAMS.

BY ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

Prophecy, though a very rare gift in its higher phases, is less uncommon in a limited degree than is generally supposed. But prevision usually comes in flashes so exceedingly brief that the seer scarcely realizes it before it is gone; and if the impression is not at once related or recorded, the light flees, evading all pursuing thought.

In dreams, coming events certainly cast their shadow, and in some cases regarding matters that are quite unimportant. Atmospheric and magnetic conditions have much to do with dreams: when these, as well as the mental and physical condition of the sleeper, are favorable, interesting results sometimes follow. As an instance of this I will relate a personal experience, first describing the conditions under which the dreams occurred.

In the peninsula of Yucatan, famous for its ruins, one of the most fascinating places is Chichen, the site of what was, in olden times, a city of considerable extent. There, centuries ago, deserted temples and palaces became shrouded in dense foliage, and the former abodes of haughty priests and princes sheltered only wild creatures of many a form.

While making archæological researches, Dr. Le Plongeon and I found it convenient to occupy the upper portion of what had been an extensive palace, built of

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—so that the cool night breezes fanned us just a little. The room opened upon an extensive terrace, forty feet high, composed of great blocks of stone. Strolling along that broad elevation, it was easy to become enthusiastic over the gorgeous sunsets and serenely beautiful nights. At our feet the tree-tops of the forest that extended away to the horizon swayed and murmured, and among their dense foliage the fluttering fire-flies seemed as it were a reflection of the countless stars above. From our hammock, hung so that our heads were to the north—a rule of health that no one should fail to observe when dwelling in the northern hemisphere—we could still look out into the glorious space, breathe the pure air, and rejoice in the inspiring silence.

Such were the conditions. It may be added that our fare was severely simple; that our days were spent in hard work beneath a scorching sun; and that, our lives being in constant danger from hostile Indians, leopards, snakes, and insects, we had acquired the faculty of sleeping very lightly. At daybreak, between five and six o'clock, we were always astir.

The three dreams I am about to relate occurred in each case just before waking—on alternate mornings of the week. The first was in connection with excavations that had resulted in the unearthing of several ancient sculptures and other interesting antiquities from the tomb of a certain high priest. Among other things we had brought to light nine large stone snake-heads, finely chiseled and colored. In my dream I directed our laborers to remove a lot of rough stones from one spot, telling them they would find, concealed beneath, three more snake-heads.

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When I related my dream to Dr. Le Plongeon, at that

him with the news that the three heads had been brought to light, just as foreshadowed in the dream.

At the present time the twelve snake-heads adorn a public garden in the city of Valladolid, Yucatan. Had their historical value been better understood by the authorities in that country, those antiquities would have been preserved in the museum at Merida. As it is, heavy rains have washed off the colors.

The second dream was on the day Dr. Le Plongeon was able to return to the scene of his labors after a fortnight's confinement to our room. While he was dressing, I said to him: "Just before waking, I dreamed that three men came to this place. They did not see me, and I did not know who they were, but I can describe them fully. One was tall and thin and wore no coat or vest. Another was of medium stature, clad in only two white cotton garments, just as the Indians dress, though he was a white man. The third party was a small man, and had a brown linen jacket, but no vest."

That very morning these three men put in an appearance at the place of excavation. Later we learned that they were petty officials from a neighboring town, and their object was to do a little spying. They asked Dr. Le Plongeon if they might visit the rooms we occupied at the palace. He assured them they would do well to keep at a safe distance from them, as he had a very reliable sentinel on duty there and that no one would be allowed to intrude upon the Senora (the writer) who was at home in those rooms.

Knowing nothing of what had occurred at the place

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to the scene of excavation that morning. This man was pure Indian, and spoke only his native tongue—the Maya. I hastened to where he stood—at the head of a steep stairway, the one ascent to the terrace—and said, in a suppresed voice: "Three men are arriving. They are not to come up these stairs. You understand?"

His orders were to shoot any person that would attempt to force his way without a permit from Dr. Le Plongeon. "*Bey, Colel*" (all right, lady), the sentinel stolidly rejoined, nodding his shaggy pate.

I withdrew from view, and soon heard the Indian growl. out a surly "Down!" in his Maya language, with which all the people there are familiar. A moment later the order was repeated, more menacingly, accompanied with a sharp rap of the butt end of the rifle on the stone platform. The intruders were on the stairs. The sentinel raised his weapon to his shoulder. The click of the lock sounded on the still air. Convinced that the Indian "meant business," the three men lifted their voices in joint protest and quickly descended. Again I looked over the terrace and saw them making a hurried departure; but they did not see me.

Two mornings later I remarked: "Our bodyguard will arrive to-day, or at least I have just dreamed that soldiers came along the path at the foot of this building; there were thirty of them, for I counted as they passed."

"You saw double," replied Dr. Le Plongeon; "only fifteen men are due here."

At ten o'clock that morning, however, *thirty* soldiers came in single file along the narrow path. I stood on the terrace and counted them. Fifteen were to remain with

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

ON or about the 20th of February, representatives of the various phases of the New Thought movement will assemble in Alliance Hall, Hartford, Conn., for the purpose of effecting a more thorough union of forces on the basis of a common aim. The main object of the meeting will be to accomplish for the rank and file of the New Metaphysics what MIND is trying to secure for its literature —a recognition of those fundamental truths that are the mainspring of both individual and associated efforts in every truly metaphysical field of activity. It is intended at this Convention to bring about an adjustment of existing differences, which all friends of the movement regard as being only superficial, and to harmonize and systematize the work on a broader foundation of brotherhood and mutual helpfulness.

Among those present will be representatives of the Alliance of Divine Unity of Hartford, the Circle of Divine Ministry of New York, the Metaphysical Club of Providence, and kindred organizations. Able speakers from Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, and elsewhere, not affiliated with such societies, will also be in attendance. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all friends of spiritual freedom, as well as to those interested in the New

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for convenience and comfort. Circulars and additional information pertaining to the Convention may be had by addressing Charles Brodie Patterson, 44 West Forty-fourth street, New York City.

RELIGION AND INSANITY.

THE superintendent of the Middletown (N. Y.) Asylum for the Insane recently announced that the mental aberration of forty per cent. of the inmates of that institution is traceable directly to "religious excitement," and that more insanity is attributable to this than to any other single cause. Many physicians whose practise extends largely among ecclesiastical bodies, or whose church connections or professional convictions preclude their exercise of candor, have hastened to join the clergy in taking issue with the above statement. It is explained that what is charged to religion is really due to heredity, and that incurable diseases, accidents of birth, and physical defects are sources of lunacy that frequently exhibits a religious form. Even when having a vicious origin, we are told, a hallucination may relate wholly to the Bible or to the spiritual exaltation of the victim. And the Rev. Dr. Da Costa suggests that "meat-eating" is a prolific cause of religious mania.

In their assertion that *religion* is not the cause of insanity in any of its phases, we cordially indorse the position of these gentlemen. We agree with what they say, but not with what they mean. In our opinion, religious excitement never drove anybody crazy. True religious enthusiasm is rather a health-stimulus to both body and mind. It imparts nourishment to the soul and vigor to the brain. Its lack is seen in the presence of anger and hatred, fear and jealousy, egotism and selfishness: indeed, all the morbidly negative states of

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normal reason of men and women, it is no longer religion: it ceases to represent anything but a perversion of the truth. When a ranting revivalist makes an impassioned appeal to the *emotions* of his hearers, this result is very likely to follow. When a sensitive mortal is obliged to listen to hair-raising descriptions of his future life in the hands of a vengeful Jehovah; when he is forced to gaze at lurid mental pictures of a literal hell, and told that he is so nearly "lost" that he stands on the very verge of the sulphurous abyss; when this is pointed out as the eternal home of his loved ones who may not have "repented," and he is assured with a shout that the crisis of "the kingdom" is at hand—is it any wonder that the poor fellow loses his mental bearings and goes daft from the effects of that sort of "religion"?

Until very recent years, these dogmas were the stock-in-trade of many pulpiteers who were otherwise eminently respectable; and there can be absolutely no doubt that their well-meant attempts to prepare their congregations for some great and terrible Judgment Day have brought forth a harvest of mental depression of which insanity is not the only outcome. Many other forms of disease can be traced to the same form of mental shock; for no terror is so awe-inspiring as one that is shrouded in mystery—no scarecrow is so frightful as one that is partly hidden.

In such doctrines there is neither religion nor sense; and it is fortunate for the mental and spiritual welfare of the race that they are rapidly relegating to the limbo of exploded superstitions.

THERE is a great deal in the theory that people often cough because they have nothing else to do. There is very little coughing in a theatre where every one is so interested that he forgets he has

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THE SOUL'S GALAXY.

Within the gallery of the soul are hung the masterpieces of Nature's genius. Here realism is supreme. No poetic, dreamy atmosphere pervades. The outlines are bold and clear; the lineaments severe and rugged; the ensemble solemn and impressive. Our thoughts and deeds are the motley pigments of the palette. Memory sways the brush that paints the immortal canvas. In moments of introspection we tread the echoing corridors and review the landscapes and the pensive scenes—comedies and tragedies and commonplaces—the haunts of love and melancholy, of joyance and abandon; we see the lips we kissed and blessed—the hearts we pained and wounded; we see the very words we spoke in tenderness writ golden on the air—our thoughts of anger and envenomed envy, vampire-winged, flying like portents of approaching doom. Each secret thought is there, portrayed in shadowy outline; each word, each deed, returns like wandering wraiths of departed friends. We are but moulded thoughts: our lives and bodies but the casts of mental images. These thoughts are our Mentors and Nemeses: they guide us to happiness and paradise, or lash us with whips of vengeance through the halls of hell. Be just, be good, be true, be brave, be virtuous and pure, and angel-winged shall be the visitors of peace that hover round and hallow you. If hate and harshness, intrigue and selfish ends, be our base thought; if avarice gripe the heart and vengeance seethe the soul—then harpy-hoofed and horrid ghouls shall haunt and hound us. Lift the soul into the sunlight; breathe love on every heart; use thy power to know only the good and see only the pure—and there shall hang for thee in memory's hall such visions of beauty as shall charm thy soul into elysian peace.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

THE BRAHMAN'S RULE OF LIFE.

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"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"—which is the

universal watchwords in the required work of spiritual liberation. The first step in this turning away from the world is when the individual begins to see through the illusiveness of life; becomes conscious of the unreality of his surroundings and of the soul's independence of the external world, and of the sensations which it produces upon him through the glamour medium of the senses. If he be an orthodox Brahman, he says: "What have I to do with this phantasm of nature, this mirage of an external world? Why should I allow myself to be subject to the painful or disturbing sensations that it imposes upon me through the senses, when in reality there is no existence but Brahm, of whom I am a part?" This last phrase is the one most intelligible to a European; but what the Hindu says is, "I *am* Brahm"—in the sense that a drop taken from the ocean is the same in substance with the ocean. True knowledge sees through the deception of Maya; it dispels the darkness from the embodied soul, and thereupon the soul seeks to liberate itself from this bondage of illusion. It comes to know that it is part of the Soul of the Universe, and, like the reclaimed prodigal, cries, "I will arise and go to my Father!" The rule of common life, as preached by the Brahmans, was to fulfil the duties incumbent upon each one in the position in which he is born. No one was to disturb another in the discharge of his duties; he must not injure either man or beast, and he must be tender even to plants and trees. When he had set up his house, had married and begot a son; when he had fulfilled the duties of a housemaster; when he was old and had seen his children's children—then he must prepare for futurity and retire into the forest to lead the life of an eremite, and work out his "liberation," or the salvation of his soul. This was prescribed even for the common throng—although, doubtless, the injunction was but little, or very slightly, observed. It was acknowledged that it is not every one who can become a true yogi, much less a Sannyasin or Arhat. But, to all who aspired after the higher grades of liberation and spiritual existence, marriage itself was forbidden and all sexual indulgence was prohibited, as most fully retaining the soul under the

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PLAIN FACTS ABOUT VIVISECTION.

The experiments carried out in the United Kingdom and recorded in British publications are mere samples or specimens of what is going on day by day, week by week, and year by year. The same thing goes on in America and on the European continent. It has been going on in this Old World of ours for more than three thousand years. Imagine to yourself, if you can, the awful suffering deliberately produced and inflicted by human agency during this tremendous space of time. When the experimenters tell you that "only a few rabbits and guinea-pigs are used," they tell you what is untrue. As a matter of fact, horses, cows, sheep, donkeys, dogs, cats, monkeys, rabbits, guinea-pigs, rats, mice, frogs, and fowls and other birds are used in great quantities every year. There are some forty laboratories in this country alone, always at work. When the experimenters tell you that "anæsthetics (chloroform and ether) are always used," they are deceiving you. In Great Britain every year most of them take out certificates to absolve them from the necessity of using anæsthetics. In the Continental schools, where our younger experimenters go for practise, there is no pretense of using anæsthetics at all. When the experimenters tell you that "vivisection is necessary for the progress of medicine," just refer to the Registrar-General's returns, and you will find that the death-rate for most of the deadliest diseases is rising year by year, despite all their cruel operations. They have no cure for consumption, cancer, diphtheria, cholera, and other diseases—they have been groping in the dark (experimenting) for more than three thousand years.

This is not a mere medical question—it is *primarily* a moral question; and you can judge for yourself in moral questions just as well as, and perhaps better than, your doctor can. Vivisection is admittedly cruel; it is declared to be both useless and misleading by independent medical men; it is liable to great abuse in the pri-

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If, then, it be cruel, if it be useless, if it be liable to great abuse (as the Royal Commission declared in 1876), and if it be merely an interesting method of scientific research to two or three hundred men, sweep it away. Go for its total prohibition by law, and have the perpetrators of as cold-blooded and heartless a practise as any in the long and dreary record of human infamy branded as *criminals* and punished as you punish now, *by law*, the poor, ignorant carter, and others who ill-treat horses and donkeys.—*S. G. Trist, in the Herald of the Golden Age.*

PSYCHO-THERAPEUTICS.

Thought is as mysterious as spirit. It is being recognized, however, that "thoughts are things," that they are living entities, and that they can be sent forth on missions of blessing or destruction. Thought-forms sometimes appear in the image of the personality from which they emanate. There is a direct relation between thought-force and health, happiness and longevity—or sickness, misery, and premature death. This is beginning to be recognized by advanced minds. Thought, as a destructive agency or as a creative force, is in constant operation. While the art of thinking, and its relation to the physical brain, is not generally understood, yet the process goes on without deviation, working destruction on the one hand or creating anew upon the other. Getting sick and dying prematurely are effects of thought-force misdirected. Living in the enjoyment of good health, or regaining that boon when once lost, is illustrative of thought-force in its power to preserve as well as to create. Keeping well is an art. Once master it, and you will not be sick. Knowledge thus gained is mightier than environment or prenatal tendencies. People think they must of necessity inherit the ailments of their ancestors. The child must die of consumption, or liver complaint, or bilious colic, because one or both parents thus died. By suggestion, the destructive agency is carried over from

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be ill, and thus through the agency of misdirected sympathy and auto-suggestion you are transformed from a condition of comparative good health to that of an invalid, with the undesired prospect of death staring you in the face. It is so natural to be sick. It is to be expected. It is unavoidable. None may hope to escape. The suggestion is preached into people. It is instilled into them from the cradle to the grave. It is sung into them in churches and at funerals.

> "Death rides on every passing breeze,
> And lurks in every flower;
> Each season has its own disease,
> Its peril every hour."

Here is poetic suggestion without stint, calculated in its very nature to increase the business of doctors and undertakers. And it does it. We believe that one verse has killed more people than the smallpox or scarlet fever. Some coward has styled death "the king of terrors," and fear of death has entailed a life-long bondage upon the race. Suggestion of disease heightens those fears and rivets more firmly the bonds under which humanity groans. The weeds of mourning, worn as "the sable trappings of woe," are forcible suggestions of death and the grave. Hence, in the interest of health, the custom of wearing mourning would be better honored in the breach than in the observance. But people must be sick, or the doctors, druggists, and undertakers would have a hard time to obtain a livelihood; that is, they would "make ends meet" with great difficulty until they adjusted themselves to the new order of things in the new age or dispensation of human progress.

It is coming to be a recognized fact that if, by suggestion, people can be made sick, they can be made well by the same means. There is not an intelligent physician in touch with the progress of the times that does not recognize the power of suggestion. Every dose of medicine dealt out is followed by the suggestion of cure. The confidence of the patient in the ability of the doctor to heal is another suggestion in the same direction. Often mere bread or sugar pellets, accompanied by either the oral or mental suggestion of the family

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what are called miracles. Its results are no less wonderful to-day. It is not a system of experiments. The intelligent operator comes in conjunction with the Universal. He holds the mystic key that locks the objective mind within the realm of the subjective consciousness. There thought-force is recognized, and under these circumstances it restores and renews the physical, which is the realm of the objective consciousness and the domain of nerve force. It illustrates the power of mind over matter—of spirit over material environments. The ego is supreme, not only in the subjective but in the objective state; in other words, the man controls the house he lives in. The physical body is his house. He has the power to keep it in good repair. When he once learns the secret he can do this by auto-suggestion. Psycho-therapeutics intelligently applied by an operator who understands his business soon convinces him of the power of suggestion, and he learns at length to do for himself what he has thought another must do for him. We are weak while we lean on others for support. We never know our power till we determine to help ourselves. Polarized in self-conscious strength, we are more than conquerors. We become what we *will to be.*

Health is our birthright, and we take it. Disease is a robber, and we drive him hence. Success is ours, and we claim our own. We have a right to be happy, and no power can vitiate that right. We have a right to live, and we need not go into the cemetery before our time. Whether sick or well depends upon the strength of our own volition, or the application of thought-force regulating and controlling nerve force. We are masters of the situation. It is unnecessary to be sick because it is fashionable. We need not die simply because it is customary. We can remain in the physical as long as it is our pleasure to do so. Neither are we obliged to grow old and bend under the weight of years because we have been taught that we must. A youthful spirit preserves the body in robust health and vigor to the end. Hence, we confront sickness by health, weakness by strength, evil by good, error by truth, darkness by light, sorrow

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

COL. Ingersoll kindly consented to answer some questions asked him in relation to children. We present these questions and answers to our readers in this and next month's issues:

Question. (*For parents.*) What would you say to a little girl or boy who asked you: What does truth mean?

Answer.—I would answer that all that really is, is true. You see things, you hear noises, you touch substances. The things that you see, hear, and feel actually exist. They are facts—truths. These facts are in some way related to one another, and this relation is a fact—a truth.

I would call the child's attention to the facts, the truths, by which he was surrounded. Then I would impress the means by which he took cognizance of these things. I would show him that he gets his evidence of the outer world through his senses; in other words, that experience is the foundation of all knowledge. Then I would tell him that he can get knowledge from the experience of others. I would tell him, if the experience of others was contrary to his own, that he should not believe it; that he should test everything for himself.

Parents should tell their children the truth. If they speak to the children on any subject, they should tell the facts. They should not pretend that they know, when they know that they do not.

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their guesses for demonstrations. They can tell the children what they believe and give their reasons, allowing the child perfect liberty of expression.

Every child should be taught to doubt—to think; and every child should be taught to be absolutely true to himself and to preserve the veracity of his soul.

Question. (*For children.*) What is your definition of a brave boy?

Answer.—A boy, first of all, who can endure pain in silence. One who does not weep when he falls, or cuts or bruises himself. One who can bear disappointment, who makes the best of everything. One who does not moan because it rains, or because it is too cold, but bears with fortitude the little disappointments that cloud his life. The brave boy cares nothing for the dark, for ghosts or goblins.

REALITY.

In John Greenleaf Whittier's book for children there is a story, "from the German of Carove," about a child who "came to a still water, above which young beeches lovingly intwined their arms. He looked into the water"—that "soft, placid mirror, from the bosom of which the tender, green foliage, with the blue of heaven between, gleamed so wondrously upon him."

"Then the breeze began to sigh among the tree-tops. The child raised his eyes and saw overhead the quivering green, and the deep blue behind it, and he knew not whether he were awake or dreaming; which were the real leaves and the real heavens—those in the heights above, or in the depths beneath?"

While the child wondered about this, his friend the dragon-fly flew to him. And he asked her if she could decide for him. So the dragon-fly "flew above, and beneath, and around; but the water spake: 'The foliage and the sky above are not the true ones; the leaves wither and fall; the sky is often overcast, and sometimes quite dark.'

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only in the eyes of the child, and that the leaves and the sky were true and real only in his thoughts; because in the mind alone the picture was permanent and enduring, and could be carried with him whithersoever he went."

SNOWFLAKES.

Look on the wondrous snowflake, and behold its crystal form
So perfect and so fragile though it cometh through the storm
With millions of its brothers crowding out the heaven's blue—
Each one a perfect thought of God, dear little child, like you.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Far away, in the "Land of the Rising Sun," there is a little rocky island that at very low-tide can be reached from the mainland by a strip of sandy beach; but after the tide turns, one must walk part of the way over a bamboo bridge, and at high-tide only by boat can one reach the island of Enoshima, where, in the quaint shops, there are found toys to fill a child with wonder and delight. Mr. Hearn has named this place the "City of Mother-of-Pearl." Mother-of-pearl, you know, is that beautiful, shining stuff full of changing color, and it is found on the inside of the shell of the mollusk. In Enoshima there are lovely things carved out of this mother-of-pearl —tiny puppies and kittens, crabs and lobsters, beetles and birds and butterflies; and sometimes one may find a mite of a tortoise whose head and legs and tail wriggle just like those of a real tortoise. Then there are necklaces to delight any little girl, and they are made of strings of tiny fish or birds; and there are sprays of dainty flowers put together in a wonderful way with bits of wire, so that the petals and leaves tremble in a passing breeze just like real ones; and what would you think of a bee hovering over a flower shaking its

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light, and this white light is made up of all the colors we have. We know this; because when something gets in the way, like water or a piece of glass that is not perfectly smooth and clear, the white light, although it shines just as brightly, is broken up into its many colors. This is what makes the rainbow: the sunlight, in trying to shine through the falling rain, has to break up, and then we see all the colors that make what is called the *spectrum*—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

You yourself can break up the light by holding a prism in a sunbeam; then on the floor or wall or ceiling will shine the colors of the rainbow. Now, mother-of-pearl does just what the prism and the water do. Although it is so smooth to the touch, it is really full of tiny rough places that catch and break up the white light, and as it is not transparent like glass and water, the light cannot shine through it, but its gleaming white surface reflects the lovely broken light—the reds and greens and blues that come and go and change as the mother-of-pearl is turned about.

Do you want to prove for yourself that mother-of-pearl is rough and breaks up the white light? Well, melt white sealing-wax, pour it over a piece of mother-of-pearl, and remove it carefully before it becomes too hard; and there on the sealing-wax you will find color, but it will not be so bright as on the mother-of-pearl, because the surface of sealing-wax is not so shining and does not reflect so well.

Are you not glad that light has to break up when things are put in its way? If it were not so, how much we would lose—the rainbow, the sunsets, the colors in the shells and dewdrops!

Sometimes things you call "bothers" get in *your* way, dear child. Meet these little roughnesses with a brave heart and a cheery mind, and the light of your earnest endeavor will shine about you on the rough places, and glorify them for you.

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

YOU must not talk about "ain't" and "can't" when you speak of this great wonderful world round you, of which the wisest man knows

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Nature. You do not know what Nature is, or what she can do. . . . If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees, of quite different shape from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, to grow into fresh trees, they would have said, "The thing cannot be; it is contrary to Nature." And they would have been quite as right in saying so as in saying that most other things cannot be.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."

Many years ago, when Jesus lived here on this earth in a country far from ours, he gathered about him a number of men to tell them how to live right. These men were called disciples. Once he said to them: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

He drew his lesson for his disciples from these flowers, and we are going to see if we cannot find a lesson for the children about flowers. Why do we love flowers? Because they are so beautiful; because they are so fragrant with delightful perfumes; because they are so bright with their many colors. They always seem so happy—happy when it rains and when it shines. By being beautiful in mind, we too give out a perfume like the flowers. Now, to be beautiful in mind we must think kind thoughts, and these will become good deeds, because you know, children, thought comes first and causes you to do everything in life.

Again, we get another lesson from the flowers. Their color is bright even when it rains or when it is cloudy; and so, we should keep bright and cheerful at all times by keeping bright thoughts in mind, even when things come that seem neither pleasant nor good, knowing that the little clouds and disappointments will soon pass

nourish and perfect their little lives. Now, the great, loving Power that does this can make you grow just as beautiful—even more beautiful than any flower that ever grew. This Power imparts to your own life love and goodness, so that when these are fully in your mind you are expressing something of God in your own lives. *God* and *Good* mean the same thing, and good children are those that think kind, loving thoughts about everything and everybody, growing day by day more like the flowers and shedding the perfume of beautiful thought and action on all who come near them.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

"O Mother, see! my little bird,
Whene'er she stoops to drink,
Lifts up her little bill to heaven—
Why is it, do you think?

Is it because she thinks that God
Supplies her wants each day,
And she would show her gratitude
In this sweet, simple way?"

"We'll deem it so," the mother said,
As she caressed her child,
And, bending o'er him, softly spoke
In accents sweet and mild:

"We'll deem it so, my darling boy,
And thus a lesson learn;
Our hearts and souls, like birdie's bill,
To heaven we'll grateful turn;

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NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

HOUSES OF GLASS. By Wallace Lloyd, M.D. 398 pp. Cloth, $1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., publishers, New York.

This is a "philosophical romance," in which a powerful social problem is worked out with admirable skill. It comprises sixty-five chapters, of an infinitely varied yet consecutive range of thought, that embrace the pathetic as well as the humorous incidents of a long professional career. These are cleverly interblended with the advanced philosophy—sometimes cynical, but always instructive—of a uniquely ripened mind. "Wallace Lloyd, M.D.," is the *nom de plume* of a prominent Canadian physician, who is evidently a thinker, a scholar, a profound student of human nature, and an observer of life's phenomena; for the volume is replete with events that stimulate the better qualities of the reader and enchain his interest from first to last. In the coming day when the god of drugs shall be dethroned, if this author does not become a *natural* healer of the sick, he will find both reputation and emolument in the literary field, which is never crowded at the top.

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS. By Frank H. Sprague. 238 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by the author, Wollaston, Mass.

The author of this excellent book needs no introduction to the readers of MIND, to whom his profound thought and captivating literary style have been familiarized in several important essays. The volume is written on similar lines, the spiritual basis of the new Science of Being having a setting that is original, clear, and convincing throughout the thirteen lengthy chapters of which it is composed. It is in no sense superficial or verbose, and appeals especially to candid thinkers. As a text-book of the New Thought, it will fill a distinctive place in the literature of the movement; indeed, it is a refreshing contrast to much of the "frothy" material that to-day finds a ready sale among the emotional and unthinking. Our only criticism is that the author's earnestness has betrayed him into a too liberal use of

THE LIFE OF THE HARP—In the Hand of the Harper. By Francis Schlatter. 191 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by "His Hostess," Datil, New Mexico.

This is a history of the life and recent works of one of the most mysterious characters of the waning century—an illiterate Alsatian who, manifesting a sublime faith in a voice, inaudible to others, that he called "the Father," was actually able to heal the sick by a mere touch of the hand. The power of a dominant idea is limited only by the degree of its absorption of the mind; and Schlatter was so profoundly impressed with the sacredness of his mission and the genuineness of his calling that all the resources of his being were directed into a single channel. That this strange man (who is not "dead," as many suppose) is a phenomenal psychic is beyond question; and, on his re-emergence from his mountain retreat next summer, it is expected that his added development will startle mankind with many of its manifestations.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS. By Jean du Buy, Ph. D. Cloth, 80 pp. James H. West, publisher, Boston.

All who would know the religion of the "lowly Nazarene," as distinguished from the theology of his professed followers and would-be representatives, should get this book and ponder its contents. It is made up entirely of extracts from the Four Gospels, which, being verbatim, doubtless contain the same errors and interpolations that give the "higher critics" their excuse for existence. But, underneath the mere letter of the teaching, the truly spiritual mind can discern a most sublime philosophy of life—applicable to all ages and races and adaptable to the commonest understanding. Dr. du Buy has rendered an important service in thus compiling and arranging Christ's scattered phrases into a connected and intelligible whole.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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MIND.

Vol. III. MARCH, 1899. No. 6.

INGERSOLL INTERVIEWED.

BY THE EDITOR.

As an incident in the life of any one favored with the privilege, a visit to the home of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is certain to be recalled as a most pleasant and profitable experience. Although not a sympathizer with the great agnostic's religious views, yet I have long admired his ability, his humor, his intellectual honesty and courage. And it was with gratification that I accepted the good offices of a common friend who recently offered to introduce me to the Ingersoll domestic circle in Gramercy Park. Here I found the genial Colonel, surrounded by his children, his grandchildren, and his amiable wife, whose smiling greeting dispelled formality and breathed "welcome" in every syllable. The family relationship seemed absolutely ideal—the very walls emitting an atmosphere of art and music, of contentment and companionship, of mutual trust, happiness, and generosity.

But my chief desire was to elicit Colonel Ingersoll's personal views on questions related to the New Thought and its attitude on matters on which he is known to have very decided opinions. My request for a private chat was

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sent—I was impressed most deeply, not by the force of his arguments, but by the sincerity of his convictions. Among some of his more violent opponents, who presumably lack other opportunities of becoming known, it is the fashion to accuse Ingersoll of having really no belief in his own opinions. But, if he convinced me of little else, he certainly, without effort, satisfied *my* mind that this accusation is a slander. Utterly mistaken in his views he may be; but if so, his errors are more honest than many of those he points out in the King James version of the Bible. If his pulpit enemies could talk with this man by his own fireside, they would pay less attention to Ingersoll himself and more to what he says. They would consider his *meaning*, rather than his motive.

As the Colonel is the most conspicuous denunciator of intolerance and bigotry in America, he has been inevitably the greatest victim of these obstacles to mental freedom. "To answer Ingersoll" is the pet ambition of many a young clergyman—the older ones have either acquired prudence or are broad enough to concede the utility of even agnostics in the economy of evolution. It was with this very subject that we began our talk—the uncharitableness of men otherwise good in their treatment of those whose religious views differ from their own.

"Colonel," I began, "what is your conception of true intellectual hospitality? As Truth can brook no compromises, has it not the same limitations that surround social and domestic hospitality?"

This was the reply:

"In the republic of mind we are all equals. Each one is sceptered and crowned. Each one is the monarch of his own realm. By intellectual hospitality I mean the

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right of every human being to see for himself; to hear with his own ears, see with his own eyes, and think with his own brain. You will not try to change his thought by force, by persecution, or by slander. You will not threaten him with punishment—here or hereafter. You will give him your thought, your reasons, your facts; and there you will stop. This is intellectual hospitality. You do not give up what you believe to be the truth; you do not compromise. You simply give him the liberty you claim for yourself. The truth is not affected by your opinion or by his. Both may be wrong. For many years the Church has claimed to have 'the truth,' and has also insisted that it is the duty of every man to believe it, whether it is reasonable to him or not. This is bigotry in its basest form. Every man should be guided by his reason; should be true to himself; should preserve the veracity of his soul. Each human being should judge for himself. The man that believes that all men have this right is intellectually hospitable."

"Amen!" said I, in hearty approval of such sound sentiments. Feeling that the gnlf between us was not so wide as I had thought it to be, I ventured to inquire as follows:

"In the sharp distinction between theology and religion that is now recognized by many theologians, and in the liberalizing of the Church that has marked the last two decades, are not most of your contentions already granted? Is not the 'lake of fire and brimstone' an obsolete issue?"

"There has been in the last few years a great advance," admitted the Colonel. "The orthodox creeds have been growing vulgar and cruel. Civilized people are shocked

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described in the Bible. He has become somewhat civilized. He no longer claims the right to damn us because he made us. But in spite of all the errors and contradictions, in spite of the cruelties and absurdities found in the Scriptures, the churches still insist that the Bible is *inspired.* The educated ministers admit that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses; that the Psalms were not written by David; that Isaiah was the work of at least three; that Daniel was not written until after the prophecies mentioned in that book had been fulfilled; that Ecclesiastes was not written until the second century after Christ; that Solomon's Song was not written by Solomon; that the book of Esther is of no importance; and that no one knows, or pretends to know, who were the authors of Kings, Samuel, Chronicles, or Job. And yet these same gentlemen still cling to the dogma of inspiration! It is no longer claimed that the Bible is true—but *inspired.*"

"Yet the sacred volume, no matter who wrote it," I interposed, "is a mine of wealth to the student and the philosopher, is it not? Would you have us discard it altogether?"

"Inspiration must be abandoned," continued the Colonel, "and the Bible must take its place among the books of the world. It contains some good passages, a little poetry, some good sense, and some kindness; but its philosophy is frightful. In fact, if the book had never existed I think it would have been far better for mankind. It is not enough to give up the Bible: that is only the beginning. The *supernatural* must be given up. It must be admitted that Nature has no master: that there never has been any

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"But," I asked, "have you no use whatever for prayer —even in the sense of aspiration—or for faith, in the sense of confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right?"

"There is a difference between wishing, hoping, believing, and—knowing," said he. "We can wish without evidence or probability, and we can wish for the impossible—for what we believe can never be. We cannot hope unless there is in the mind a possibility that the thing hoped for can happen. We can believe only in accordance with evidence, and we know only that which has been demonstrated. I have no use for prayer; but I do a good deal of wishing and hoping. I hope that some time the right will triumph—that Truth will gain the victory; but I have no faith in gaining the assistance of any god, or of any supernatural power. I never pray."

"However fully materialism, as a philosophy, may accord with the merely human *reason*, is it not wholly antagonistic to the instinctive faculties of the mind?" was my next question.

"Human reason is the final arbiter," was the reply. "Any system that does not commend itself to the reason must fall. I do not know exactly what you mean by *materialism*. I do not know what matter is. I am satisfied, however, that without matter there can be no force, no life, no thought, no reason. It seems to me that mind is a form of force, and force cannot exist apart from matter. If it is said that God created the universe, then there must have been a time when he commenced to create. If at that time there was nothing in existence but himself, how could he have exerted any force? Force cannot be exerted except in opposition to force. If God was the only existence, force could not have been exerted."

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"I do not consider it so. I believe that the pessimists and the optimists are both right. This is the worst possible world, and this is the best possible world—because it is as it must be. The present is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past."

"What have you to say concerning the operations of the Society for Psychical Research? Do not its facts and conclusions prove, if not immortality, at least the continuity of life beyond the grave? Are the millions of Spiritualists deluded?"

"Of course," said the Colonel, "I have heard and read a great deal about the doings of the Society; so, I have some knowledge as to what is claimed by Spiritualists, by Theosophists, and by all other believers in what are called 'spiritual manifestations.' Thousands of wonderful things have been established by what is called 'evidence'—the testimony of good men and women. I have seen things done that I could not explain, both by mediums and magicians. I also know that it is easy to deceive the senses, and that the old saying that 'seeing is believing' is subject to many exceptions.

"Now, we think with the same force with which we walk. For every action and for every thought we draw upon the store of force that we have gained from air and food. We create no force; we borrow it all. As force cannot be used apart from matter, it must be used *with* matter. It travels only on material roads. It is impossible to convey a thought to another without the assistance of matter. No one can conceive of the use of one of our senses without substance. No one can conceive of a thought in the absence of the senses. With these con-

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men of science—has not the slightest weight with me. I do not pretend to see beyond the grave. I do not say that man is, or is not, immortal. All I say is that there is no evidence that we live again, and no demonstration that we do not. It is better ignorantly to hope than dishonestly to affirm."

"And what do you think of the modern development of metaphysics—as expressed outside of the emotional and semi-ecclesiastical schools? I refer especially to the power of mind in the curing of disease—as demonstrated by scores of drugless healers."

"I have no doubt that the condition of the mind has some effect upon the health. The blood, the heart, the lungs answer—respond to—emotion. There is no mind without body, and the body is affected by thought—by passion, by cheerfulness, by depression. Still, I have not the slightest confidence in what is called 'mind cure.' I do not believe that thought, nor any set of ideas, can cure a cancer, or prevent the hair from falling out, or remove a tumor, or even freckles. At the same time, I admit that cheerfulness is good and depression bad. But I have no confidence in what you call 'drugless healers.' If the stomach is sour, soda is better than thinking. If one is in great pain, opium will beat meditation. I am a believer in what you call 'drugs,' and when I am sick I send for a physician. I have no confidence in the supernatural. Magic is not medicine."

Careful readers of this magazine will understand the temptation I was under at this point to "make a few remarks" concerning the difference between allaying a

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"One great object of this movement," said I, "is to make religion scientific—an aid to intellectual as well as spiritual progress. Is it not thus to be encouraged, and destined to succeed—even though it prove the reality and supremacy of the spirit and the secondary importance of the flesh?"

"When religion becomes scientific," said he, "it ceases to be religion and becomes science. Religion is not intellectual—it is emotional. It does not appeal to the reason. The founder of a religion has always said: 'Let him that hath ears to hear, hear!' No founder has said: Let him that hath brains to think, think! Besides, we need not trouble ourselves about 'spirit' and 'flesh.' We know that we know of no spirit—without flesh. We have no evidence that spirit ever did or ever will exist apart from flesh. Such existence is absolutely inconceivable. If we are going to construct what you call a 'religion,' it must be founded on observed and known facts. Theories, to be of value, must be in accord with all the facts that are known; otherwise they are worthless. We need not try to get back of facts or behind the truth. The *why* will forever elude us. You cannot move your hand quickly enough to grasp your image back of the mirror."

Despite the amusement with which the Colonel's views on "spirits" will doubtless be read by students of psychic phenomena, I am forced to conclude that Ingersoll is *right* —according to his light, and that he *knows*—as far as he goes. Of how many of us can this truthfully be said?

J. E. M.

DIVINE wisdom in man does not speculate or "draw logical con-

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INDIVIDUALISM.

BY ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

It has been said by Ruskin that not one person in five hundred thousand ever has an original thought; and once the retort was made to the remark that not one person in that number ever thinks of Ruskin. The statement and the reply are significant, since it is true that countless human beings seem to be mere living mechanisms, who follow conventional paths and seek blindly what is deemed worth seeking by their fellows. But the retort, while aimed at the great thinker, reacts upon its author; for any one who claims to love Nature, and has read even one of Ruskin's word-pictures—such, for instance, as his description of a storm at sea—without being thrilled by it, is self-confessedly lacking in the power to appreciate beauty of imagery.

The law of correspondences is that we can only apprehend those things for which there is in us some affinity. One must have music or poetry or art in the soul in order to appreciate the sweetest strains of melody, the noblest utterances in rhythm, or the finest expression of beauty in color and form. There is in each person, however weak it may be, some quality or power or gift that is individual, for the development of which there are special requisites; and any education that ignores this fact of Nature does violence to its

any one who ventures aside from the beaten path is immediately denounced as "peculiar," "eccentric," or labeled with the stigma "crank." When one observes, however, the aimless pursuits of those who make such remarks—the petty ambitions and the social scheming—it might well be preferred to lead a different life, and to receive every one of the above epithets in consequence. The very persons that are quickest to use these terms of opprobrium are usually first to show servility if the person on whom they are showered, by his efforts and independence of them, should become famous. "A saint," says a well-known speaker, "is one who was cannonaded in life and is canonized after death." Howell, in his poem on "Good Society," says:

> "Yes; I suppose it is well to make some sort of exclusion—
> Well to put up the bars, under whatever pretense;
> Only be careful, be very careful, lest in the confusion
> You should shut yourself on the wrong side of the fence!"

The student of child life should try to find in each intelligence intrusted to his care its inherent quality, on the education of which its future happiness and success, in the highest and best sense of the words, depend; otherwise the square pegs will surely be in the round holes, and *vice versa.* Parents cannot be too careful in studying the tastes and needs of their children, in determining their careers. Sometimes the growth is so slow, the development so late, that this is well-nigh impossible, at the period even of adolescence; and it is only after many mistakes, each one perhaps a means to the end, that the right results are reached. But the only limits to individualism should be in whatever way it may be hurtful to the family or to others. Thoreau

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enjoyment of Nature; and by thus living a life of his own he was enabled to aid others by arousing in their minds a greater love for the beauties of the waters, woods, and fields, and the haunts he has immortalized in his writings.

A child that is finely organized and sensitive may be out of harmony with many of its companions, and it may be made very unhappy by their remarks if its tastes lead to different pursuits from those usually enjoyed by others with whom it is associated. Such children and youth need especial instruction, which will cause them to be content while young with the approval of parents or teachers who understand them, and, later, to regard the satisfaction of their own educated consciences as final authority.

The opposite opinions, on many matters of importance, held by people of equal intelligence and thoughtfulness, confront each one of us with the knowledge that it is impossible for us to please all in our mature decisions; and he that deserts his own convictions because they are not popular has deserted the truth for which he should have sacrificed all else. The boy or girl that loves books better than sports will probably be little liked and be dubbed a "book-worm," but, if wisely advised, while taking enough physical exercise for the requirements of health, will disregard the opinions of playmates and form a habit that will be of value all through life.

In my own case, the love of poetry was born in me, and time was given to it to the neglect of uncongenial studies in which I could never have excelled; and as it has proved a rare delight in my life, and the writing of it an equal one, if it had never brought me a word of

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pursuit in literature were I again commencing my education. This might be regarded by those ignorant of its purpose as wasting time in sentiment; but, as poetry contains the garnered wisdom of the ages—the experiences of human happening and man's solace and consolation—expressed in the most concrete and beautiful form, it is an aid to all that is noblest and highest in living. And so with the kindred tastes for music and art, which, if possessed by a child, should be cultivated in him or her for the enrichment of life, while it may be necessary to devote the time chiefly to other vocations for self-support.

The right of each person to the carrying out of his own ideas as to mode of life, matters of belief, choice of a career, the particular school of healing he will employ if ill, his dress, etc., is absolute, so long as there are no rights of others thereby infringed upon; and the claims and demands of friends in such matters are sometimes mistaken and officious. Who knows the inmost needs of another's being, or the higher satisfactions that spring from a life in accord with these aspirations and longings? One must weigh in the balance what things are vital, and reject for them much that may appear of value to others, on which time spent were time frittered away.

One who has intuition is often deeply pained at the misunderstandings and misconstructions of those who profess to be his friends, but who have no conception of his nature, and to whom his remarks have often a meaning entirely different from the one in his own mind—

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Self-respect and esteem for faculties, traits, and gifts possessed should be inculcated in each child; and their right use—also the consequences of their abuse—should be clearly shown. There is an extreme of modesty that is to be deplored; for it is really unworthy the name, as it amounts to a morbid self-depreciation and implies a lack of reverence toward the Creator who has endowed us with whatever talents we have. While we all meet people whose egotism is so largely in the ascendent that they are totally devoid of altruistic qualities—the development of which they are greatly in need of—yet there are many who require to learn a different lesson in the school of life, since they are as truly God's creatures as others, and should be thankful for the gifts bestowed, for the use of which they are alone responsible. They should hold as sacred the divine spark of individuality, for which, in its conscientious leadings, they must be prepared to sacrifice popularity, and, if need be, even to take issue with their friends. The latter, if genuine, will learn, while claiming for themselves the right of selfhood, to yield as much to others in all courtesy and honor. For this, however, much breadth of mind and enlarged vision are necessary, or we may often be pained in the manner described by Howell:

> "Bitter the things one's enemies will say
> Against one, sometimes, when one is away;
> But of a bitterness far more intense
> The things one's friends will say in one's defense."

There are some natures whose growth and expansion, from childhood up, are as natural and regular as the budding and blossoming of a flower. There are others who

is attained, the means, whether gradual or swift, are less important. Many persons like to live "in company" all the time, and, if left to themselves for a short interval, are unhappy; while others require different conditions, with periods of absolute rest, and withdraw by themselves for work, study, and reading, and soon become exhausted without this refreshment. This is inexplicable to the thoughtless, who regard such retirement as due to "moods" or unfriendliness; but they are unaware that the mental powers are capable of fatigue, needing to be renewed by quiet and sustained and quickened by spiritual food, just as the body requires nourishment of a material kind. People exhaust one another when they might render mutual aid by periods of separation, in which to *recreate* themselves and by this means bring to one another freshness when they again come together. Hawthorne said—and the finer the nature the truer is the statement—that, after being in the heated atmosphere of society, it refreshed him to bathe in cool solitude.

In a family we often see brothers and sisters with gifts and talents as diverse as if they were in no way related; yet each one may be necessary to its life and growth. The artist, poet, or musician might not be possible without the aid of the practical and business members; and those, in turn, may be benefited in æsthetic and other ways, as the former receive from them essential aid. The development of the individual is not selfish but altruistic, since it is for the highest interest of all. As, in a noble symphony, many different instruments are required, each one adding some sweet-

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THE NEW CENTURY:

THE SOUL AGE.

BY MRS. EDWIN M. KEATLEY.

"As harrow to unyielding soil,
As leaven unto bread,
So is this fermentative month
Which fills the world with dread."

It is very disagreeable to find one's self outstripped by pet ideas; it is nearly as bad as to have one's clothes too large.

It has long been in the atmosphere of the knowing world that there would soon be a new civilization. It is coming so rapidly that all thinking people are awakened to the dawn of its approach—indeed, some are already in the very whirl of its evolution. Let not humanity feel discouraged if it fail to grasp this new civilization. We are but children; yet we may grow to fit our new clothes.

We are a perpetual study to ourselves. And not we alone, but all the world with us; yet who writes himself down a student?

To educate is to teach the science and the art of living. Can we be educated in a few years; or is the science of life the environment of humanity? What is the science of life? Science is classified knowledge. Is not life more than this? Truly, it is: it is classified wisdom. Knowledge is of the head alone—wisdom is of the

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wisdom is both truth and love. Truth and love are life, and life is of God. The orbit of man is the world, and the axis of man is his occupation.

Are you easily wearied? That depends upon your brain and the manner in which you have trained your soul. Perhaps it is not what you read that is so poor, but the brain with which you seek. Sometimes grandma's spectacles are too "old" or too "young" for her eyes. Perhaps you are not ready for certain thoughts and conditions. Did you ever watch a soul develop? It is the most interesting thing in the world. We teach our hands to write: the soul teaches its mind and heart to work systematically together, searching out wisdom to be, to know, and to do.

The springtime of a soul is its budding forth into power. Now comes its March, with all its terrors of something greater than we are. Life to us is in that "fermentative" condition that fills us with dread. We are an enigma unto ourselves. All humanity that fully develops must pass through this March condition. Events are the life-blood of the world. Man is an atom of which humanity is the molecule. Sometimes when we feel far from earth, hanging as it were among the stars, we feel as a corpuscle in our blood must feel could it express itself to us through our system. Aye, and are we much more in the world's life than this wee speck in ours? Yet it is great, and we are great—if we have the soul to comprehend true greatness.

It is a grand thing to possess *soul*, and peculiarities of soul are even more hereditary than those of body. It takes longer for the fruit than the flower to mature; so

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pages of history. Like all history, the first truths have rested upon the body and the last upon the soul. Thus have we risen individually and nationally from the practical, the mental, the moral, and the natural, into the spiritual.

The March of the world has just passed. The environments of all life have fermented in the world's being until the body and soul of humanity are stirred to the center with expectancy. What is the world waiting for?

Read from the pages of the past and from the signs of the present the "still, small voice" of the future. Look, ye who have eyes to see, for the new century is winged with a light never felt before—for the new century is the age of the soul! Humanity is ready for the evolution of its being, and it knoweth its own. This is no dream, for the test of any great matter is in the little things that form it. The little things that form the character of our new age are at our doors. Only the deaf cannot hear, and they "have ears but hear not;" only the blind cannot see, and they "have eyes but see not."

The dawn has passed; the sun has risen high in the heavens; the soul of humanity has awakened, and would seek God.

THE soul leaving the body becomes that power which it has most developed. Let us fly, then, from here below, and rise to the intellectual world, that we may not fall into a purely sensible life, by allowing ourselves to follow sensible images—or into a vegetative life, by abandoning ourselves to the pleasures of physical love and gluttony: let us rise, I say, to the intellectual world, to intelligence, to God himself.—*Plotinus.*

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TRUE humility does not consist in self-abasement, but in the

DOMINION AND POWER.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The glorious consummation toward which organic evolution is tending is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life.—*John Fiske.*

For many years man has been studying the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms; but in all his investigations he has overlooked what is greater than all else—man himself. The most important pursuit in all this world is the study of man. It will repay the diligent student far more than any other line of research. "Know thyself," said a wise man in ancient times; and he might have added, "you will know all other people—you will know all else, because in this human mind—in this soul of ours—is contained everything to be found in the outer world."

To know ourselves, the investigation must be carried on in a manner quite different from that governing all other lines of study. To know ourselves as we are, we must set aside pride of self; we must examine into everything carefully and minutely. We need to know the cause of all man's varying emotions and the motives that prompt him to follow certain courses—such as shutting his mind to certain thoughts and events and opening it to others. In the past we believed what we wished to believe, without regard to its truth. A certain body of men had promulgated certain doctrines, and we took them for granted; we accepted them as

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is beginning to think and act for itself. The trammels that hitherto have bound the soul are being thrown aside.

In the study of man, a careful, thoughtful inquiry into the matter by one's self is necessary—not taking anything that others say as the indisputable truth, but investigating and seeing whether another's idea of truth appeals to the inquirer's highest sense of right, and whether it will prove beneficial if accepted. The idea of storing up something for the future is exploded. What we want are health, strength, and happiness, here and now. The idea of going through the world with a long face, thinking it indicates religion, no longer passes current. The religion of Christ is a religion of hope, not despair; yet the majority of Christians carry about on their faces the opposites of brightness and happiness. We must investigate in the true way. Because some one says that certain things are true does not make them true. Our minds should be unbiased. "I am willing to see the truth; I am willing to accept whatever is proved to me to be true:" that is the best attitude to take regarding any subject.

People are becoming more careful about venturing an opinion regarding the truth or untruth of anything; for this is an age of wonders, and there are marvels transpiring every day that we know little about. For instance, at the present time certain scientists are trying to photograph human thoughts, and they are succeeding to a wonderful degree. And not only thoughts, but even dreams; and it is believed they will accomplish that feat. Only a short time ago, in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, a number of men looked intently for several minutes at a cat. Then they were

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at the cat. They had a camera there, and like a flash of light it produced the image of a feline on the plate. There was no cat present; yet an image of the animal was on the plate, showing that man's thought can actually create. This may seem a strange and incredible incident; but it is vouched for by scientists at the capital.

It is through this wonderful thought-power that the Hindu adepts perform many of their remarkable feats. Indeed, the wonders transpiring every day, strange as they appear, are but trifling in comparison to those that will yet be disclosed through the human mind. We do not even dream in the present of the powers and possibilities of mind. We have power in our own souls to transform our bodies; to quicken the action of the heart and the blood; to strengthen every part of the body; and so to increase in knowledge of things good and true that ere long we may absolutely control our bodies.

Now, it is the application of this science—first to mental and then to physical conditions—that we wish to consider. And if we will carefully and thoughtfully examine into these matters, and then live in accordance with our knowledge, there is not one among us who may not be benefited both mentally and physically. Man is ruled just as absolutely by the laws of God as are the planets and the suns. It is knowledge of these laws and obedience thereto that bring health, strength, and happiness. There can be no health nor happiness aside from conformity to the laws of God. In vain shall we seek for these blessings elsewhere.

Spiritual scientists claim that there is one great life-principle, which is in all, through all, and above all.

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"the Power that makes for righteousness," as John Fiske aptly puts it. It is that "infinite and eternal Energy" of Herbert Spencer's belief. Every soul represents a part of it—therefore the Whole; in other words, it is "God working within us to will and to do." Our bodies, in turn, represent the force within *us*. The body is the outgrowth of the mind; hence, the mind can make it what it will. If in the past we have made errors, and as a result of them have a weak or diseased body, then we have the power to correct those errors. We have the power to make our bodies what we will, if our will be in accord with the Divine Will. It is the power of God within us. There is no other power. Everything in the universe gives evidence of it. It is in the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, and is found in the highest degree of manifestation in man.

Spiritual science, therefore, rests on the foundation that there is but one supreme life-force in the universe. It naturally follows that there can be but one Intelligence, and that every sentient thing must manifest a certain degree of that Intelligence. We find the degrees varying all the way up from the mineral to the animal kingdom—different degrees of manifestation; yet one power—one God—working in all. "I the Lord am God, and besides me there is none else." It is a realization of this infinite potency in our own lives that will bring health and strength; it is the knowledge that we have the power of God within us—the power of all the universe working with us—that gives strength of mind and health of body. We realize that it is not possible to

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which was that "the Spirit quickeneth," and quickeneth every part of our being. It is this Spirit of God within us that brings health and strength; therefore, it is necessary first to realize the power of God in our own lives—to feel that we are one with it, and that all the intelligence we have is derived from this one Source. Knowing God in this way brings eternal life, since we realize that if a part could cease to be the whole would cease to be; hence, man's heaven consists in a realization of the Spirit of God in his own life, and that knowledge brings a consciousness of eternal life.

One of the greatest of all questions that man has had to consider in the past is his attitude toward evil. Now, certain knowledge can be derived only from what we term *evil*. Evil is just as much a necessity in the world, to show man the good and true, as darkness is to reveal the presence of light. Evil indicates the absence of good, as ignorance indicates the absence of knowledge. We would have no idea of the beauties of light, of truth, of love, if their contradictories had not existed—if there were no darkness, no error, no hatred. And the reason is that we compare one with the other. If it were always darkness, we would have no word for light—it would have no meaning. If people always told the truth, we would have no word for truth. It is only through the contradictory that we learn of the reality. Having once learned the reality, the unreality (the contradictory) becomes meaningless. But so long as we endow it with the same power as the reality, just so long will it have that degree of influence over us.

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The great lesson for mankind to learn is the reality

overcome darkness by darkness? No; only through light. Overcome evil by good; overcome ignorance by knowledge. When we have overcome the ignorance, the evil, and the darkness of the past, they will disappear; and the reason is plain—two ideas cannot dwell in the mind at one and the same time. If the mind is filled with thoughts of good and of truth, there is no possible room for those of evil or of falsehood. If a room is filled with light, all the darkness of the outer world cannot dispel one particle of that illumination; therefore, if we keep our lives surrounded by the light—if we keep the light burning within—there is no power without that can dispel it. We have the power to shut off the light within ourselves; but no other soul in all the world can do it for us, because that light is a living reality that cannot be overcome from without.

We next come to the development of certain mental powers—or, rather, soul powers, because we have faculties transcending those purely mental. We find that through their development will come our greatest good, and that no single power occupies the same place as that of the will, which is the greatest force in the life of man when rightly directed. The will is the actual Self of man—the real man; and when it finds its true direction there arises a power that overcomes the false will. It is the development of this will to which Jesus referred. He recognized the contradictory will—purely human, and to be overcome. He said, "Not my will, but Thine be done." To recognize the Will of God as the supreme factor in our lives is of the utmost importance. We may not say we do things of ourselves—Jesus never said that. He said: "Of myself I can do nothing. The

obtain nothing from it save that which is good. Every ill, or evil, that enters into the life of man comes through the misuse of his imaging faculty. While everything is good in itself, it is only good as it is used aright. When man attempts to combine the different images from this outer world, though each in and of itself is good, he may produce evil through untrue combinations. For example, a web of cotton in itself is perfectly harmless; but by adding to it certain acids we can make gun-cotton and with it destroy a building. The force in the cotton is liberated in an instant, and that liberation causes the destruction. There is more sunshine—more force—in cotton than in any other manufactured substance; and if that force be suddenly liberated the results are terrible.

Pictures of sorrow and evil fill the mind with anxiety, malice, hatred, jealousy, etc., and cause most of the distress of life. If we could but see that every experience that enters into the life of man comes for a good purpose—to show him something higher, better, and truer; if we could realize that all things are working together for good—then we might not have to undergo certain experiences that bring suffering. We would see that they contain lessons, and our great object would be so to profit by them that the experiences need not be repeated. But they will continue to recur until the lesson of life is learned. If we image in our minds the good and true, we will obtain the good and true as results; because the mind first makes these pictures, and they afterward express themselves in the physical structure of man. We are suffering to-day from the evil

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When we use this imaging faculty aright, we picture nothing save the good and true; hence, we express that which is good and true on the body. The body is transformed through this "renewing of the mind." In no other way can we "present our bodies a living sacrifice" save through this direction of soul and mind faculties. There is no medicine known to-day that will bring health or salvation to any soul or body. No medical doctor can say truthfully that the system that he represents is founded on *law*. The law is that everything must work from within outward. We must work from the inner being to the outer. Man must be controlled by his spiritual faculties if he expects ever to be well and strong. There is no other way.

Faith and hope also enter into this subject. What is faith? Many think that it is belief in something that some one else has said. Others hold that faith is a belief that Jesus died two thousand years ago, and that in some way that belief will free them from all future trouble. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What does that mean? It does not mean the kind of belief just mentioned. We are told that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." The word *blood* always signifies "life." The life of Christ, as we make it manifest, is that which cleanses from sin. Belief in an event that occurred two thousand years ago is not going to save a man. Salvation that exempts the body is no salvation at all; for a Christian going about with a weak body is not manifesting the Christ nature. We never hear of Christ as being weak or sick. Faith is sometimes founded on knowledge, not credulity; but most of the faith we have at present is founded on some one else's belief. True

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power of God in our lives gives us both health and strength. Then our faith is real, and greater blessings may come into our lives because of our knowledge of both past and present that constitutes faith.

Wherever we find faith, we find hope; because faith apart from hope is not conceivable. If the mind is filled with faith in God, then it is filled with hope. The person that goes about with a gloomy face, talking over depressing things, has neither faith nor hope. These qualities are essential in the life, and the more faith and hope one has in both God and man the better his life will be. The man that has little faith in his fellow-man is not the one to trust. The more faith we have in one another—the more of God we recognize in one another—the better it is for us. The more of God we see in others the more of the divine we show in ourselves.

Finally, we come to the influence that one mind may have upon other minds. Every thought we think has some effect upon the lives of others. It is bound to affect other people either for good or ill; and when we realize the responsibility thus placed upon us we should use our thought-power with the greatest care. Every true thought that enters the soul is an angel that will carry peace and good-will to some other soul; and every evil and hateful thought that enters the mind is going out to increase the darkness and despair of other souls. If we think true thoughts we need not care about the external word and deed. Both word and deed will take care of themselves through true thinking. Phillips Brooks said truly that "it is only to man, daring to think of himself nobly, divinely, aye, as the son of God, that there comes the possibility of putting his human powers to

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OUR USE OF THOUGHT.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

The power of thought is the only power we possess. One cannot have lived very long in this queer old world of ours before discovering that we *seem* to be hedged about and circumscribed—to have no control, or at best but little, over our conditions, our limitations, our environment. We are born into certain family and social conditions and we inherit certain standing and possessions, which have been acquired and passed on to us by our progenitors. We seem to be pushed into associations, obliged to go through marked courses of study, and to be inevitably forced, by circumstances beyond our control, into our occupations and our life pursuits. Only in the most limited way does it seem possible for us to choose what we shall do or what we shall have or what we shall be. Such choice as we have seems to be ours only while we are so very young that to choose at all is almost certainly to choose wrong. Too many of us seem to ourselves to be but mere helpless atoms in the universe—foot-balls of Fate.

And no wonder! Life is short at the longest. We are children until twenty; then come the stress and strain of middle life, the fierce struggle for existence, the rearing of children, the rush and hurry and turmoil

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Are there many who have not asked themselves, perhaps even in childhood or youth, "*Is* life worth living?" Unhesitatingly I assert that with most of us the honest answer would be an uncompromising No. Life, as we know it, is filled with sorrow, pain, disappointment, sickness, and death. Into even the smoothest and happiest lives "some rain must fall;" and the deep shadow of one half hour's tragedy will darken long years of calm and perhaps otherwise happy routine. Yet life is the great gift; and so great in the race thought is our intuitive regard for it that the taking of life is held as the supreme sin against Nature. We may not destroy what we cannot give.

Thought being the only power we possess, the race is only now beginning to learn that in our use of it lies the secret of happiness. We can use our thought-force as we will: either well or ill—to bless or to curse. It is ours absolutely. No man can take it from us, no power on earth can make us *not* think; and though we be imprisoned, bound hand and foot, no authority can prevent our thinking just as we choose to think. We have seemed not to be able to choose, while in truth we are constantly choosing. No one can control our use of thought except ourselves; and in right knowledge of the power and use of thought lies our salvation. But in order to think rightly we must readjust our relations to our Creator, to our fellow-beings, and to environment.

It is not enough that we wish to think aright, and therefore that we begin to "look on the bright side"; or that we lightly set ourselves to think health instead of sickness, prosperity instead of lack, love rather than hate. Many have started out on this path, superficially

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mental Principle of Being. Not until we understand this and make it our own shall we begin to gain any conception of what right thinking is. Then it is as if a strange new flood of wondrous light were thrown over everything; a light in which we see all things from a new and different point of view; a light that illumines.

In childhood we were well taught. Throughout our lives we have been upright, kindly, true. Our intent has been to do right, or at least as nearly right as we knew. But now, in the radiance of the white light of Truth, we look back to see that all that heretofore we have considered right has been almost wholly wrong. Not that we committed sins, but that, not being in line with Principle, our whole course has been deviating and inaccurate. To use an artist phrase, we have been out of drawing. Does it sound discouraging? Not at all. We have been children groping in the dark; and now that at last we have emerged into the light, we are glad with an exceeding gladness—we remember no more the darkness, nor the falls and stumblings, the sorry bumps and the false lurings, along the weary road we have left forever.

Correct use of thought brings to us health, well-being, and happiness. These are the fundamental desires of the human heart; they are common to all mankind. How, then, shall we use our thought? And, to begin with, what is our fundamental Principle? Simply this: There is nothing in the universe but God; Infinite Spirit; the Principle of Being. No matter what our conditions may be, no matter what the appearances are, no matter what the senses tell us, *there is absolutely nothing in the universe but God.*

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God is Love; God is Spirit; God is Truth. God is

things; it *is* all things. Man cannot be alienated from God—he cannot be separated from the universal Life Principle; therefore, the only possible reconciliation of man to God is in man's perception—man's consciousness. The instant man perceives that he is one with the Principle of Life—one with the Infinite Spirit of Love, Wisdom, Power—that instant he is reconciled. Can man be at variance with himself—with his innermost, truest, highest, only true Self?

As all is Life, all is Spirit, all is God, so man is the Infinite Spirit in visible manifestation. He is Love's expression of love, Wisdom's statement of wisdom, Power's instrument of activity—of divine energy.

As there is but one Life, so there is but one Law—the fundamental law of life, underlying all physical (natural) laws. This is the law of attraction; the law that draws like to like; the law of love. In a deep sense, then, we see that Life and Law and Love are all one; that God and man are one; that in all creation there is no separateness—there is only unity.

When we have grasped this idea, assimilated it and made it our own, we can begin to learn the right use of thought. Never for one instant must we let go our Principle: God is all; there is but one Life, one Law. Then we see that any offense against life is a sin against God; any offense against love is a sin against God; and any and every such offense is a sin against our own being.

Life, Love, Being—this trinity is our being. We are all one. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me [God, Love, Spirit, Life, Being]." How simple it all is!

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Any "scheme" of redemption is bound to be error. The thoughtful mind apprehends error in the very phrase and in the need of phrasing. Nature's ways are so homely, so simple, that we continually overlook them. While we are looking for "schemes," the grand work of creation goes steadily on by the simplest, yet most powerfully effective, of all laws—the Law of Love. We search the heavens for a sign, and, behold! life itself is ever present with us, about us, around us, and in us.

The first use of thought, then, is to fix it upon Principle—the Principle of Life, and the Law of Love by which Life reveals itself. A simple thing? Yes; very simple. Yet we shall find it so subtle, so soul-searching, as to bring about a complete readjustment of ourselves (our consciousness) to the Source of our being and to our fellow-men. Because of the change in our point of view, we shall not see anything as we have seen it heretofore. We have turned right about face; we have been converted. We shall find that little by little we are unlearning all our old erroneous habits of thought; that the new is pushing out the old; that the Truth is making us free. We shall speak differently; we shall use words differently; we shall mean something different from what we ever meant before when we speak the simple, little, personal pronoun I; we shall be changed through and through; we shall be born again.

Thought-power, I repeat, is the only power we possess. Our use of thought is our choice between sickness and health, between poverty and wealth, between wretchedness and happiness, between error and the eternal Truth. Our use of thought is the use of a stupendous power. To use it aright we need a degree of intelligence to which the race has not yet attained. To

FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

XI.

"Thou shalt not covet."

There is a duty that the center of the circle owes to the circumference, and a duty that the circumference owes to the center; it is the duty of obedience, of harmony, of right relation—the duty that finds in diversity of process mutuality and unanimity of interest.

Such is the power of the universal law of Being that it admits no change whatever in its status, no qualification of its divine claim to be perfect—to be right. That periphery which deviates by whatsoever fraction from its necessary relation to its center, by that very act of deviation ceases to be a circumference—it slays itself. The same is true also of the center; that too has its obligation, which, if not obeyed, brings upon itself destruction. These are examples of the attributes of pure relation; of the universal static; of the absolute and unconditioned; of Being; of the body of the All. In a word, it is pure mathematics—natural, tridimensional mathematics.

In cosmic Nature, best exemplified in the planetary orbits, where, if at all, we might reasonably expect to find perfection, we find, not the perfect, but a continual

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or parabola, but only a wavering and vacillating path; a series of blunders—blunder in one direction compensating for blunder in another: the librations of orbit. Therein may be seen that which, varying from the static Absolute, is yet itself equally absolute. Seeming to overcome the law of universal necessity, it yet rather proves the law. It is the law in manifestation—the perfect thought of the universe imperfectly expressed as law, but perfectly expressed as a form of a different order of reality—not the static, but the dynamic; not the relational, but the active; not Being, but Doing.

As it is with the being of the physical universe, so it is with the being of the physical man: the All is potential, he is kinetic; he owes a duty to the All, and reciprocally the All owes a duty to him. The All (static and dynamic) is manifestly, each in its own department, perfect; but man, as body and activity, is manifestly imperfect.

There is also an ethic, as there is a static and a dynamic, perfection. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven;" which is equivalent to saying that the moral order is as certain, as pure, as obligatory as the mathematical or mechanical order. The Cosmos (as we have seen in a previous paper) subsists in these three individualities: the Fact of Truth, the Power of Truth, and the Motive of Truth. But the motive of Truth, being perfect, is forever fixed; that is, without variableness or shadow of turning. So the sole duty of Truth is to remain (as it must) constant, toward man to recompense or requite, not from caprice or yielding, but from necessity: to be a sure foundation always, and the rewarder

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Prayer is desire. It is want; the felt need; the hope unfulfilled anxious for fulfilment; the striving of the chemical for normal affinity; the yearning of the "*x*" in the equation for satisfaction, for equality with the known, the whole, the perfect. Therefore, that which is called prayer, and seeks to disturb the certain serenity of the Infinite, is and must be futile; it is not possible to drag Deity down, but it is practicable to lift humanity up. We are members one of another, and the substance of desire for God's perfection is our own wish to seek for its attainment—to try to be perfect. And the way is: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

On the line of continuity of meaning, it is that which is striving, which is desirous, whose wants reach their culm and satisfaction in the humility of yielding to the Truth inevitable; so in its imperfection, its weakness, its vileness, it is that which desires unduly, wrongly, irrationally—it is that which *covets*. The same principles that control as between man and God, between faulty expression and perfect Subsistence, are also in that lowlier region wherein man and his environment here on the earth act and react, influence and are influenced, especially as between man and the race—as it is found semi-organized in society and the State.

It has been said that to be a giant is magnificent; but to use a giant's power to an evil purpose is devilish. It is also magnificent to be intellectual; but he is a monster who uses his greater brain malevolently. And it is so with superior virtue; even that should arrogate to itself no unmerited "heaven" at the expense of worse or weaker men.

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Yet covetousness is of a different order from ambition. It is the duty of the generous man to toil early and late to acquire property; to achieve wealth; to use all the wit he has under the competitive system to become rich in this world's goods; to see to it while he plods that he does not lose in the doing the fine flavor of the *being*—that he continue generous of heart while he cultivates with all his might the grip (which might otherwise degenerate into lavishness) of a sort of parsimony: the faculty of acquisitiveness, seeing to it that he shall always be one of those few rich men that enter the kingdom of heaven even through the needle's eye, not for sordid gain, but for the power to choose the good of others; to serve humanity, but in his own way and time; to be his own almoner, the disburser of an intelligent and real bounty.

It is also as much the duty of the avaricious, the penurious, to whom great possessions are a clog and a menace, to study himself—to find how far his withholding is justified, how far he is sinful in the holding or attainment, how far the motive is *self* to the exclusion of the greater Self; to know himself, and then to act upon that knowledge, even if he sell all that he hath and give it away, thereby to become worthy, so untrammeled—to become able to follow the Truth. This is the way—one way for one man, a wholly different way for another man; but always one Truth, imprincipled and impersonal, or entyped and incarnate.

Man, by his volition, has the same power to alter, utilize, cancel, neutralize, or overcome the Will of the Infinite that his body has to alter, utilize, cancel, neu-

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quality of the act; but motive cannot alter the consequences of the act.

Belief of opinion, of mode of expression, is of necessity, of inheritance, education and habit; but the true faith is of volition—the determinant of the direction that action shall necessarily take of the form of relation. Say not it is of no consequence of what belief consists; for whatsoever a man believes in, that will he be. Belief is either a habit of thought—the subconscious resultant of inheritance, education, and environment—or it is the conscious result of a choice of opinions. When opinion is entirely conscious and purely intelligent, then only does it become entitled to the name of faith—or that which is perfectly faithful to Truth. Faith, therefore, is either the substance of hope or the evidence of the Eternal. In the former case it comes by emotion, in the latter by intellect. It matters not how faith comes, if it does come.

At the present day, religion is in the same condition that chemistry was in in the days of the alchemists, and that astronomy was in in the days of the astrologers—a matter of blind groping after the unknown; a matter of wizardry, of mysticism, of the universal solvent and philosopher's stone. It has ceased to be revered by the educated as a habit of thought, and has not yet become certain as a science. Moreover, in the constitution of mankind there is that which can be appealed to only by the symbols of emotion. Man requires figures of thought, as impressive writing demands figures of speech. An astronomer or a chemist lecturing to an ordinary audience can produce effects only as he paints

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lieved, however marvelous their narrations; for through much tribulation, in the course of many years, even centuries, increment after increment, the common people have acquired a true faith in that which they do not and cannot understand.

The ministers and priests of science get credence because they come with credentials, not from the Unknowable, but from the Known; not from credulity, but from knowledge. Under the rule of any arbitrary system there always comes a time when some cease to defer to the law-making power, when some, goaded by a too arbitrary or too lax enforcement of decrees, cry out: "We no longer believe in your authority; we shall disregard your edicts!" When this cannot be done with safety to their carcasses, the cowardly rebels whisper their rebel thoughts, turn hypocrites, and survive; but the few, the noble and the great, cry aloud and spare not, and are scourged and buffeted, despised and persecuted, the more by their own to whom they came and for whom they suffered: and if this will not suffice (and it will not) to silence, they are beheaded, hanged, or crucified. But they all live. We think more rationally to-day because Bruno died; we live in less danger of tyrants because of Hampden and Pym and Eliot; we walk the streets more safely because of the thousands of graves at Arlington and Chickamauga and Gettysburg.

Such peace as prevails and such good as there is in our present are the direct inheritance of the turmoil and evil of the past. What, then, of the future? Are we of this hour, or any of us, doing our part toward the true end, the high and holy end, of the good and glory of the race? Where are our martyrs now? Where are the "iron virgins" and the watery noyades and the

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you say, and no doubt honestly believe. Yet many live who could tell you better—could, if you cared for listening to such tales, tell of the heart-weary struggles, ill or more likely unrequited; of the inglorious Miltons voicing the melody of the far future; of the students of sciences yet in their mangers; and of the craftsmen only too willing for toil in the temple of mankind, yet balked and baffled by men.

I can tell you of one even now, one who will, be sure, grow more and more alive the longer he is "dead;" one who died not so long ago—as true a martyr as any who ever went up to stake or block—Henry George. A fanatic, they called him, and a dreamer; yes, worse and more virulent—a proletarian, a leveler down, a socialist. They classed him with those revolutionists who would take by force so as to keep by power. "He was numbered among the transgressors," this savior of men. They said he coveted his neighbor's land—they, half of whom had never read "Progress and Poverty," not one in ten understanding it, said that. A picture of the old times, of the old reformers, arises in my mind. I seem to see the prematurely venerable Eliot in the Tower of London, and to hear his pitiful appeal to the King of England: "A little more air, your majesty, that I may gather strength to die!" So Henry George, behind him a great company of the enslaved toilers of the cities, from squalid conditions, all thief and ruffian mills and harlot factories, standing firm and fierce to the very last, crying to the people: "A little more land, your majesty, that we may gather strength to live!"

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shame. And as it was with Jesus so has it been with all the heroes and martyrs of Truth since the world began. They were "wounded for our transgressions;" they were "bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace" was upon them, and with their "stripes we are healed."

Essential truths can neither be true nor essential if they cannot pass the ordeal of scientific inquiry—if they cannot answer the ringing challenge of stalwart Reason with a countersign that shall ring out into the darkness with an unmistakable note.

"Thou shalt not covet" sums up in one pregnant edict the eternal law, applicable to all that lives—but especially to man, because in him alone is the spark of the divine fire. It is a flame whose fuel is every thought, every sensation, every influence, every aspiration. Though it burn upon an altar of flesh, yet the flame is not flesh. Though it devour the thoughts to feed itself, yet it is not thought. The saying of the anarchist, Elisée Reclus, is worthy of your consideration as conclusive of the incentive to high motive: "*On ne comprend rien que ce qu'on aime.*" (To understand, one must love.)

"Thou shalt not covet" means in its last analysis that truth and peace and assurance which the world cannot give. To *covet* is the death and destruction of desire, whose object and high aim is Love; the fulfilling of this and of every other law; adaptation to the true conditions of being; conformity to the everlasting Will;—when every soul shall be molded into the form and likeness of the divine One—

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HOW TO HEAL.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

"Life is certainly a current that carries us along with it, but we can also cross the stream, yea, we can sail against both current and wind. It is true that the fox grows gray, but never good, and that the crab-tree does not bear pippins. But above these laws rules the Self, and the Self is essentially free. Freedom is its very essence. In Self are form, will, and contents. Out of Itself, by Itself, and for Itself, it constructs its own world. The laws of nature do not rule the Self. Self is freedom, will, poise, character, beauty. It is man's world, and man is master. He is born to be master—sovereignty is his birthright."

There is a tremendous power lying dormant in the soul of every one who is sick or unhappy. To become acquainted with and to use this power should be the first aim of all who suffer. Thousands are demonstrating that sickness and inharmony can be mastered by simply learning how to take possession of one's own life through a recognition and love of the higher Self.

Have you an object in life? Is it an object that will affect others as well as yourself? If you are in a state of physical helplessness, or mental *dis*-ease, are you willing and eager to work for your freedom? Have you made up your mind, whether sick or well, that all who come in touch with your life shall be uplifted and encouraged? Have you ever thought what a gift life is; and that the element of life must be perfect, harmonious, and diseaseless in its never-ending work of constructing, repairing, and making over all that it projects?

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the power to direct the functions of each organ, diffusing its potent will through your mentality, distributing its energy as lavishly as possible without recognition of its presence—this splendid portion of your being works incessantly; and its qualities are life, love, vitality, harmony, intelligence, breath, truth, joy, patience.

The fundamental error of existence, which causes much *dis*-ease, is our habit of thinking that we are *bodies*, and that our physical requirements must be considered before any attention is given to our souls. That we are souls, starving for the bread of life—which is the recognition of the higher Self: God in us—is a fact that we can no longer discard. The simple knowledge that the creative Energy of the world is constantly imparting to every organ of the body the power to do its work is enough to make anybody well. In fact, if you will bend your energies toward desiring to have the might of your own being revealed to your consciousness, you cannot fail in discovering, or uncovering, the Self; and when you find your Self you cannot be sick or unhappy.

Here the question naturally arises, How can I find my Self? The following suggestions are the result of long experience; if they seem to you like a rigid form of self-discipline, they will appear later more like a precious guide that has led you into a limitless realm of power and gladness: First, learn to form an idea of your Self, and live in this idea as much as you do in all that pertains to your physical life. Take an attitude toward yourself of being an artist. Form the ideal, or model, of yourself, and begin the work of *re*-presenting

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building, reconstructing power of the higher Self when it is recognized and loved. Your method for rising out of your present conditions must begin just where you are. You must become so in love with the elements of which you are composed—not as you appear to be, but as you really are—that you are willing to give your whole life to the work of manifesting them.

In forming a new idea of yourself, watch the signs that will lead to a fuller recognition of the power operating through your organism. Be on the alert to admire and to revere the power that knits a broken bone. Turn your thoughts toward the presence that sees through your eyes, hears through your ears, breathes through your lungs, speaks by means of your vocal organs, walks or stands according to its own decision, and loves continually. Place yourself in a reposeful state of mind frequently, for the purpose of forming a picture of the Self that is to be your model to re-present visibly. Could the mortal eyes once discern the immortal presence that uses the body as an instrument, there would be no possibility of continued suffering.

After your ideal of this presence is once formed, the work of expressing it is similar to that of an artist. In forming a piece of statuary, the ideal, or model, is held in mind above every other thought; and a form like unto that of the invisible pattern is given to the clay. Take hold of your body as if it were a piece of clay—not in a spirit of self-will or dominant audacity, but—secure a firm hold upon it through your knowledge that the power that gives it any degree of activity is your higher Self. This immortal presence has the right to flash its

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will change according to the energy with which you form an ideal of your Self and the amount of determination you are willing to create with which to mold your eternal life after the invisible pattern you hold in mind. This pattern is the governing power of your body at present; but it needs the coöperation of the lower mind —that portion of your being which does not perceive the Self—in order to fill the body with its vitalizing presence. This is why the first aim of every one should be to know the Self.

Dis-ease is a lack of ease, or vitality. The moment that the same amount of vitality sweeps through your organism that expresses itself in the trees and in all Nature, restoration takes place. Thus the secret of healing is to produce higher degrees of vitality in the body, so that the lack we call *dis*-ease shall be overcome. It seems like a magical thing to watch the immediate effect of thought upon the body when persons once learn how to attract vitality instead of repelling it. An ideal of the Self held in mind as a constant joy crowds out the devitalizing thoughts, and healing follows in a natural, orderly, spontaneous manner.

If you suffer in any way, try to become so in love with the *real* side of life that its potencies may fill your entire being. Never let a day pass when the sun is shining without placing yourself where its rays may fall upon you, at least for a few moments, while you receive with grateful heart its warmth and blessing. Call to you the power that is in the wind; breathe into your soul the perfume of flowers; rest your eyes upon their exquisite forms and colors; let your love go out to birds

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freely as it flows through the woods and the blossoms—when you make a place in it and attract it through love and knowledge. Look up to the stars, to the moon, and to the mountains, and proclaim your oneness with those powers that produce the music of the spheres.

The universe is filled with health and gladness, which human beings, above every other form of existence, should express. When we *worship* more the Life that is within us, and *love* more, and *will* more to manifest the same glory that tinges hills and sky, we can *dare* more to call out of life the health and harmony we need. Then will we no longer wander away from that Love that should hold us in conscious possession of our place in the great anthem of life.

THE BETTER VIEW.

If we talk of the good that the world contains,
And try our best to add to it,
The evil will die of neglect by and by—
'Tis the very best way to undo it.

We preach too much and we dwell too long
On sin and sorrow and trouble;
We help them to live by the thoughts we give,
Their spite and might to redouble.

For the earth is fair and the people are kind,
If once you look for their kindness;
When the world seems sad and its denizens bad,
It is only your own soul's blindness.

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THE ART OF CONCENTRATION.*

BY M. E. CARTER.

(*Part III.*)

"Since we must master a language before we can apprehend its words," says Mr. Gandhi, "symbolic shapes containing a profound significance and many shades of meaning convey ideas that may be reached through concentration upon what they symbolize, when the same ideas presented in a foreign tongue would be useless."

Of symbols, there is a science as well as a history. One symbol may be found used with divers interpretations in various parts of the world. The interpretation given to an emblem will disclose the degree of soul unfoldment of an individual or a nation. It is therefore all-important. One versed in the science and practise of concentration requires no external aid. But there are few in the Orient and still fewer in the Occident that are capable of fixity of thought without some help external to themselves.

The Sanskrit word-symbol of greatest import among devout Hindus is "*Om.*" Of course, the mere *repetition* of that or any other word or group of words can never advance any one spiritually. While dwelling upon a thought there must be an understanding of what it is intended to convey; therefore, orderly concentration and meditation upon it, step by step, will provide landmarks

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of progress, or "pegs upon which we may hang our thoughts."

There are two standpoints for viewing and using the word "Om"—given in English, "Aum": the Brahman (or Vedic) and the Jain. According to the Brahman interpretation, this word is a combination of two vowels and one consonant of the Sanskrit alphabet. If we take our word "God," and separate the letters composing it, we shall get no meaning out of them nor it; but it is claimed by Brahman teachers and students of the Sanskrit that the three letters in that language comprising the word "Om" are pregnant with meaning, and, when taken together and sounded slowly as one word, they represent the highest Reality—Brahma. Their idea is that Brahma, the One Reality, functions on three planes: the objective, the dream, and the waking planes. The first letter in the Sanskrit word ("A") is the first sound made by the human being in the infant state. The Brahmans hold that it expresses the universe on the objective plane—the first functioning of the human ego. The second letter, "U," is the functioning of Brahma on the second plane. It shapes the first—rounds it, so to speak—when it would otherwise be one continuous sound. The second plane is the contemplative (or dream) state—the microcosm. This plane is not understood in India as the Western world understands it. It is not as dormant as the sleep state. It is an *internal waking* experience. "M" represents the third functioning, or the state of involution. Thus the Brahmans say that by

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What relation is there between these three letters and the energies they are said to represent? All creation is the result of vibrating force. Its primal manifestation is in sound. Interesting as this is, the question arises, Can spirituality be unfolded and conserved by concentrating on the *energy* (or the creative force) of the universe? To this there can be but one reply—No. But it may serve as an avenue leading toward spirituality.

The Jain interpretation differs from the Brahman. In the philosophy of the Jains it is denied that even the possession of power to create the universe proves spirituality. *The only spiritual power is that by which one can elevate human beings.* In the absence of this idea one cannot advance, since it lies at the root of all possible growth. The Jain description of the symbol *Om* gives five Sanskrit letters—representative of five classes of highly developed or unfolded beings. All holy souls may be ranked in some one of these orders. All in the first class are called *Ehrets.* They are living human beings in their last incarnation—Masters, Saviors, or Christs. The second letter stands for another order now living—pure souls, without visible bodies. The *Ehrets* pass into this state, and so do many others who have not been *Ehrets*, but who, without prominence, have led pure lives here. The third letter represents human beings—spiritual guides, instructors, leaders, teachers, and authorities on spiritual matters. The fourth class embraces disciples of the last-mentioned spiritual instructors, but they do not act as authorities. Finally, under the fifth class are included all holy men and women anywhere in the universe.

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If we recognize the virtues and characteristics of

their meanings in mind, symbols may be found useful for the purpose. Meditation upon the noble qualities of the great and good acts as an inspiration and spurs us to emulate their example. Desire and will being partners that always coöperate, spiritual development will surely follow.

One method given for concentrating upon the five classes, in order to put in practise their virtues, is to make a figure representing a lotus-flower, beginning with a center and four surrounding petals and numbering them—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—letting each number represent one of the five letters or classes. Take the first number and concentrate upon the characters that it stands for. Who were they? What was their work? Group about this center all the thoughts that you can gather relative to those developed souls. If you can select one with whose words and deeds you are familiar, choose that one to dwell upon. Picture to yourself his or her appearance; imagine the voice as you repeat to yourself any precious truths recorded as spoken by this *Ehret.* Ask yourself: Do I believe that such a great being lived and served mankind on this planet? Do I know that such lives have been lived by men and women further advanced than I, but with no greater possibilities than are mine? Can I climb to the heights reached by them? How can I do so? Since they led unselfish lives and loved, not only all human beings, but all sentient and non-sentient creatures and things, so must I. Step by step, in meditation, follow these virtuous ones; realize clearly what their lives indicated, and thus acquire "right knowledge" and "right realization." These two mental conditions invariably lead to "right action," based

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imagination and the heart may be chosen to represent the lotus-flower. The mental divisions may be the same as those chosen at first in the flower that appealed to the physical eye, but now the whole process will be inward. The spiritual vision will view the thought-picture and the activities will all be introspective. The focalizing will be more complete and the result a realization of oneness with the ideals thus pictured. There can be no leaps in this process; every step must be carefully taken. A "goal of life" should be deliberately selected, and every energy and thought-force turned in the direction of the chosen goal.

Keeping the thought-activities steadfastly upon great souls establishes an "axis of mentality" upon a high plane, inducing genuine effort to approach these grandly developed entities; thus we gain "right knowledge" and "right realization." This leads to right life, under the sway of the spiritual power of the divine Self. By practises such as these, using first the external shape and then the internal thought-symbol, the mental activities grow obedient to the rulership of the will guided by the divine ego, until, concentration having become a habit, any subject with which one has some acquaintance may be taken for the further purpose of generating independent knowledge about it. That which we gain through concentration is our own, and we may store it for use at any time. Unlike book "information" it will always be ready to serve us.

As already said, the interpretation given by a person or a group of persons to words or symbols will always reveal their stage of development. If we take the words *God*, *king*, *father*, *wife*, and *woman*, and find the ideas

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pretation given to these words will always be found in close relation to the general psychological stage of the people. The more warlike a nation, and the more cruel to man and beast, the more terrible will be its conception of the power it names "God." Its notion of a king will partake of the same ideas, with only the limitation of ascribing to him less power. The ancient Roman idea of a father was monstrous, as was the family subjection to the *patria potestas*. In early Jewish and Roman days a woman or a wife was but the subservient minister to the sense nature, for the reason that the animal man was dominant. Man had not yet awakened to any knowledge of his divine origin.

Conceptions of God, father, wife, woman, etc., all rise with the ascending ideals of persons or peoples. We may reasonably suppose that we are emerging from the barbaric state, since our synonyms for these words are all higher than formerly. Ideality first, and then its realization—this is the law of progress. We are holding higher ideals than in the past. With further unfoldment of spirituality we shall realize our nobler conceptions in the new meaning that these words will convey in the near future. The eternal fatherhood of that mysterious power we name "God"; the consequent oneness of humanity and life itself; the absolute equality of all souls as to their origin and intrinsic value: these and kindred ideas are the thoughts now most acceptable to every independent thinker. They contain for those who adopt them possibilities of advance that are immeasurable by any computation known to the wisest man.

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same person. Words are often degraded, though sometimes raised, through the purpose they are compelled to serve; and, of all words, perhaps *Love* has suffered deepest degradation in the office it has been compelled to perform for those whose selfishness it has subserved. But ever and always it stands ready to express the highest thought that has come to humanity. To the lower nature it means self-gratification on the animal plane; while the unfolded soul it inspires to altruistic service.

Besides this perversion of words, resulting from lack of spiritual development, there is also much carelessness in the *use* of terms, arising from ignorance even among intelligent persons. The word *transmigration* is defined thus: "To go *into* another body, either better or worse than, or the same as, the last one used." *Metempsychosis* is "a *total change*, both the body and the being using the body becoming something else." The fabulous wand of the fairy in the children's story-books is the only power said to accomplish this extraordinary metamorphosis. Since *incarnation* means embodiment in flesh, *reincarnation* means "to be embodied *again*" in flesh. *Rebirth* is, in the Hindu idea, to be born again in a body, but not necessarily precisely the same kind of body as any former one, nor upon the same planet. All of these terms are employed at times interchangeably by those who should know better, and to the deplorable confusion of the unlettered.

Very few writers of newspaper or magazine articles distinguish between Buddhism and Brahmanism, although they represent two distinct lines of teaching.

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ries. "The Christian world is not the only one that has suffered from ecclesiasticism and priestly arrogance." To-day there is not a Buddhist temple of worship in all India; the Buddhists are in China, Siam, and Ceylon. Yet in one of our most ably edited weeklies there appeared one year ago an article in which Buddhism is mentioned as if it were the dominant religion of India!

And what shall be said of the frequent blunders that one sees in print where the terms "mind cure," "faith cure," "Christian science," and "Theosophy" are compelled to serve in expressing one idea, and that one often very vague? Each of these titles is distinct from all the others, and stands for a clear-cut teaching; yet we find them forced to serve in turn or linked all together to convey the *one* idea of some writers. In reading these articles one knows instantly that they have emanated from those who, having made no study of the subject, are densely ignorant of the true meaning of the terms that glide from under the pen so easily; but they unfortunately mislead the casual, inexperienced reader, who supposes that what appears in the periodicals of the day may be relied upon without analytic investigation.

Of all who employ the word *concentration*, how many know what it is when applied to thought-activities? Some imagine they are concentrating when they select a statement or a single word and reiterate it mentally and mechanically. They will frankly confess that they find concentration difficult.

Should a leader seek to accomplish any desired object, he will gather all his forces and direct them to

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will, compelling them to take their places and do their work, each and all subservient to the main object—to acquire knowledge. First there will be the marshaling of the powers and faculties; then a "steady action" of all toward the focusing point, followed by a "one-pointed action" upon the subject. All along the mental journey there must be ceaseless activity.

Mr. Gandhi illustrates this process by a chalk-line drawn upon the blackboard, little dots being placed near one another on the line. The line denotes the direction of the mental energy; the dots represent the various correlated thoughts engendered during its progress—all connected by an orderly association of ideas from beginning to end. Some valuable knowledge resulting from the process should always ensue. Knowledge gained in this way we *possess*, and can call upon it at any time to serve us. Information differs from knowledge; we get the former from books and other extraneous sources, and are never sure that we can rely upon our memories. The thing we desire to use may elude us just when most needed. But our *knowledge*, generated during concentration, will never fail us. Moreover, knowledge and wisdom go hand-in-hand; not so information and wisdom: they are often found far apart, unrelated.

A concrete object, or symbol, will not be required in concentration by one who has learned to do without external aids. From the objective the next step is to the subjective—the analytic and introspective method. At every stage, however, symbols are useful until, without effort, the will directs the mental activities, holding them steadily to any desired line of thought. This is the con-

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THE CREED OF KINDLY EYES.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

How little smiles and words and deeds
Outweigh your subtly-fashioned creeds!
I think of them, and then of these—
The wondrous world-theologies;
The tales of anger and the fear
Of doctrines, vengeful or austere.
The gentle creed of kindly eyes
Is not, it may be, half so wise,
Or learned in the lore that's hid
With those that built the Pyramid.
When it was born no strength it took
From ritual, symbol, cross, or book;
And yet I doubt not with it fell
Some far sublimer miracle.
A creed that never laid a stick
On pyre for a heretic!
Its scroll with martyr's blood unwet,
It never damned an infant yet.
Edwards and Calvin, by your leave,
This is the creed that I'll believe—
The creed for children and the wise:
The gentle creed of kindly eyes!

THE activity of the Universal Mind can only come to the con-

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LIQUID AIR.

NOT since the discovery of the famous "X-ray," which upset so many theories based on the alleged opacity and solidity of matter, has scientific investigation of Nature's secrets resulted in anything so startlingly suggestive as Charles E. Tripler's process of liquefying the air we breathe. Liquid air is not a novelty to chemists—that our atmosphere is susceptible of liquefaction has long been known; but its great cost has heretofore precluded its manufacture, save in very minute quantities for chemical experimentation on a small scale. To make a gallon of it by the process known to every good chemist would cost several thousand dollars, but by the new method that quantity can be produced at the expense of only a few cents.

Liquid air may be defined as compressed air still further compressed; but an intense degree of cold is an essential factor in its production. Either fusion or solution will reduce most solids to a liquid form, and either frigidity or pressure will liquefy most gases; but both these conditions are indispensable to the liquefaction of the earth's atmosphere—a pressure of twenty-five hundred pounds to the square inch and a temperature of four hundred degrees below zero. When these factors are combined in the new process, eight hundred cubic feet of free air is reducible to one cubic foot of liquid.

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guests recently invited to witness some experiments made by Mr. Tripler in his laboratory; and it is no exaggeration to say that, in his manipulation of liquefied air, the inventor produced phenomena that were not only unique in the realm of physics but apparently defiant of its so-called laws.

The first paradox presented is that the stuff is an absolutely *dry* liquid—it has none of the elements of moisture. At a temperature of about three hundred degrees below zero it *boils;* yet when an apple, an orange, an egg, a potato, and a piece of raw beefsteak were immersed in the fluid, one after another, these substances were frozen so hard as to require several stout blows from a hammer to smash them—when they crumbled into chips like marble-dust. A thin rubber ball, after being thrust into the liquid air and dropped to the floor, cracked like an egg-shell. Mercury was frozen into a solid block and used as a hammer to drive a nail of the same substance into wood. Pure alcohol was turned into icicles. A glass of water, although placed in a kettle over a fire, was turned into *ice* when a little of the strange stuff was added to it.

On the other hand, a piece of hair felt, which cannot be made to burn under ordinary circumstances and will only smolder at best, when saturated with liquid air and brought in contact with a lighted match, blazed up like pine shavings soaked in kerosene and was instantly consumed. A steel rod held in the vessel of air burned away like a stick of cedar thrust into a fire. A piece of carbon subjected to the same treatment was made incandescent. A lighted cigarette, when placed in some of the air immediately after it was drawn from the liquefier, was extin-

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expansive power exceeding that of dynamite. It burst an eight-inch iron cylinder a quarter of an inch in thickness. The only known substance that it will not render brittle and thus disintegrate is copper, and it is transported in tanks of this metal open at the top. When its real dynamic energy is ascertained, and if a safe and feasible method of confining it can be discovered, it will beyond doubt supplant all other kinds of fuel and force in the world's transportation and manufacturing industries. Its use for refrigerating purposes is a certainty of the near future. A gallon of it evaporates in about nine hours, but during that process a delightful coolness is imparted to the atmosphere of the apartment containing the copper vessel. The varied and indispensable service rendered to modern civilization by ice, exclusive of the needs of skaters, can be more cheaply and satisfactorily performed by liquid air. Its possibilities, therefore, seem tremendous.

The inventor's process of manufacture is a closely-guarded secret. But the fact of greatest interest to metaphysicians is the indisputable proof it furnishes as to the unreality of both heat and cold. These are merely relative conditions, without any of the immutable qualities of absoluteness; they are phenomena, pure and simple. Moreover, since liquid air will quickly convert a glass of whiskey into a piece of ice, while at the same time a few drops of it held in the palm of the hand will blister the skin like molten lead, it presents a concrete instance of the meeting of extremes. This is a fundamental postulate of the cyclic conception of Being and the spherical order of the Universe. The idea of unity, of oneness, is essential to that of infinity, which is typified by the endless circle, ring, or globe.

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LETTER FROM DR. SPITZKA.

To the Editor of MIND:

An article entitled "Power of Mind Over Body," copied from the *Sunday World* and reproduced in your issue of February, 1898, page 314, does me an injustice for which the above newspaper is to be held responsible. While correctly used to illustrate the subject of its caption, and evidently with fair intent to myself, I ask a little space in your valuable magazine to place the real circumstances of the alleged occurrence before your readers. The *World's* statement is about as accurate as the definition once offered of a crab—that it is "a little red fish that swims backward." Now, a crab is not little; it is not red in a state of nature; it does not *swim* backward; and, above all, it is not a fish. In analogous respects must the above journal's narrative be modified. (1) I was not interviewed by any *World* reporter on any subject. (2) I was not interviewed by *any* reporter on that subject. (3) During my twenty years' experience as a neurologist I have not performed any operation on the female organs. (4) I have never resorted to a *pretended* operation at any time; neither do I approve of "hocus-pocus" in serious matters. (5) The operation in question was performed in Prussia, not in the United States. (6) Doctor (or "Professor") Spitzka never exhibited a female patient, on whom a real or pretended operation had been performed, before a class of students. (7) Finally, I have not had a class of students for fifteen years, having abandoned clinics and hospital service for private practise in 1883. The imaginative reporter found the anecdote, presumably, in my work on "Insanity," in which the operation and demonstration are correctly attributed to Professor Israel, of Prussia.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am very truly yours,

E. C. SPITZKA, M.D.

New York, January 18, 1899.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(*For Parents.*)

Question.—What are the rights of a child?

Answer.—A child has the right to be well born—to be welcome. A child has the right to have honest and affectionate parents. It has the right to be honestly taught, to have its brain properly developed, and to have its questions honestly answered. It has a right to know the truths that the parents, the teachers, know. It has a right to be mentally free, to think, to investigate, to contradict, to reach its own conclusions, and to speak its honest thought.

Question.—What should parents expect from their children?

Answer.—Parents should expect to reap what they sow. If they are tyrannical, unjust, ill-natured, and cruel, they should expect that their children will be dishonest, secretive, hateful, and vicious. If the parents are kind and loving, if the home is filled with the atmosphere of confidence and affection, then they have a right to expect that the children will be honest, candid, frank, loving, and virtuous. Children need a good climate—the climate of kindness. If the parents are hateful to each other, the children will likely follow their example.

Question.—What can a child do to make others happy?

Answer.—It is natural for children to return kindness for kindness—love for love. A happy child makes a happy mother, and a happy mother is apt to have a happy child. Happy

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with grace. The parents are paid with smiles—overpaid—made rich. The child becomes the center, the heart, of the family.

Note.—Readers interested in these questions and answers will find more of them in the February number of MIND.

THE BIRDS.

Did you ever walk through the forest, my dear children, late in the autumn—when the birds are gone? How lonely and silent it is! The soughing of the wind through the trees only seems to emphasize the stillness. Did it ever make you think what the world would be if the songs of birds were forever hushed? How you would miss their bursts of melody, which seem to well up out of a great heart full of love! Would not much of the joy and brightness of summer in the country be gone if there were no birds to sing to us—if we could no longer watch them build their nests, feed their young, and teach them all the mother-lore of birds? Did you ever think that their love for their young differs only in degree and not in kind from the love your parents have for you? Consider how it distresses them to be separated from their young. Will you not love and protect them and think how beautiful they are in their homes, and how hideous the little stiffened body is, with wired wings and glass eyes, perched on a hat? Millions of these tiny creatures are sacrificed every year to the cruel fashion of wearing them in our hats. We forget their joyous notes and their graceful flights through the air, which have given us so much pleasure; and perhaps we do not know how necessary they are to the farmer, as they feed on the myriads of insects and worms so destructive to fruits, vegetables, and grains. Perhaps we do not realize that, in a few [illegible] green thing will be gone—

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THE LITTLE DRIED PEAS.

When Fred and Jack came in from play they went to the dining-room for some apples; and there they found Ruth tying a fresh, blue ribbon around a clear glass finger-bowl to hold in place a piece of coarse white lace spread over the top.

"What's that for, Ruthie?" said Fred.

"Why, I was thinking how hard it is to wait these last few weeks before things begin to grow, and how many days it will be before the pussy-willows ought to be out, and how strange it is that pretty soon all these dead-looking trees will begin sending out such pretty little red, and yellow, and green things; and then I remembered reading about a mummy in whose hand were found some little dry kernels that perhaps were two or three thousand years old, and they were planted, and they grew! Then I thought of those dried peas we make into soup, and I'm going to see if they will sprout."

Jack laughed and said: "Where's your earth to put them in?"

"Mother told me to lay a few peas on this piece of lace, and to fill the bowl with water until it just touches them."

So Ruth put in the water and ran into the kitchen for the peas. Dear me! what a commotion there was among the sleepy old peas when something was thrust down in their midst that carefully picked out a few of their members and lifted them away out of sight. Then the cover was put back on the box, leaving the peas in darkness. "How fortunate we were to escape the fate of our brothers!" they murmured to one another, and then drowsed away again. But in a few days they were all made into soup and eaten up!

Ruth placed the five peas she had selected on the lace. They were bewildered by their hasty journey through the air, and they felt very chilly indeed against the cool water, and they all gasped, "Oh! what *has* happened to us?" But none of them knew. They became used to the water, shortly, and felt chilly no longer. They dosed comfortably for a few days, and then began to feel

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"So do I!" exclaimed all the little peas—all but one, who said: "Well, *I'm* not going to try. It's much pleasanter to lie here and dream." So he lay and dreamed and dreamed, and grew into such a pulpy mass that Ruth scooped him up with a spoon, and threw him away.

But the other four thought and wondered and tried to find out what was going on, and pretty soon they began to send little white roots into the water. They felt so different! It was so pleasant to understand what that clear, shining substance below them was, and to shoot down into it.

Ruth was careful to put in a little fresh water every day. When she saw the rootlets, she took the bowl from the dark corner and carried it to her own room, placing it on a table near the window where the warm sunshine came in. This was a delightful change to the peas; they sent out more slender little roots, and were extremely happy when the sun shone on them.

"I feel so full of happiness that I think it will *burst* me!" said one little pea.

"Something's going to happen—something different," said another.

"I'm tired of sending out these little things," murmured another. "What good does it do? I'm just going to stop." So he stopped, and the rootlets shriveled up and died, and Ruth threw the pea away.

In the meantime something wonderful happened to the three peas that were left. They all split! But it didn't hurt at all; and the prettiest little pale green things grew out of each one. They were so proud and happy, and exclaimed many times, "How beautiful we are!"

"Yes, we are much handsomer than we were," said one of the peas; "but I think we may become still more beautiful."

"Humph!" sniffed the other two, "are you *never* to be satisfied?" So they lay contentedly in the warm sunshine, and no longer tried to grow. But the one little pea kept on striving, and one day he put forth a third leaf, very different from and much

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breathe in more of the delicious sun-lit air. The peas that stopped with their first two leaves saw with dismay the wonderful beauty of their companion, and they turned yellower and yellower with chagrin until they were nothing but little yellow heaps that Ruth had to throw away too.

One morning the boys came in, calling to Ruth, "We've a surprise for you!" And they gave her some long brown twigs covered with the loveliest silvery gray tufts imaginable.

"Pussy-willows!" cried Ruth in delight. "I've a surprise for you, too. Come with me."

Then, for the first time, Fred and Jack saw the long, delicate vine, with its dainty green leaves like tiny butterfly-wings, rising from a clear crystal bowl of water where white rootlets were gleaming.

The boys were indeed surprised. "I believe the story about the mummy now," said Fred. "But where are the other peas? You put five there."

"I had to throw them away, because they didn't grow," said Ruth. "I wonder why."

"Perhaps they didn't try," said Jack.

But the little green vine in the sunshine had forgotten long ago that it was ever an ugly dried pea.

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

SECRETS.

I lay beneath the apple-trees
  The whole day long;
I listened to the murmuring breeze,
  The bird's sweet song;
I watched the butterflies and bees
  The flowers among.

The robin came confidingly,
  I lay so still;
The butterfly and the big brown bee
  Came up as well;

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A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

Now, children, we are going to have another little chat together. Do you know that, though I have not seen you, it makes me very happy to write for you; and if only I can say something to make *you* happy, you do not know how pleased I will be.

I am going to tell you something about the birds. When I was in England last summer I used to watch the dear little larks fly away up in the sky—straight up they went, higher and higher, all the time singing. How they did sing! Why, they seemed to be just throbbing with joy. I used to stand watching them until they were only tiny black specks. But their songs came so sweet and clear that you would almost think the music came from everywhere—filled all the atmosphere about you. And it seemed to me that this was the way the lark told his own story of happiness, and this was the way that he gave happiness to others. He could sing better than he could do anything else, and so he did the thing he could do best. Thus, also, each child has some one thing he can do a little better than anything else; and this one thing, if done in a bright and happy way, will have its influence on his life, making it easier for him to do everything and also to give joy to others.

Some birds have beautiful plumage; while others are very plain, though they have exquisite song-voices. Each bird has its own place in the world—a place that no other bird can fill. Each little child has its own place, and no other child could fill that place.

The great, loving, all-wise Father cares for the birds. He creates them bright and beautiful, and gives them the power to sing. So this loving Father, who cares for the birds, cares also

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